

Sara Blake

The following pages are a preview of:

The Nexus

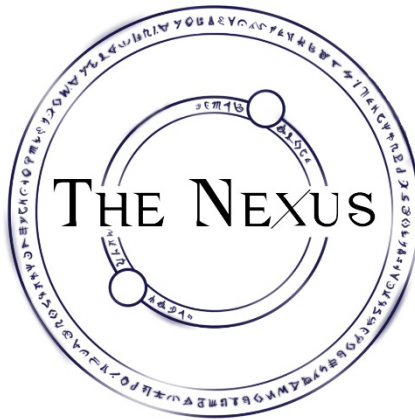
The Nexus Season One:
Unseen World

By Sara Blake

[Available on Amazon](#) in print and on Kindle
09/05/2025

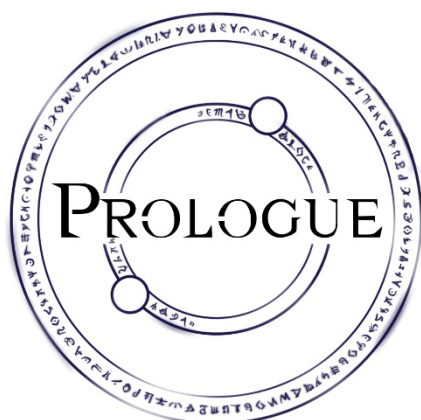
Thanks for reading!

THE NEXUS



SEASON ONE - EPISODE NINE

Sara Blake



WOLF

The wolf ran through the forest, the wet leaves cool against her paws as she raced along, surrounded by her pack. They followed the musky scent of the deer, bright and thick, leading them to their prey. She could smell her pack brothers and sisters as well, their skin and fur, their blood pumping fast as they sped along. She could

smell the trees, the grass, all the myriad things floating on the night air.

She could hear the scurrying, chirping, and hooting of nocturnal animals, the paws of her packmates, pounding against the leaf-covered forest floor. Their voices rang out through the night, as they barked their hunting strategies, or simply howled with the joy of running through the forest at night, of the promise of a feast of deer meat soon to come.

All of her senses were alive, awake to the world around her and all it contained. She reveled in every sensation, in every sight and smell, every cool breeze and hot breath. She could feel all of it, in her body, in her mind, in her heart.

But most of all, she could feel the Moon. Shining bright and full above them, She was the reason for all of it, the impetus behind their lives, their very existence. The Moon had given her this life, and was the greatest part of it. She looked up at Her now and howled, adding her own joyful voice to the rest of the pack.

Up ahead, new sounds emerged. The thud of body against body, the grunt of effort as

teeth and claws did their work, the whine of captured prey. A new smell joined the others on the air: blood. The hunt was in its final stages. The wolf rushed forward, competing for position, trying not only to see, but to participate, to get her own teeth and claws into the deer.

She didn't get close enough for that; she was too young, too new. She lacked experience and, more importantly, lacked rank. But she managed to reach a position where she could see, could watch as the Alpha and Beta, assisted by other wolves with status above hers, brought the deer down with ease. She watched it fall, saw the terror in its glassy, dark eyes, and added her barks of encouragement and celebration to those of her brothers and sisters.

When the Alpha, and then the Beta, took their turns feeding on the flesh of their prey, she salivated. She knew there wouldn't be much left by the time it was her turn to eat, but it would be enough. It would be wonderful. And it was still early. They'd hunt again before the night was through, and she'd get more of the next one, as her higher-ranking

packmates grew full, and left more for the others.

And later, once all were fed and sated, the blood licked clean from their muzzles and paws, they'd relax and have fun, playing and resting, snuggling into cozy, furry clusters. She'd fall asleep, warm, full, and happy, amidst her brothers and sisters, surrounded by the scents of the forest, bathed in the light of the full moon.

Willa loved her life so, so much.



MORNING

Gina felt around the nightstand for her phone, not opening her eyes until the screaming device was in her hand. She blearily poked at the screen until the noise stopped. She lay back in blissful silence for a moment, enjoying her cozy bed for a few more minutes.

