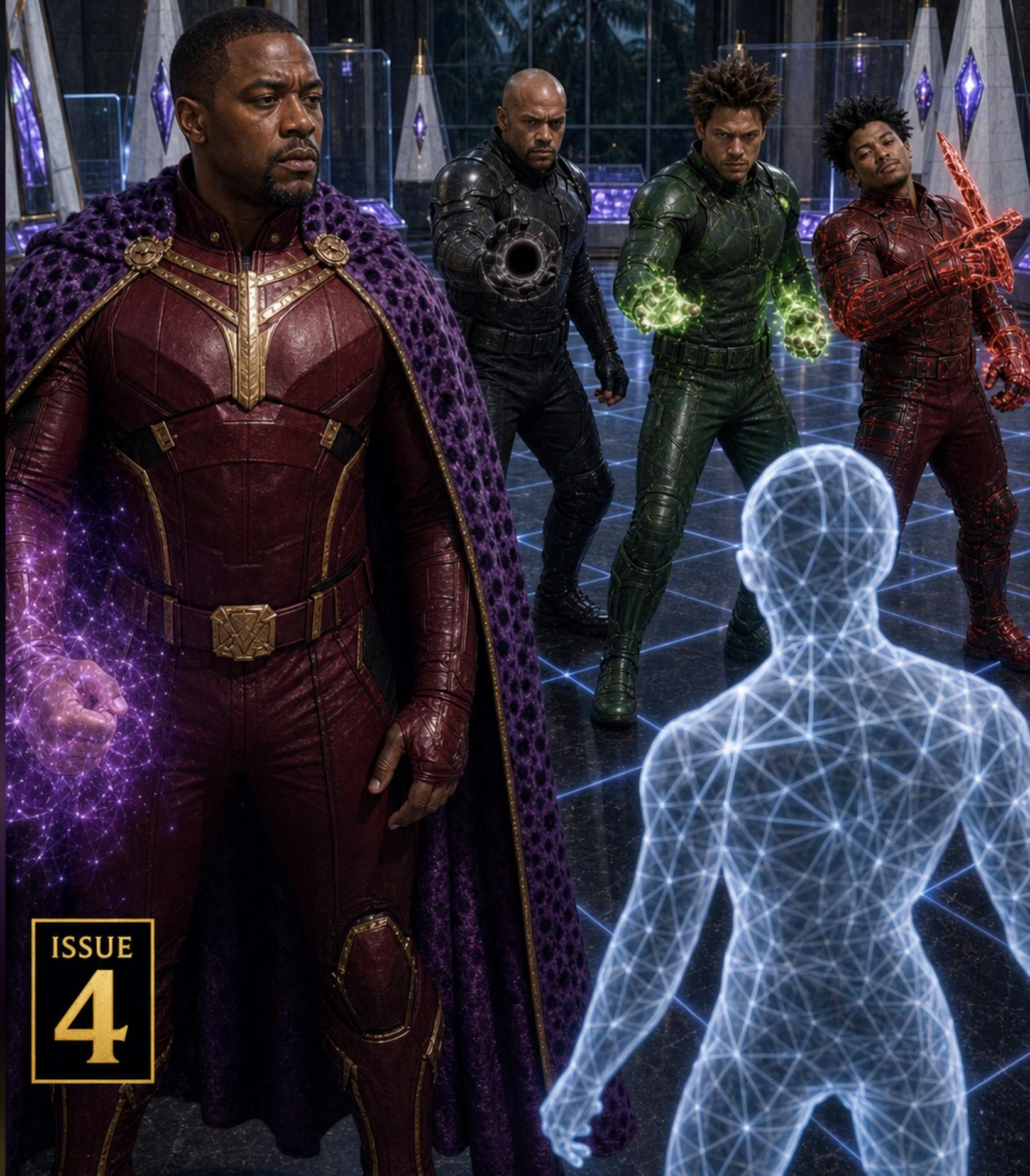


# THE THREE HANDS

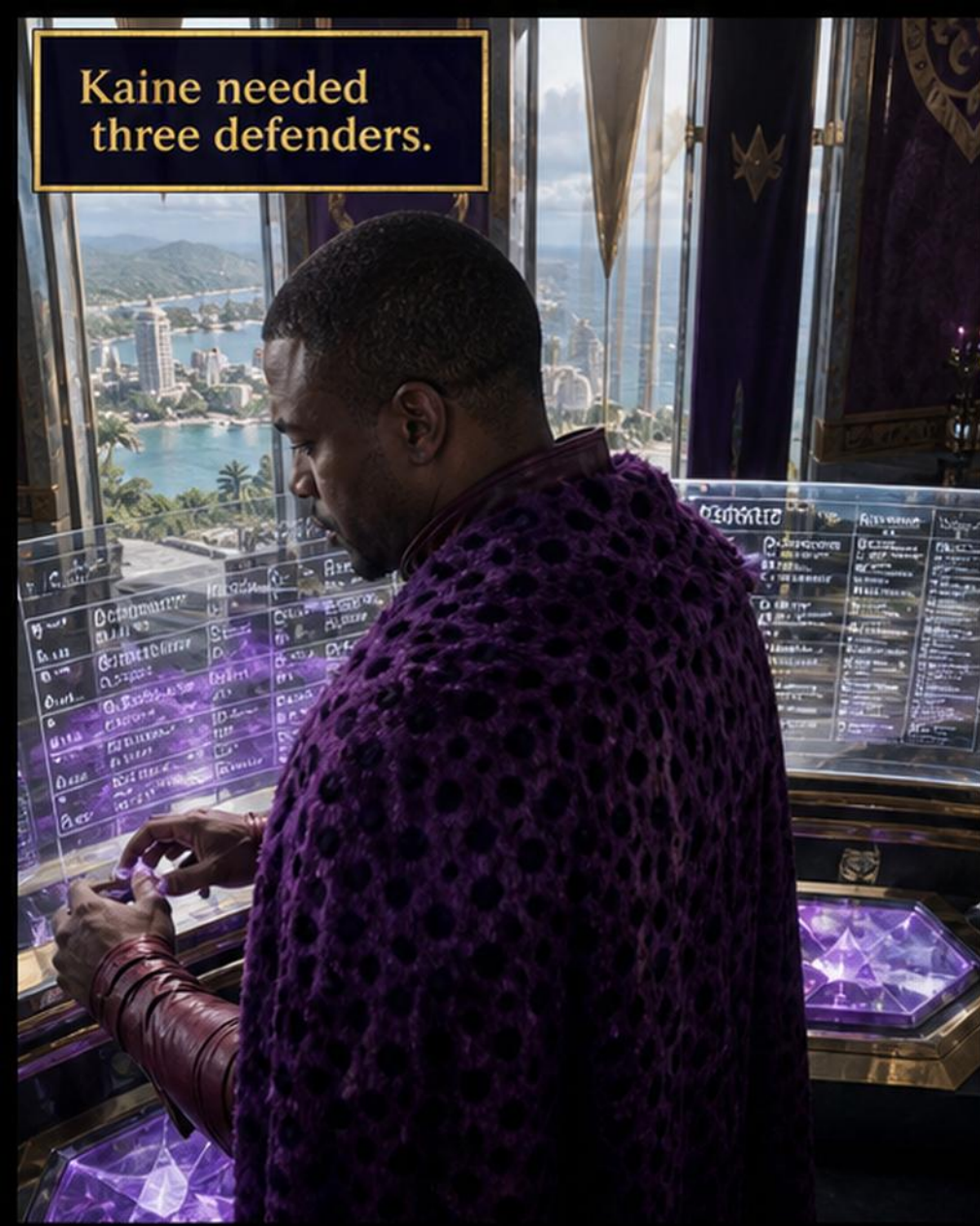
THE KING'S THREE HANDS



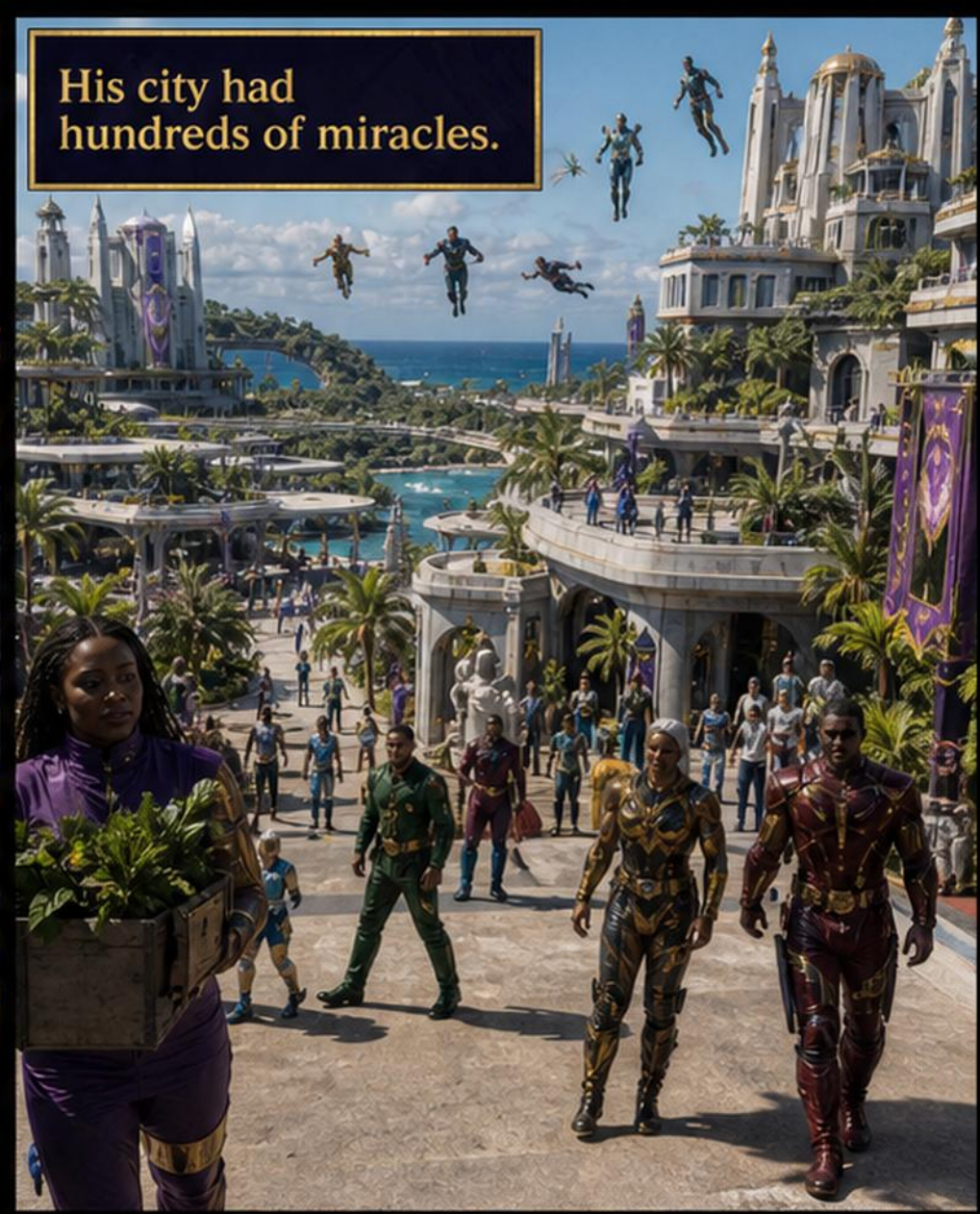
ISSUE

