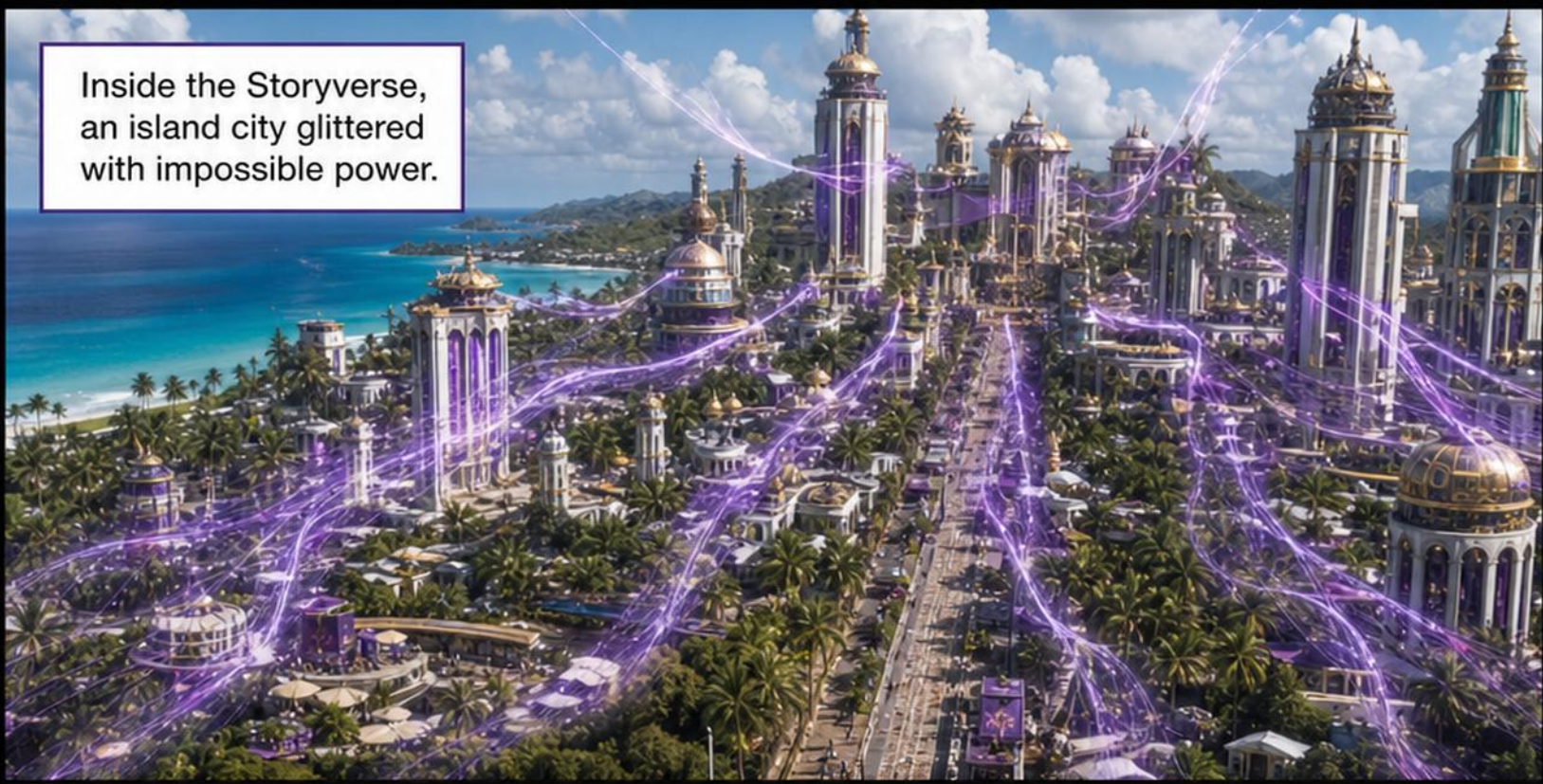


The Three Hands

The Promise of
Lucid Light



Inside the Storyverse,
an island city glittered
with impossible power.



King Kaine Chester
called that power
protection.



His people
felt it as strings.



The city learned to whisper between commands.



Every forced smile became evidence.



By sundown, rebellion had a heartbeat.



Then Lucid Light answered itself.



The sword did not threaten.



The crowd stopped long enough to breathe.