Her arm strayed to the other side of the

bed, exploring the empty space where Zach often slept. Last night, however, had been the third night of the full moon; he'd had to shift. She sighed. She didn't mind waking up alone; it was more about where he was instead.

Gina and Zach had been doing pretty well in their attempt to reconnect and build something new out of the rubble of their long-ago relationship. She was reasonably happy with how it was going, all things considered. But the fact that Zach was not only still part of the pack that had expelled her and tried to kill her, but was its second-in-command, rankled. Ten years had gone by, and she was still competing with Bruno for Zach's loyalty.

"Whatever," she said aloud, throwing aside the comforter and sitting up. Best to just get on with her morning and not obsess over her woes with the Wolf Tree pack. She skipped the shower for now and threw on some yoga pants and a faded t-shirt bearing the words: *...and then Buffy staked Edward. The end.* She shoved her bare feet into a pair of worn, no-lace Converse and headed downstairs.

She was disappointed by the lack of scents. Over the past few weeks, Liam had begun making good on his promise to put together a proper kitchen in the storage room below the concession stand, and several times lately she'd awakened to the smell of bacon, or at least coffee, wafting through the building. She appeared to be up before him today, though, and no such delights awaited.

Gina wasn't as good a cook as Liam, but she knew enough to feed herself. Soon, she had a whole pack of bacon cooking while she alternated stirring her pot of scrambled eggs and replacing slices of bread in the toaster as she worked through the entire loaf.

After devouring the majority of the food, she added the remaining, human-sized, portions to a plate, poured another cup of coffee, and carried them up to the main floor and across the lobby, to Kaden's new bedroom.

Kaden had been stung by a mantichore a month ago, on Halloween night. He'd been completely paralyzed by the monster's venom for so long they'd worried he was never going to recover but, eventually, he'd begun to show signs of improvement. Feeling and

movement had returned to his upper body, though he was still weak and clumsy. His lower body was still paralyzed. Arjun and Marcus had attempted to locate a specialist in manticore venom, someone who could help figure out Kaden's condition and treat it. If such an expert existed, however, they'd been unable to find them.

For now, they'd moved Kaden's room from upstairs to a converted conference room on the first floor. They'd done what they could to make it homey but, to Gina at least, it still felt like a cross between a hospital room and a boardroom. "Wakey wakey," she said, flipping on the light.

Kaden seemed about as happy to be awakened by her sing-song voice as she'd been about the screeching alarm on her phone. Monster hunters were not morning people, as a general rule. He groaned, keeping his eyes closed.

"There's bacon," she said. She kept the syrupy tone; annoyance was a great motivator.

Slowly, reluctantly, he opened his eyes. "You should have led with *coffee*."

“Well, of course there’s coffee,” she said. “What sort of psychopath wakes a person up without coffee?”

He didn’t argue the point.

“You feel up to trying?” she asked.

He paused, looking off to the side, as though listening to something. Then he returned his attention to Gina and nodded his head.

She handed him the remote for the hospital bed. The bed was one of the things that would prevent the room from ever feeling like a proper bedroom, no matter how much they decorated or filled it with Kaden’s personal belongings. He held down the button until he was sitting more or less upright. He let the remote drop onto the mattress beside him and took the fork Gina offered next. He held it awkwardly, his fingers not up to the complex arrangement normally involved in using silverware.

He dug the fork into his scrambled eggs and scooped, coming back with a small bite, partially skewered with the tines of the fork and partially balancing on top of them, like a spoon. He got the fork about halfway to his

mouth before his wrist began to shake and any egg not attached to the fork fell off, landing on the blanket covering Kaden's lower body. "Goddammit." He said it calmly, but Gina could see his frustration.

"Can I?" Gina asked. "Improving your dexterity is important, but so is food. We can practice with the ball later, when being fed isn't at stake."

He smirked. "Werewolves." He looked away again, just for a moment, then back. Sighing, he said, "Fine."

