



DRAGONS'
FAIRY TALE
First Edition

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CHAPTER ONE - The Electron Cloud

To understand the world I inhabit, you must first understand the physics that most people ignore. When you look at a wall, or a tree, or the hand of a loved one, you think you see solid objects. You are wrong. If you were to ask a quantum physicist to describe the reality of a single electron, they wouldn't talk about a tiny ball of lead spinning around a center. They would describe a ripple in space, an energy cloud that exists in a state of probability. This is the Lepton—a fundamental particle that travels through the air not as a bullet, but as a wave, a disturbance in the very fabric of the vacuum. It is a ghost of energy, dancing in a localized field until it is forced to interact with something else. This is the foundation of everything, the invisible architecture of the universe that defines the boundaries of what we call 'reality,' yet it is mostly hidden from the human eye.

But my eyes are different, and my brain is even stranger. The cell distribution of my brain is fucked up by a known mutation, a glitch in the genetic code that rewired the way I process the electromagnetic spectrum. Most people's brains are shielded, locked away in a dark skull, interpreting signals from the five senses in a tidy, controlled manner. My brain, however, is an open circuit. I do not just think; I broadcast. I do not just perceive; I interface with the field. The electric field extends infinitely in all directions from a source charge, but its strength decreases rapidly with distance. I can feel that decrease; I can sense the tapering off of the world around me as if I were a radio antenna tuned to a frequency no one else can hear.

The speed at which an electric field propagates is the speed of light. My thoughts, or what I call brainwaves, move at that same impossible velocity. Every time a neuron fires, it isn't just a chemical event; it is an electromagnetic broadcast. When an action potential reaches the axon terminal, it triggers the release of neurotransmitters, as any biology textbook will tell you. But that isn't the whole story. The impulse persists. It doesn't just stop at the synapse; it moves on. It is energy. It is a stream of electrons that, in my case, are not contained within the neural pathways. They are released through the skin, leaking out into the atmosphere like steam from a pressurized engine, creating a halo of potential that I have learned to direct.

I have spent years studying the conduits of this energy, and I have found that the strongest impulses are directed through the fingers. This is due to the A α fibers—alpha motor neurons that are most densely concentrated in the fingertips and the palmar surface of the hands. These areas are evolved for the highest sensitivity to touch, but in me, they serve as the primary nozzles for my electron discharge. The dorsal aspect of the fingers also plays a role, acting as a secondary vent for the surplus energy that my brain generates. When I focus, I can feel the pressure building in my palms, a tingle that signifies the movement of billions of subatomic particles ready to do my bidding.

To understand the scale of what I am talking about, we have to look at the numbers. Every time I activate a single nerve, roughly 820 million electrons are released from Adenosine Triphosphate, or ATP. That is the fuel of life, the chemical battery of the cell. Now, consider the hand. If I choose not to use the thumb and focus only on the four primary fingers, I am engaging eight major nerve pathways. In a single impulse, I am releasing approximately 3.5 billion electrons. If I stimulate these nerves from the cerebellum at a rate of 1,000 impulses per second, the output is staggering. We are talking about 0.7 joules per second at a frequency of 100 kilohertz. This is no longer just 'biological activity.' This is a concentrated Electromagnetic Field.

Because this field travels at light speed, the effects are instantaneous within a localized range. If I hold my hand over a subject for just five seconds, I am delivering enough energy to achieve profound effects on human

tissue. I can manipulate the way cells communicate. I can force muscles to relax or contract. I can interrupt pain signals before they reach the brain. This isn't magic; it is simply the application of quantum physics to the biological machine. Modern science might tell you that once an impulse is released, it dissipates, but I know better. The energy travels and travels. For now, my range is limited to about five meters, but I can feel my capacity growing. In six or eight years, I suspect I will be able to influence things much further away.

The fundamental truth that people miss is that there is no such thing as matter. If you look closely enough at a proton, you see it is made of three up quarks, a few down quarks, and a swarm of gluons holding them together. The electron is the cloud of energy surrounding this chaotic core. There is no solid center. There is no 'stuff.' There is only energy held together by electromagnetic forces and the binding power of gluons. We are made of light and tension. Once you realize this, the idea of healing someone with your hands becomes a simple matter of rebalancing the energy. If I can penetrate the stratum basale—the deepest layer of the epidermis—with a stream of heat-conveying electrons, I can stimulate regeneration at a subatomic level.