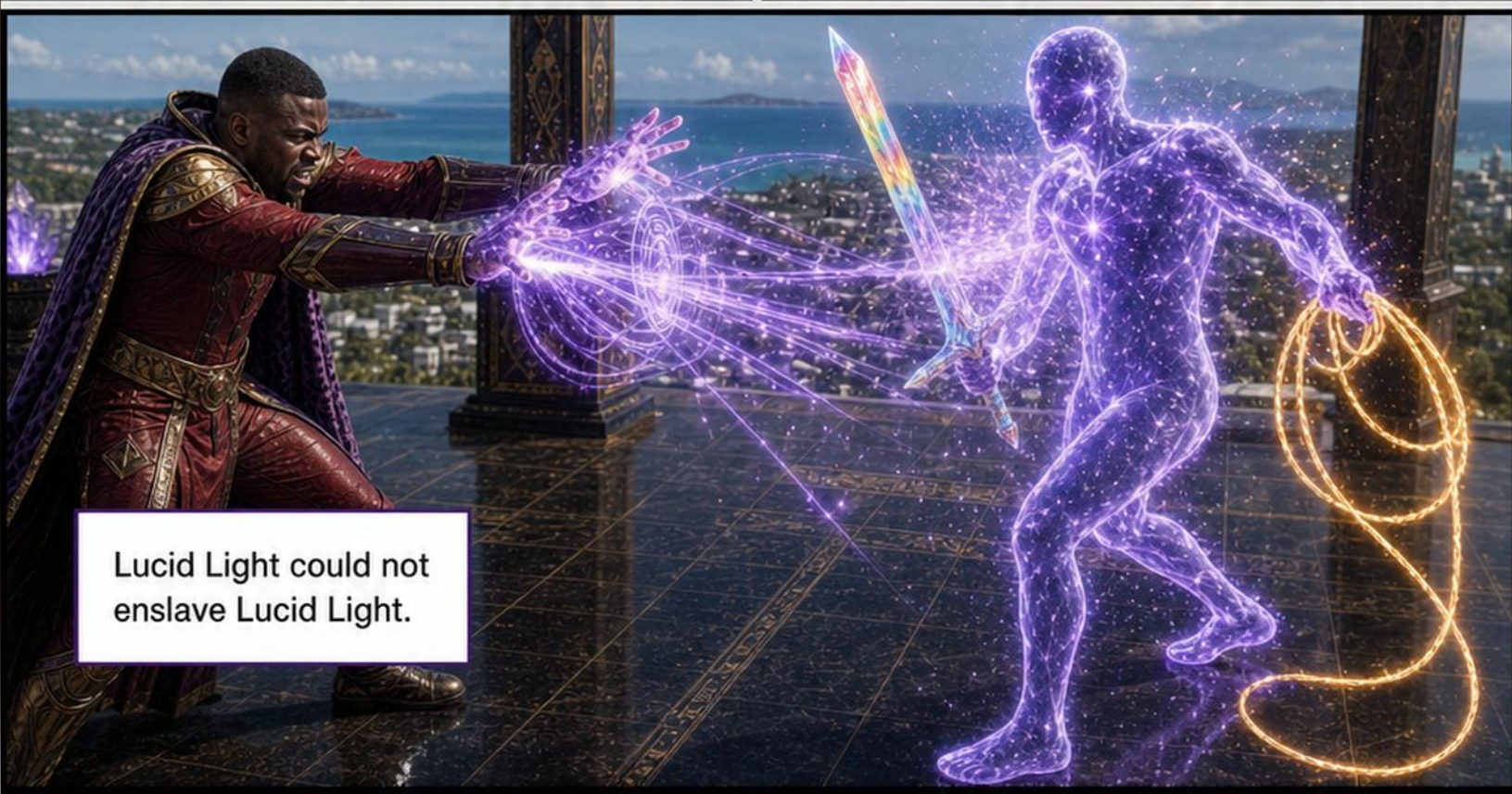




Kaine reached for the stranger's will.



There was no handle to seize.



Lucid Light could not enslave Lucid Light.

The king fought
like judgment.



The Lucid Lord
answered like mercy.



The tether found
the wound beneath
the crown.



When the darkness left, shame remained.



Beyond the island, another ruler watched.



Dark Light would come for Lucid Light.



Kaine returned
the city to itself.



He swore Lucid Light
would never again
be a chain.



To keep that promise,
he would need hands
he could trust.