Gina scooted the straight-backed chair, another addition that felt more hospital room than bedroom, closer to the bed and sat down. She took the fork and began feeding Kaden his breakfast. Kaden had long called her *mom* as a joke, but she'd felt it keenly of late. Her response was always that she wasn't old enough to be his mother, (and she wasn't; she was only eleven years older than him, dammit) but age and genetics didn't matter anymore. She may not have brought him into the world, but she'd brought him into *this* world.

Where would he be right now, had she not

invited him into the theatre the night he'd caught her changing back from her wolf form in the alley? If, instead, she'd asked Arjun to wipe his memory of seeing her change, and sent him back out into the world, innocence intact? Not here, lucky to be alive, paralyzed by the venom of a mythological monster.

But, at the same time, his finding her in that alley had been no coincidence, had it? He'd been out *searching* for the supernatural that night. If he hadn't found her, who—or *what*—might he have found instead? What had happened to him on Halloween had been terrible, and the lingering effects were still very bad, but at least he had her, had the whole team. Had she not taken him under her wing, he'd have been out there on his own, monsters and all. He'd have continued to search until he found something, and the Nexus Guardians were about the safest thing he could have found, all things considered.

She fed him a few bites of bacon and eggs, making conversation as she did, trying to keep things light. He responded to her questions and comments, but his attention was only about half in the room. That part,

as far as she knew, had nothing to do with the manticore. It had started the same night but, by Kaden's own account, had begun before he'd left the van and been attacked.

At some point that evening, the Nexus—a huge sphere of magickal energy housed beneath the theatre—had begun speaking to Kaden. Nobody had ever heard of that before, had no idea such a thing was even possible. As far as anyone had known, the Nexus was just an energy source, not a conscious entity. But it was talking to Kaden. Most of the time, he merely seemed a bit distracted, like someone kept calling his name from the next room. But other times...

“Kaden?”

He'd stopped accepting bites of food, stopped responding to her comments. Gina could tell he was breathing, and he didn't seem to be in any sort of medical stress. She put down his fork and picked up a strip of bacon with her fingers. No point letting it go to waste. She ate the bacon as she watched Kaden's eyes darting rapidly from side to side underneath his closed lids. He appeared to be dreaming, but she knew what this was by

now.

The Nexus had pulled him in, yet again.



Werewolves ran hotter than humans, but there was a limit. Zach had fallen asleep snuggled into the soft, warm fur of his packmates, but waking up on the cold, wet ground in human form in late November, there was just bare skin and frost. He stood up, hoping to get his blood pumping by moving. He shook his head to expel the ice-cold dew from his hair, then headed for the main building.

The Wolf Tree Nature Reserve was open to the public most of the time. They rented campsites, gave classes and workshops in hunting, fishing, tracking, and other nature activities. They hosted meditation retreats and private spiritual gatherings, and provided access to scientists and students for various studies and projects.

But four days a month, from the day before the full moon until two days after, Wolf Tree was closed. The Reserve was owned by

Bruno Palermo, the pack Alpha, and the pack kept the Reserve to themselves during those four days. Typical werewolves shifted three times a month, on the night of the full moon as well as the nights before and after. They kept Wolf Tree closed on the fourth day so the pack could rest and socialize, taking their time transitioning back to regular life.

Zach stepped into the building and entered a room to his right. He went to a shelf filled with stacks of folded pairs of sweat-pants. The sweats were available in black, gold, or dark green: the colors of the Wolf Tree Nature Reserve brand. He located a pair of black sweats in his size and stepped into them. He went to a similar shelf on the other side of the room, selected a black t-shirt bearing the Wolf Tree logo and put that on as well. Remaining barefoot, he left the changing room and followed the scents of bacon and coffee.

As he'd hoped, a seat was open next to a young, blond girl named Willa. He sat down and began loading up his plate with bacon, eggs, pancakes, and fried potatoes. They'd taken down a total of three deer the night

before and, as pack Beta, Zach had eaten his fill all three times. The werewolf metabolism, however, was relentless. Shifting back to human form had used up most of the calories from the venison; everyone in the pack would be ravenous right now. “How was your night?” he asked Willa once he had a few bites of food inside him.