4

Kaine needed  
three defenders.



His city had  
hundreds of miracles.



Old Kaine would have  
commanded them.



The new king had to ask  
who still chose him.



The first cut was duty.



A healer belonged in a clinic.



A builder belonged where the city rose.



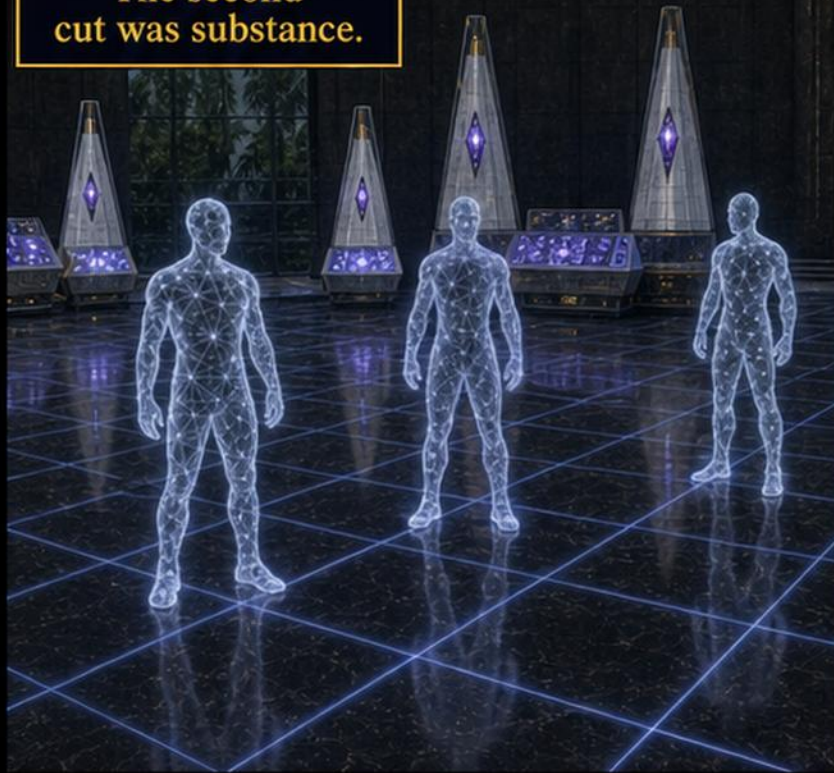
A former soldier could leave.