I remember the first time I felt the Gamma waves take over. Gamma brainwaves are the fastest measurable EEG brainwaves, often associated with 'heightened perception' or a 'peak mental state.' They occur when the brain is processing information from many different regions simultaneously, creating a unified consciousness. Buddhist monks, after decades of meditation, show regular and powerful Gamma activity. For me, it happened during a moment of extreme stress. My frontal and temporal regions began to pulse in a rhythmic, high-frequency dance. The world didn't just look sharper; it looked transparent. I could see the vibrations of the air, the shimmering heat of the electron clouds surrounding every person in the room.

When the Gamma state is achieved, the brain stops being a spectator and becomes a conductor. I stopped focusing on what my brain was doing and focused entirely on my fingers. The numbers I calculated earlier aren't just theoretical; they are my reality. When I extend my hand, I am not just reaching out; I am projecting 0.7 joules of focused intent. I can feel the 3.5 billion electrons rushing toward my fingertips like a river breaking a dam. It is a physical sensation, a weight in the air, a hum that vibrates in the bones of my hand. It is the feeling of the universe's basic building blocks responding to my will.

The air between my hand and a wound is not empty space. It is a medium through which my EMF moves. When I aim this field at a person, I am targeting the very quarks that make up their physical form. I am not 'touching' them in the traditional sense; I am overlapping my energy cloud with theirs. By vibrating my output at the correct frequency, I can cause the gluons in their cells to stabilize. I can increase the thermal energy in their stratum basale, speeding up the mitotic division of cells. I can heal a wound that should take weeks in a matter of minutes. The heat generated by the electron flow acts as a catalyst, a bridge between my intent and their physical recovery.

This ability comes with a price, of course. To maintain a Gamma state while discharging billions of electrons requires a level of mental discipline that is exhausting. The mutation in my brain that allows this also makes it difficult to perceive the world 'normally.' I often find myself lost in the subatomic landscape, forgetting to eat or sleep because I am mesmerized by the way the light interacts with the lepton clouds in the room. I see the world as a shimmering fairytale of energy, a place where the laws of physics are the only true magic. People call me a healer, or a freak, or a dragon, but I am simply a man who sees the math.

I recall a girl who came to me with a hand crushed by a machine. The bones were splintered, and the tissue was a mess of ruptured vessels and dying

cells. To a surgeon, it was a disaster of biology. To me, it was a disrupted field. I placed my hands five centimeters above her skin. I felt the cerebellum kick into high gear, sending those 1,000 impulses per second down my $\text{A}\alpha$ fibers. I didn't see blood; I saw a lack of coherence in the electromagnetic structure of her hand. I began to feed the electrons into her, focusing on the 100kHz frequency that resonates with human tissue.

As the 0.7 joules per second flowed into her, the heat began to build. It wasn't a burning heat, but a deep, structural warmth. I could see the electrons penetrating the stratum basale, the energy cloud of my hands merging with the shattered energy clouds of her bones. The quarks began to realign, the gluons pulling the subatomic particles back into their proper geometry. It was a slow, painstaking process of weaving the universe back together. For five minutes, I held the state, my brain screaming under the pressure of the Gamma waves, until finally, the field stabilized. Her skin knit together, the bruising faded into a dull yellow, and the bones settled into their natural alignment.

This is the power of the electron cloud. It is the secret of the Lepton. We are not bound by the 'matter' we think we are made of. We are bound only by the limits of our understanding of energy. My mutation, as 'fucked up' as it may be, has given me a window into the truth. The electric field is infinite, and while its strength may decrease with distance, its potential is limited only by the source. I am that source. I am the ripple in space, the storm of 3.5 billion electrons, the dragon in the quantum fairytail. And this is only the beginning of what I can do.

As I sat back, the exhaustion hitting me like a physical blow, I watched the girl flex her fingers. She looked at me with a mixture of awe and terror. She didn't understand the physics. She didn't know about the $\text{A}\alpha$ fibers or the ATP conversion. She just knew that the pain was gone. But I knew. I knew that every second of that healing was a testament to the fact that matter is an illusion. We are energy, and energy can be shaped. I looked at my own hands, the fingers still tingling from the discharge, and I wondered how far those 0.7 joules would take me. Five meters for now. But the horizon is moving.