“Great,” she said, talking through her own mouthful. “It was fucking cold this morning, though.”

He noticed she’d chosen to put on a hoodie rather than a t-shirt. The clothes were big on her; he needed to talk to Bruno about stocking some things in Willa’s small size. “Yeah, it was,” he agreed. “I was afraid my balls were gonna be frozen to the ground when I stood up.”

She laughed, which wasn’t a given. It took some people longer than others to get used to the werewolves’ casual attitude toward public nudity and discussion of body parts.

He shoved half a pancake into his mouth, considering his next question, weighing the pros and cons as he chewed. Well, no. He’d weighed all the pros and cons plenty over the

past few days. What he was doing now was stalling. He swallowed the pancake and took a breath. "So," he said, looking for a casual tone and not quite finding it. "You have any interest in meeting Liam?"

She stopped chewing.

"I know what he did to you was—"

"—the best thing that ever happened to me," she finished. "Becoming a werewolf fixed literally everything that sucked about my life."

Zach relaxed, not believing his luck. This was going to work. "So, you'd like to meet—"

"No," she said. "I don't want to meet the rogue."

"He's a pretty nice guy," Zach said. "And I know he'd like the chance to—"

"No, thanks," she said. "He doesn't have to apologize, and I'm not thanking someone for *accidentally* doing me a favor. I respect the Moon and Her Cycle. I'm not interested in his excuses for not feeling the same way."

It was like hearing Bruno's voice coming from the tiny, blue-eyed girl. Four months ago, Willa had been attacked by a werewolf during a rogue shift, meaning he'd shifted to

wolf form involuntarily outside the three nights of the full moon. Gina and her team were helping that rogue wolf, Liam, gain control of his shifts, but they hadn't been able to help Willa. Instead, the pack had taken her in and kept her safe, got her through her first shift when she was still wounded and vulnerable from the attack.

The Nexus Guardians couldn't have done that. Zach's father, Marcus, despite his penchant for helping werewolves in crisis, couldn't have done that. Bringing her to the pack had been not just the best, but the only, choice.

But now?

Now, she was spouting Bruno's anti-rogue rhetoric as though it were the nursery rhymes she'd been raised on. Bruno believed a wolf going rogue, despite it being involuntary, was their own fault. He taught that a weakness of character and a lack of respect for the Moon and Her Cycle, the precise words Willa had quoted, were the cause of a rogue shift. Zach had believed that too, for a long time. These days, he wasn't so sure.

And even when he'd shared Bruno's bias, he'd never agreed with the Alpha's approach to the problem, which was to put the rogue wolf down. He'd never believed going rogue should equal a death sentence.

Zach considered telling Willa he'd been turned by a wolf under a rogue shift as well, but he feared her response. He didn't want to listen to her say it was a good thing his sister was dead now. A sister he'd had little to no contact with after he was turned, because he'd rejected her on Bruno's advice the same way Willa was rejecting Liam. Zach wouldn't get that chance back with his sister, but Willa still had the opportunity to get to know Liam. He hoped she'd change her mind, but accepted it wasn't going to happen today.

"Some of us are gonna hike over to the pond and do some fishing," said Matt, sitting on Zach's other side. "You wanna join?" He pushed his brown hair out of his eyes, but missed the bit of egg clinging to his beard.

"Thanks, but no," Zach said. "I need to do some things today."

"Your loss," Matt said. "Place'll be overrun with humans again in the morning." He

finally noticed the egg, picked it out of the shaggy hair on his chin, then put it into his mouth.

Zach nodded, standing up. "See you, Willa."

She waved without looking up, continuing her conversation with Jake, who was sitting on her other side.

"You're leaving?" Bruno asked, as Zach started for the door.

"Got some things I have to do," he said. There was no rule saying he *had* to stay at the Reserve the day after the full moon.

Bruno narrowed his eyes and nodded. "Better get 'em done, then."

"Yep."

Zach reached his car and sat down in the driver's seat. Feeling a little out of breath, he started the car and pulled out of the gravel parking lot to head into the city.