Only knights already carrying the burden stayed on the board.



The second cut was substance.



Some powers could shatter mountains.



Some could move oceans.



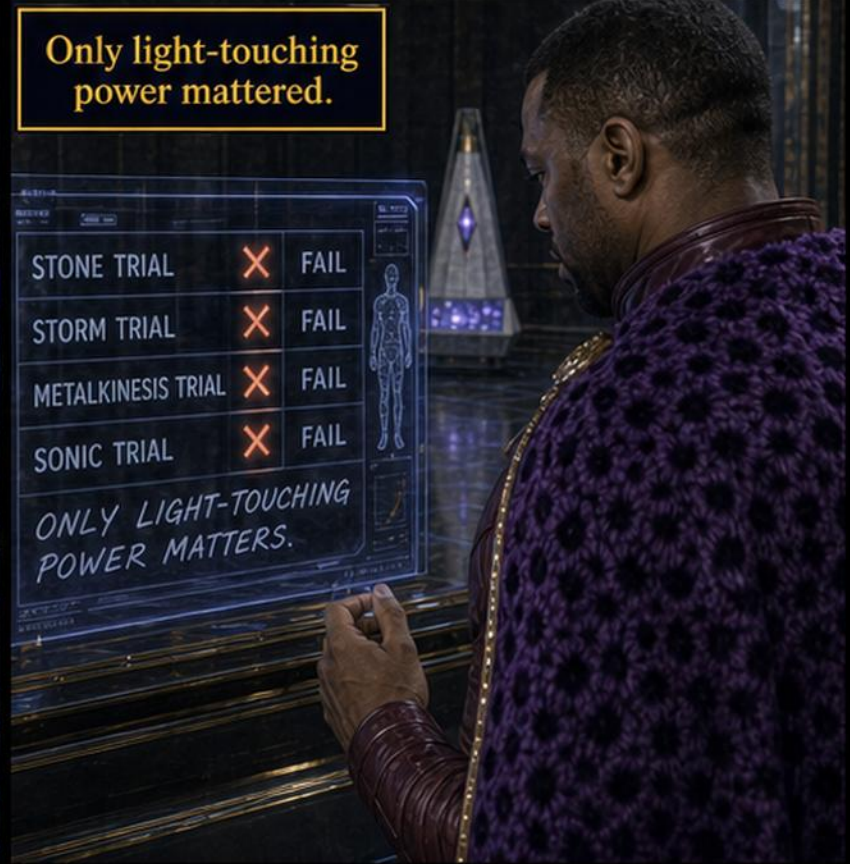
Against light, they passed through nothing.



The wrong miracle still missed.



Only light-touching power mattered.



STONE TRIAL	✗	FAIL
STORM TRIAL	✗	FAIL
METALKINESIS TRIAL	✗	FAIL
SONIC TRIAL	✗	FAIL
ONLY LIGHT-TOUCHING POWER MATTERS.		

The final cut was not power.



He had stolen choices before.



Freedom did not make forgiveness automatic.



No hand could protect a king it did not trust.



Blake Hollister measured himself in combat.



A soldier was not his cage.



It was his craft.



His black holes could bend light itself.



He closed the singularity before it threatened the room.



That made discipline more valuable than force.



Buster Green carried heat in his bones.