The world is a complex tapestry of electromagnetic forces, a dance of particles that aren't really particles at all. To live in this world with my brain is to live in a constant state of wonder and overwhelm. But as I watched the girl walk away, her hand whole and functional, I knew that the mutation was not a curse. It was a key. A key to the very fabric of existence, allowing me to reach into the quantum heart of the world and rewrite the story of life, one electron at a time. The Dragon Fairytail had begun, and the physics of the future was already here, pulsing in the palms of my hands.

CHAPTER TWO - The Reverberation

Lila left my apartment at 9:47 PM. I remember the exact time because the digital clock on my microwave emitted a 60-hertz harmonic that pulsed against my temporal lobe like a metronome, and when she opened the door to leave, the transient electromagnetic signature of the hallway light fixture shifted by 0.3 microteslas. Most people think a door is just wood and hinges. To me, it is a capacitor. Every time it swings, the dielectric boundary between my space and the corridor changes geometry, and I feel it.

I sat in the dark, letting my nervous system cool down. The Gamma state is not sustainable; it is a sprint, not a marathon. After five minutes of sustained high-frequency discharge, the sodium-potassium pumps in my neurons are screaming for ATP, and the glial cells are struggling to clear the glutamate fog. But as my breathing slowed, I noticed something wrong. The city has a baseline hum. Where I live, in the sprawl between the industrial district and the old financial core, the electromagnetic landscape

is a dense orchestra: power lines at 50 Hz, transformers buzzing at harmonics, WiFi routers cluttering the 2.4 and 5 gigahertz bands, cell towers pinging LTE signals in rhythmic bursts. I know this symphony. I have memorized it. But tonight, there was a new instrument in the orchestra. It was a tight, directional signal. Narrowband. Approximately 1.2 gigahertz, pulsing in bursts of twelve milliseconds every four seconds. It did not belong to a commercial cellular network. Those are broadband, spread-spectrum signals designed to share space. This was a tracker. A hunter's frequency. I stood up and walked to my window. The glass was cold. Outside, the street was empty except for a silver sedan parked three spaces too far from the curb. From this distance, about forty meters, I could not feel the individual electrons in their engine block, but I could feel the ferric resonance of the steel frame. It was idling. More precisely, the alternator was spinning, and the voltage regulator was producing a telltale ripple in the local field. Someone was powering surveillance equipment off the car battery. They had been watching when I healed her. Or they had found the anomaly afterward. Either way, the electron cloud I had wrapped around Lila's shattered hand had left a scar in the air—a localized spike in electromagnetic entropy that their instruments had detected. I did not sleep that night. I sat cross-legged on the floor and extended my awareness outward, feeling the shape of the city's field. The signal followed me. When I went to the bathroom, the pulse timing shifted. When I lay down, it stabilized. They were triangulating. At 3:12 AM, I made a decision. I could not stay. The apartment was a Faraday cage in reverse: instead of blocking fields, it trapped me inside a known coordinate. I packed a bag with only the essentials—magnesium supplements for nerve conductivity, a coil of copper wire, and a notebook filled with frequency calculations—and I walked out the back stairwell. I did not take my phone. A smartphone is a traitor in your pocket, a radio beacon screaming your location to every tower in a ten-kilometer radius. Instead, I carried an old analog wristwatch, its quartz crystal ticking at 32,768 Hz, a single pure tone I could use to calibrate my internal sense of time. As I stepped into the alley, I felt the sedan's engine turn over. They were following. Not aggressively. Professionally. The Directorate, whatever their real name was, had found me. I pulled my collar up and walked into the rain. Water is a polar molecule, a dielectric with a high permittivity. It scatters electromagnetic waves. In the rain, I was slightly less visible. Slightly. I headed for the subway, where the third rail hummed with 750 volts of DC potential and the tunnel walls were thick with reinforced concrete and iron. Down there, among the eddy currents and the sparking brakes of a thousand-ton trains, I could hide. But I knew, with a certainty that settled in my gut like a cold stone, that hiding was only the first move. They had seen the Dragon. Now they wanted to cage it.