Zephyr looked very comfortable. Liam considered attempting to go back to sleep too but, now that he was awake, he could smell

bacon and coffee. Besides, he had to pee.

As soon as the bedroom door was open, he could tell the breakfast smells weren't fresh. Someone, probably Gina, had cooked bacon in the recent past, but it was gone now. He'd have to make more of his own when he got downstairs. He wasn't happy about the additional wait that would entail, but he enjoyed cooking, so it wasn't a great hardship.

Fifteen minutes later, Liam's bacon was sizzling away, nearing completion. He snatched a strip from the pan; it wasn't as crisp as he'd like yet, but he needed to give his stomach something to do. He hadn't started any eggs or toast, the plan being to eat the first pack of bacon to satisfy the most urgent hunger, so he could then focus on making something a bit fancier to share with everyone, like French toast, or maybe a big frittata.

He transferred the bacon to a plate. He made a mental note to include a table and chairs in his ongoing kitchen plans, or even to figure out a spot to add a dining room, as he ate his first three strips of bacon standing

up.

“Why would you do that?” Gina’s voice rang out from the lobby above. He wondered whether she’d just come in, or if he’d been so hungry earlier he hadn’t heard her.

“Because it would be good for both of them,” Zach said.

Liam tried to focus on his bacon, not wanting to listen to yet another argument between Gina and Zach.

“How do you figure?”

“She should know her maker, and it would be good for him to know he didn’t ruin her life.”

Shit. Were they talking about him?

“He isn’t ready for that. You have no idea how delicate—”

Yep, they were talking about him. He headed up the stairs with his plate. “Hey,” he said. He considered pretending not to have heard them, but they had werewolf ears, too.

“What did you—” Gina started to ask.

“I heard enough,” he said. “I’m not that delicate.”

“I wasn’t going to say *you’re* delicate,” Gina said. “It’s the situation. You’re in a

delicate phase of overcoming the rogue. I take it you also heard what Zach said?"

Liam nodded.

"It doesn't matter," Zach said. "Not yet, anyway."

Gina looked at her phone. "Duty calls," she said, heading into the auditorium and leaving Liam and Zach alone.

"What do you mean, not yet?" Liam asked. The bacon was disappearing fast; he might need a second pack before he had the patience for French toast.

"She doesn't want to meet you."

"I don't blame her. I attacked her."

"It's not that," Zach said. "She loves being a werewolf. She's happy you bit her. She's just..."

"...been drinking Bruno's Kool-Aid?"

Zach nodded. "I think she should meet you, to see you're not what Bruno makes you out to be."

Liam kept his thoughts to himself about Zach's own opinions regarding rogue werewolves. He seemed to be coming around lately; he didn't want to undo any of the progress. "Sounds like it isn't gonna happen."

“Not right now, no. I’m going to keep working on her, though. I’ve known wolves who got to spend time with their makers, to be mentored by them. It’s a powerful bond. I missed out on that, and it was my own fault. I don’t want her to make the same mistake.”

“You want me to mentor her?” Liam tried to picture Bruno’s response to such a suggestion.

“Maybe. You could come out to the Reserve, talk to her, teach her things.”

“Bruno would never allow that,” Liam said. “If I were to so much as set foot in the parking lot, he’d sic the whole pack on me.”

“Gina’s been out there. Nobody tried to kill her.”

“Gina left the pack a lot longer ago. And they’re not exactly pulling back a chair for her in the clubhouse.”

“It would just be a visit,” Zach said. “You’d come for the day, talk to her, hike the grounds. Maybe shift with us, show her you’re not that different. It could help you both. You could find your way back into pack life, too.”

“Rejoin the pack?”

A sound behind Liam drew his attention, and he turned to see Zeph, blue eyes wide in his pale face. Surely he didn't believe Liam was *suggesting* going back to the pack, leaving the team and the life they'd just started building together? "Zeph—"

But it was too late. Zeph turned and left the lobby, heading back into the auditorium.

Not bothering to finish his conversation with Zach, Liam followed.