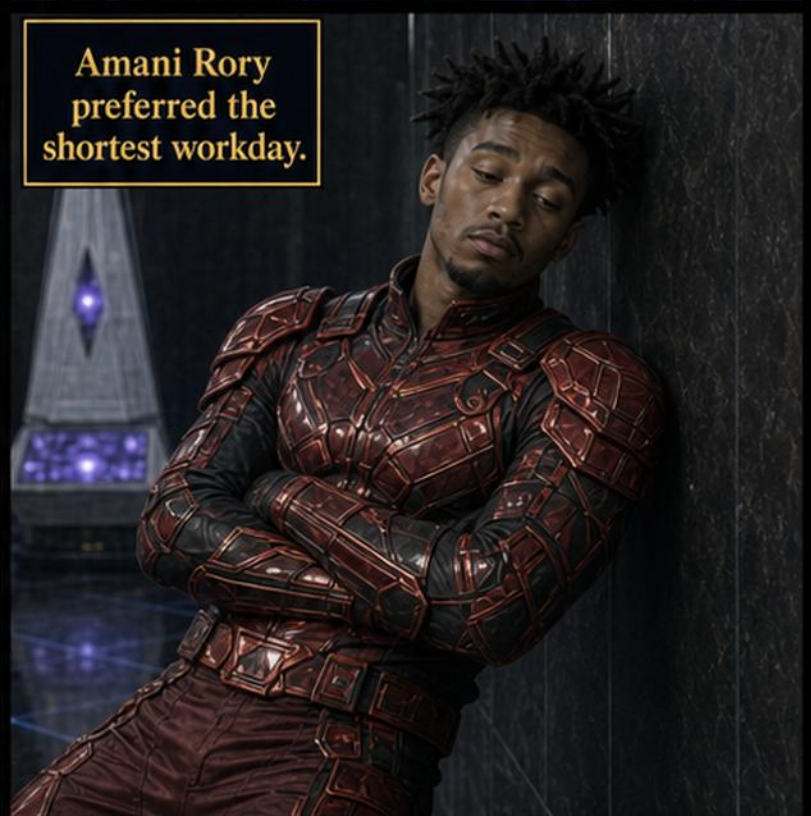
Combat gave the fire a shape.



His green light could meet theirs.



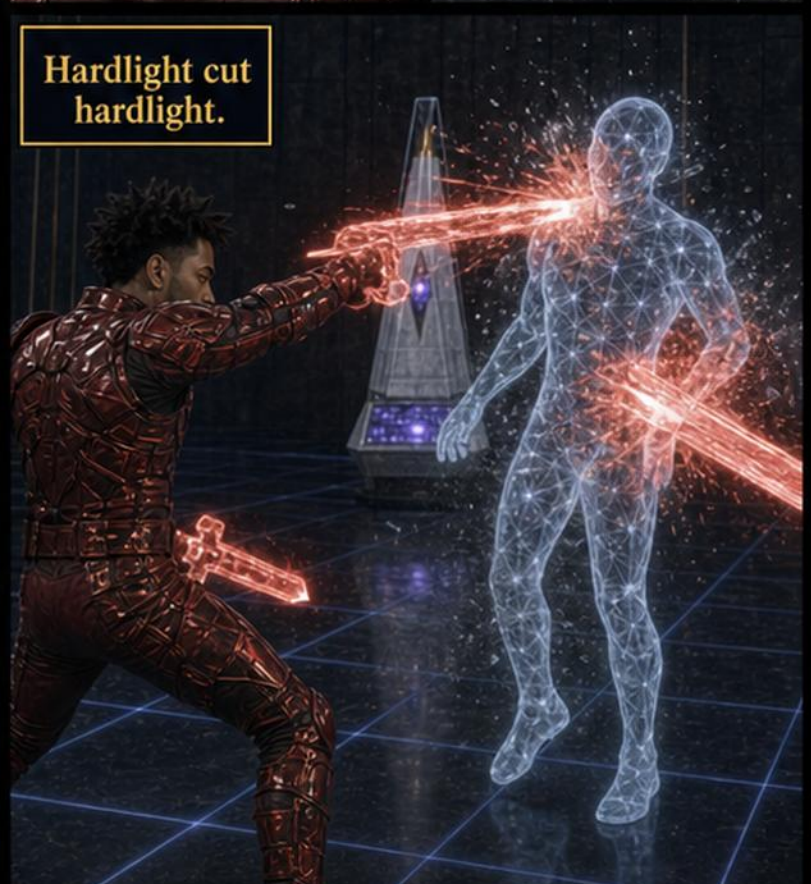
Amani Rory preferred the shortest workday.



His gauntlets turned laziness into speed.



Hardlight cut hardlight.



Kaine chose soldiers who still chose him.



Blake became the Black Hand.



Buster became the Green Hand.



Amani became the Red Hand.



Together, they would guard the king, the city, and the Lucid Light from the Anamorphis.