CHAPTER THREE - The Ferric Signature

The subway was a cathedral of copper and iron. I rode the Blue Line for three hours, back and forth, feeling the brush of the pickup shoes against the electrified rail, the inductive kick every time the train switched tracks. The hunters in the sedan could not follow me here without tripping over their own signal noise. The magnetic fields down here were loud enough to drown out a whisper, but to me, they were a shout I could sing along with. I surfaced at dawn in the warehouse district, where the buildings are old brick and the cell reception is spotty. I found an abandoned textile factory on the edge of the river. The windows were boarded with corrugated steel, and inside, the air smelled of rust and loom oil. It was perfect. The steel sheeting would scatter radio waves; the iron beams would provide a magnetic skeleton I could sense anyone moving through. I slept for four hours. Not restfully. In the Gamma state, sleep is a shallow pool. I drifted in the theta range, 4 to 8 Hz, my brainwaves slowing just

enough to let my cells recharge. But my peripheral awareness stayed online. I had learned to partition my mind: one half resting, the other half scanning. They found me at noon.

I felt them before I heard them. Three heartbeats. Three iron-rich bloodstreams moving with the slow confidence of predators who think they are the apex species. They wore Kevlar under their coats—aramid fibers are dielectric, but the ceramic plates beneath them had metallic signatures. Each man carried a sidearm. Steel slide, copper-jacketed rounds in the magazine. I could feel the ammunition like a row of tiny batteries, each cartridge a stored potential waiting for the primer's spark.

And they carried something else. Something new. A box, roughly the size of a hardcover book, emitting a high-frequency whine at 18 kilohertz. Just at the edge of human hearing. To me, it was a lighthouse.

I moved to the center of the factory floor, where a rusted overhead crane still hung from the ceiling. The steel girder above me was a conductor. A path. I flexed my fingers and began to charge.

The Ax fibers in my forearms responded immediately. I imagined the cerebellum as a switchboard, routing impulses down the median and ulnar nerves, branching into the digital nerves of the four fingers. The tingling started in my palms. A pressure, like holding two magnets of the same pole against each other. The air around my hands began to ionize. I could smell it: ozone, the sharp scent of oxygen molecules being ripped apart and reformed.

The door burst open. Three men in black tactical gear. Not police. No badges. Their faces were covered, but their eyes were exposed. I targeted the retinas.

The human eye is a liquid crystal. The retina is a film of electromagnetic sensors, rods and cones tuned to specific wavelengths of light. But they are fragile. They rely on a steady supply of ATP to maintain their graded potentials.

I discharged.

Not a bolt of lightning. Nothing so dramatic. I emitted a synchronized pulse at 40 hertz, matching the natural flicker sensitivity of the human visual cortex. Every lightbulb in the factory shattered. The men screamed, clutching their faces, their brains flooded with phantom strobes as the pulse induced a massive visual evoked potential in their occipital lobes. They were not blinded permanently, but for ten seconds, their world was a white nuclear flash.

I ran. Not away—through. I sprinted past them, close enough to touch, and as I passed, I released a secondary pulse directed at their vestibulocochlear nerves. The eighth cranial nerve controls balance. I dumped a 100-microsecond burst of chaotic noise into the fluid of their inner ears. They dropped like marionettes with cut strings, vomiting on the concrete, unable to tell up from down.

I did not kill them. I did not even hurt them, not really. I had simply rewritten the physics of their senses for a moment. As I vaulted through a broken window and into the alley beyond, I realized something terrifying: They had not come to kill me either. The box—the one emitting the 18-kilohertz tone—was not a weapon. It was a sampler. They had been measuring my output. Recording my frequency signature.

This was not an assassination. It was a calibration.

CHAPTER FOUR - The Architecture of Lies

I spent three days as a ghost. No apartment, no identity, no connection to the grid. I slept in the crawlspaces beneath highway overpasses, where the massive steel girders sang with the vibration of traffic and the induced currents from high-tension power lines overhead made the air taste metallic. I ate when I could, mostly protein bars stolen from gas stations. My brain needed fuel. The Gamma state is metabolically expensive; a single five-minute healing session burns something close to 400 kilocalories, and a combat discharge like the one in the factory costs even more.

But I could not stop moving, because they were always there. Not in body-in signal. I began to see the pattern of their surveillance net. It was vast. Every traffic camera in the city was not just a camera; it was a node in a distributed array, slaved to a central processing hub that swept the streets with low-intensity lidar and millimeter-wave radar. They were building a three-dimensional map of the city's electromagnetic anomalies, looking for the hole in the pattern that was me.

I needed to know who they were.