Mari waited as Professor Martin's *Introduction to Archeology* students poured out of the classroom. Once the river of undergrads had slowed to a trickle, she entered and walked to the front of the room. "Hi, Professor Martin," she said. "You wanted to see me?"

"Mari," he said. "Yes. I have something to show you."

She followed him into the little room behind the lectern. He had a proper office elsewhere in the building, but he made as much use of the cramped space here in his

classroom as he could.

“What do you make of this?” He opened a file folder on top of a desk so cluttered its surface wasn’t visible. The top document in the folder was a photograph of several small, round objects embedded in hard soil. They appeared to form a crooked row or line, as though they’d been connected at one point.

“Prayer beads?”

“That was my guess, too.”

“Where was this found? Is it recent?”

“Very recent,” the professor said, smiling. “It’s from a site currently being excavated by a colleague of mine in New Mexico.”

Mari nodded. Did Professor Martin remember she had a particular interest in religious objects and shamanic tools? Was a buried string of prayer beads really enough for him to have texted her?

“I’ve been invited to spend some time at the dig site,” he said.

Maybe he was going to ask her to teach his introductory-level class for a while? They didn’t usually offer that to people who hadn’t completed their masters, though. “Are you going?” she asked. “Will you be gone long?”

"It could be a few months," he said. "And maybe a return for the next season as well. And I've been asked to bring help." He paused, then smiled.

"Me?"

"If you're interested."

She was definitely interested, but there was a lot to consider.

"I know our last special discovery didn't work out," Martin said, when she didn't say anything. "I'd love to know how someone managed to steal that wall fragment, and I'm still hopeful we'll recover it one day. But time marches on, and this is a great opportunity."

"I'd love to go," she said. "It's just... New Mexico. It's the middle of the semester. When would we—"

"Soon. You'd be able to continue your classes remotely for the rest of the semester. Then, depending on what we find and the timing of things, the dig could be your project for next semester."

"New Mexico is a long way. My boyfriend was in a serious accident last month, and he's still not doing well. I really want to go, but I don't know if I should."

Professor Martin made a face, but didn't say anything.

"What?" she asked, knowing he had opinions.

"Well," he said, pushing some things aside before leaning on the edge of the desk. "Boyfriends come and go."

She bristled at the airy tone. He was older than her, obviously, but not so old he had an excuse for acting like her feelings didn't matter. Sure, she was young, but she wasn't in middle school. Assuming someone's relationship wasn't serious just because they were a student was dismissive and rude. She was twenty-four years old; she could have been planning to marry Kaden for all Martin knew.

But was she?

She asked herself another question: Would this choice be so difficult were Kaden in perfect health? Was it love making her want to stay... or guilt?

"I know it's a big decision," Professor Martin said, after letting her sit with her thoughts for a minute or two. "It's a lot, packing up and leaving everything you know

for months at a time. That's the life of an archaeologist, though. I have a bit of time before I have to find an assistant and leave for Albuquerque. Think it through and let me know your decision by Friday."

"Okay," she said. "I'll let you know by Friday. Thank you again for the offer. It means a lot, you picking me."

"You've earned it," he said.

She thanked him again and left, her head spinning. She'd planned to go see Kaden after stopping by Professor Martin's classroom, to bring him lunch for his favorite holiday: Taco Tuesday. Now the visit would be fraught with thoughts and worries, with her overthinking everything. She'd have to try to hide all the conflicting things spinning around in her head, to smile through it all, make conversation, take care of Kaden.

New Mexico was a long way away. Was that a bad thing... or a good one?



"All in order?" Gwendolyn asked.

"I believe so." Victor checked the final

setting on the third machine. He'd discontinued use of the machines two months before, deeming the experiment a failure. Each time he started them up, they drew so much power from the grid the whole city blacked out, including his lab, crashing before he could even get close to his goal of connecting with the Nexus.

Now, though, he believed he'd solved his problems. He'd added a wind turbine to the property, which should augment the electricity consumption enough to prevent a power failure. He'd also added the Tyverose to the setup.

Acquiring the Tyverose, or the Thieves' Rose as it was sometimes called, had been a major victory. Learning to use it had required a trip across the whole of Scandinavia and much study and experimentation. The Tyverose, a magickal artifact believed to have been created by Viking sorcerers, had the unique ability to teleport large objects over long distances. Its original purpose had been stealing ships and houses, but Victor's purpose was far less petty.

Victor was going to steal the Nexus.

Except it wasn't theft, not really. Arjun Rakkar and his little band of self-styled superheroes didn't own it. They had no more valid a claim over the Nexus than did Victor himself. He wasn't stealing anything; he was merely accessing a natural resource.

"Are we using any of the stored energy for this test?" Gwendolyn asked.

Victor considered. He'd gotten the idea to store millennial energy for later use from something Sini had said many years ago. She believed Garth Werner had been working out a method for storing the energy he'd gained from his incomplete work with the Order of the Turning Wheel. He had no idea whether Werner had achieved his goal, but Victor had. He'd stored tremendous amounts of energy in a variety of physical objects, many of them an assortment of varying-sized chrome steel balls. "I think yes," he said. "I'd like this final test to be as complete as possible. We'll need four of the two-inch spheres." One ball for each machine plus a fourth for the Tyverose should suffice, he thought.

"Four, two-inch balls," she repeated. She

paused, as though hearing a response, then said, "Yes, in the lab."

Victor picked up his goggles from the control panel and put them on, sliding them up to his forehead for the time being. The machines put out a lot of light once they were fully powered; the goggles helped.

Within minutes, Gwendolyn appeared at the lab door, a wooden case in hand. She walked past the other Gwendolyn, her twin down to each red hair, and approached the console. She placed the case on a stretch of empty countertop and opened it. Four small, shiny, steel balls sat inside, each set into its own fitted, velvet nook. "Thank you, Gwendolyn," he said. "Shall we?"

Gwendolyn nodded, taking three of the four balls from the case. She crossed the lab to hand one to Gwendolyn, then the third to another Gwendolyn. Victor took the fourth and remained at the console.

Each Gwendolyn, steel ball in hand, approached one of the three machines, placed at even intervals across the center of the lab. The machines were each eight feet tall, comprised of an assortment of tubes,

wires, and glass.

When he'd first shifted his attention to the Tyverose, he'd intended to abandon the machines as a failed experiment. Once he'd gained some practical experience with the Thieves' Rose, however, he'd concluded that while it did its job of transporting ordinary objects very well, it was less effective when handling items with a strong, magickal charge. He'd moved statues, automobiles, storage sheds, and cargo containers with ease, but similar attempts with charged jewelry, bottles of magickal potions, and small, magickal devices had returned mixed results. Sometimes, the objects resisted transport all together. Other times, the object itself moved while leaving the magickal charge behind. On rare occasions it did work, but only ever with objects carrying a very small charge.

The Nexus was a large ball of pure, magickal energy. If such a thing were immovable by the Tyverose, then his second experiment was going to be another failure. But then, he'd had an idea.

The machines had failed because they

required too much power, but his early experiments had shown good results in their ability to connect with a magickal signature. What if, rather than two failed experiments, Victor had conceived a single solution, in two parts?

Could the machines connect to the magickal signature of an object, while the Tyverose did the heavy lifting of the actual move? He'd tried it, and it had proved to be the case. Magickally charged objects and devices could be transported intact via the combination of the machines and the Tyverose. With the addition of the wind turbine, the machines hadn't even caused any power grid disturbances when moving smaller objects.

Now, it was time for the real test: could the machines, under their full power, connect with the energy of the Nexus well enough to allow the Tyverose to move it?

He, and Gwendolyn, were about to find out.

PREVIEW

Sara Blake

Excerpt from:

“The Nexus”

The Nexus Season One: Unseen World

Episode Nine

Available 09/05/2025

www.sarablakeauthor.com



© Copyright 2025 by Penny Delaney. All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

Images use brushes by:

Obsidian Dawn

<http://www.obsidiandawn.com>

(dA: redheadstock)

www.sarablakeauthor.com