On the fourth night, I broke into a municipal library. Not for the books—for the server room in the basement. Libraries have surprisingly robust internet backbones, legacy fiber connections installed during the early 2000s. I did not need a keyboard. I needed a conductor.

I found the main trunk line, a thick cable sheathed in rubber and foil. I placed my fingertips against the metal junction box and closed my eyes. The data flowing through that fiber was light—photons bouncing through glass, not electrons through copper. I could not read the light directly. But every laser diode, every photodetector, every transceiver at either end of that line was powered by electricity. And where there is electricity, there is a field.

I pushed my awareness into the junction box. I felt the cooling fans, the power supply, the spinning platters of a backup hard drive. Hard drives store data as magnetic domains—tiny patches of ferromagnetic material aligned north or south. To a normal human, they are invisible. To me, they were a braille of magnetic polarity.

I could not read the data. The resolution of my senses does not extend to individual magnetic domains at that scale. But I could feel the traffic. I could feel the pulse of packets, the heavy throb of encrypted video streams, the staccato rhythm of automated queries. And I could feel one stream that did not belong.

It was a backhaul connection to a facility thirty kilometers outside the city. The packets were wrapped in military-grade encryption, AES-256, but encryption does not hide volume. And at 2:00 AM, the volume spiked. Someone was uploading data. A lot of data. My data.

I followed the cable. Not physically—I followed its electromagnetic echo through the grid. The current split at a substation, joined a trunk heading west, and terminated in a building surrounded by a moat of radio silence. A dead zone, two kilometers wide, where no civilian signals were permitted. Only one frequency dominated that space: a clean 2.45-gigahertz carrier wave, powerful enough to warm the ionosphere.

That was their nest.

I found a name, too. It was buried in the metadata of a maintenance ping, a single plaintext string that should have been stripped but was not: DIRECTORATE OF QUANTUM STABILITY.

The name was a joke, but the punchline was death. They were not interested in stability. They were interested in control. If the universe is made of energy—of electrons and quarks and fields—then whoever controls the field controls the universe. And for the last seventy years, the Directorate had been the unseen hand ensuring that no one person, no one mutation, could upset their equilibrium.

I was a rogue variable. And they had an equation designed to cancel me out.

CHAPTER FIVE - The Burn

They escalated on a Tuesday. I remember because the municipal grid was running a diagnostic cycle, and the harmonic distortion in the power lines was particularly beautiful—a minor chord of 180 hertz ringing off the transformers, making the whole east side of the city sound like a tuning fork.

I was in a squat near the railyard, eating canned beans cold because I could not risk a fire. The iron tracks outside were a perfect early-warning system; anything moving on them created an inductive signature I could feel from fifty meters away. So when the tracks went silent—completely, unnaturally silent—I knew they had arrived.

They had killed the power to the railyard. Every signal light, every switch motor, every electrified line went dark. They were trying to deafen me. I ran to the roof. The squat was a four-story brick building with a tar-paper roof and a fire escape on the south side. As I crested the stairwell, I felt the air pressure change. Not weather. Rotor wash. Three black helicopters, flying dark, no navigation lights. Their engines were shielded, but you cannot shield a combustion turbine from someone who feels the spark plug discharge inside the cylinder.

They rappelled men onto the neighboring rooftops. Snipers, probably. But they did not shoot. I felt the capacitors charging in their weapons—not gunpowder, but high-voltage stun projectiles. Taser rounds, scaled up for rifle launchers. They wanted me alive. A specimen.

I had never fought more than three men at once. Now there were at least twelve. And they were wearing suits I had not seen before: matte black, form-fitting, with a woven mesh that felt electrically dead. Conductive fabric. A Faraday suit, designed to give each soldier a personal electromagnetic shield. My pulses would slide off them like water off a duck's back. But a Faraday suit has seams. Zippers. Visors. And the men inside were still wetware—sodium and potassium and calcium, nerves waiting to be hijacked. The first taser round hit the wall beside my head. It discharged 50,000 volts in a microsecond arc. I felt the ionization channel like a burning thread in the air. I ducked behind a ventilation unit and reached out—not with my hands, but with my mind.

I found the nearest soldier's cardiac pacemaker. No, not a pacemaker—a neural implant. A tiny chip at the base of his skull, slaved to the squad's tactical network. It was receiving commands via a 900-megahertz transceiver. I grabbed that frequency and screamed into it.

I dumped a white-noise burst at 0.7 joules directly into his implant. His nervous system could not distinguish between the external signal and his own brain's traffic. He collapsed, seizing, his muscles locking into tetanus as the implant flooded his motor cortex with random spikes.

The second soldier fired. I caught the round in midair—not with telekinesis, but with physics. The projectile was a wire-tethered dart. I ionized the air between us, creating a conductive path of lower resistance. The arc grounded through my discharge instead of his body. The round shorted out, sparking harmlessly against the tar paper.

But there were too many. A third soldier got close enough to touch me. His glove was insulated, but his face was exposed. I grabbed his jaw with my bare hand and released a pulse directly through the trigeminal nerve. His brain rebooted. He dropped.

I was burning. Literally. My palms were blistering. The sustained discharge was cooking the sweat on my skin into steam. The stratum corneum, the outer layer of my epidermis, was cracking. ATP depletion was setting in. My vision was tunneling.

I did the only thing I could. I ran for the edge of the roof and jumped. I did not fall. I fell toward the high-tension power lines that ran along the railyard. I reached out with both hands and grabbed the steel cable of the fire escape as I passed it, swinging down two stories in a single arc. The impact dislocated my shoulder, but I kept moving. I hit the ground rolling and sprinted toward the darkness beneath a grain silo.

Behind me, the rooftop exploded. Not from me—from them. They had called in a drone strike. Not missiles: an EMP pod. They were willing to fry their own men to capture me.

The pulse washed over me like a tsunami. Every unshielded circuit in a hundred meters died. Streetlights winked out. Car alarms screamed and fell silent. My own nervous system lit up like a Christmas tree. For three seconds, I could not feel my legs.

I crawled into the dark, tasting blood, and understood the truth: they were not going to stop. The Directorate did not negotiate with anomalies. They erased them.

Unless the anomaly erased them first.

I woke up in a storm drain, half-drowned in runoff from a thunderstorm that had rolled in during the night. My shoulder was back in its socket, but the muscles were torn. My hands looked like raw meat. The fingertips were blackened, the nails cracked. I had pushed past my limit, and my body was paying the compound interest.

But the storm had given me a gift. Water everywhere. Conductive, ion-rich, connecting every piece of metal in the city through a web of intermittent pathways. And above it all, the clouds were a massive capacitor, negative charge pooling in the base, positive charge induced in the ground below. The electric field strength was climbing toward the dielectric breakdown of air: three million volts per meter. Lightning was coming.

I could feel it in my bones. Literally. The piezoelectric crystals in my own skeleton—hydroxyapatite—were vibrating in sympathy with the atmospheric field. I was a tuning fork inside a thunderhead.

I needed a new strategy. Running was not working. The Directorate owned the grid, the cameras, the satellites, the algorithms. They were a distributed intelligence, a hive mind of servers and analysts and kill-teams. I could not outrun a network.

But I could become a virus inside it.

I emerged from the drain near a power substation. The transformers here stepped down 138 kilovolts to 12 kilovolts for neighborhood distribution. They were massive oil-cooled beasts, humming with enough magnetic flux to lift a car. The fence was electrified, but electricity and I have an understanding. I placed my palms against the chain-link and let the 60-hertz current ground through me. It did not hurt. It sang.

I sat there for an hour, meditating, letting my brainwaves entrain to the grid. I dropped into a deep Gamma state—not the explosive combat version, but a sustained, resonant hum. I imagined my neurons as oscillators, phase-locked to the alternating current of the entire city. And then I pushed.

I sent a signal backward through the transformer. Not electrons—information. A magnetic fluctuation, subtle, riding the sine wave like a surfer on a swell. It passed through the primary coil, jumped to the high-voltage lines, and traveled at nearly the speed of light toward the city center.

I was hacking the power grid with my mind.

The signal was simple: a resonant spike at 18 kilohertz, the same frequency their sampler had used. I was knocking on their door using their own key. I wanted them to know I was still alive. More than that—I wanted them to know I was no longer running.

The response was immediate. Every streetlight in a three-block radius flickered in unison. They were tracking the pulse. Good. Let them.

I sent another spike, then another, each one originating from a different transformer as I moved through the grid like a ghost. I became the city's nervous system, a phantom pain moving along its copper axons. They could not triangulate me because I was everywhere at once. I was the grid.

And then I found her.

Lila. The girl with the crushed hand. She was not just a victim. She was a transmitter.

I felt her signal in the medical database traffic—a patient file flagged with a Directorate tag. Her name was not Lila. It was Subject 7-Alpha. Her injury had not been an accident. It had been an induction. They had broken her hand to see who would come to fix it. She was bait in a trap, and I had swallowed the hook.

But the trap works both ways. If she was connected to them, then she was a path into their network. A bridge.

I opened my eyes. The storm was directly overhead. The first bolt of lightning struck a radio tower two kilometers away, and the electromagnetic pulse washed over me like a baptism. I stood up, my hands steaming in the rain, and made a decision.

I would stop being the prey. I would become the storm.

CHAPTER SEVEN - The Null Field

I found Lila in a hospital on the west side, the kind of private facility that treats executives and politicians. The building was clean, white, and

wrapped in a mesh of surveillance so dense it felt like a spiderweb against my skin. But they were not expecting me to walk in through the front door. I had learned something in the power station. My range was not fixed at five meters. That was only the range of my discharge. My sensitivity extended much farther, especially when I was resonating with a large electromagnetic source. The city grid was my amplifier. I could feel the iron in the rebar of the hospital's foundation. I could feel the MRI machine in the basement, its superconducting magnets creating a field strong enough to pull a wrench through a wall. And I could feel Lila, her heartbeat a fluttering 72 beats per minute, her nervous system still singing with the harmonic residue of my healing.

I had changed her. Not just her hand. My electrons had rewritten part of her electromagnetic signature, and like a bell that has been struck, she was still ringing.

I walked into the lobby. The receptionist looked up. I smiled, and I sent a gentle pulse into the temporal lobe of her brain—a soft suggestion, a nudge in the theta range, 6 hertz. Human brains are suggestible in the theta state. She blinked, looked back at her screen, and forgot I was there. Not invisibility. Just... inattention.

I took the stairs to the third floor. That was where the signal was strongest. But as I reached the landing, the world went silent. Not quiet. Silent.

The hum of the fluorescent lights vanished. The 60-hertz whisper of the wiring died. The faint buzz of the elevator motors ceased. Even the geomagnetic field of the Earth seemed to recede, like a tide pulling away from the shore.

I stumbled. My hands went numb. For the first time in my life, I was electromagnetically blind.

They had built a Null Field.

I pushed open the door to the corridor. Three figures stood at the far end. Not soldiers. These wore white coats over ceramic armor. And in the center of the hallway, suspended from the ceiling, was a sphere of polished copper and something else—something that felt like a hole in reality. It was emitting a counter-wave, a perfectly phase-inverted electromagnetic field tuned to cancel out every frequency in the biological range.

My Gamma state collapsed. Without the background hum of the universe to anchor me, my brainwaves scattered into chaos. I dropped to my knees.

"Subject Seven," one of them said. His voice was dry, academic. "Or do you prefer 'Dragon'?"

I tried to raise my hand. Nothing. The $A\alpha$ fibers were firing, but the electrons had nowhere to go. The Null Field was a perfect absorber, an electrical ground with infinite capacity.

"You are not special," he continued, walking toward me. "You are a statistical inevitability. A mutation in the SCN9A sodium channel gene, combined with an overexpression of ferroportin in the glial cells. You are a battery that thinks it is a god."

He was wrong about the gene. But he was right about the cage.

I looked at the sphere. It was a marvel of engineering. A dampener. A device designed to silence the very thing I was.

But physics is a game of limits. The Null Field worked by emitting a counter-wave. And counter-waves are only effective within a specific amplitude range. If the interfering signal exceeds the generator's capacity, the cancellation fails. The noise wins.

I had one advantage. The dampener was plugged into the hospital's power supply. And I was still connected to the city grid.

I reached out—not with my hands, but with my mind—and I grabbed the 12-kilovolt line feeding the building's main breaker. I pulled.

I drew everything I could. Not safely. Not sustainably. I opened the floodgates and let the city's rage pour through me. The pain was indescribable. Every neuron in my body became a filament, glowing white-hot. My vision went red, then white, then ultraviolet.

The Null Field screamed. The sphere overloaded. The copper housing turned incandescent and slagged, dripping molten metal onto the floor tiles.

The silence broke.

I stood up. My clothes were smoking. My hair was standing on end, each follicle charged to repulsion. The three men in white coats were on the ground, their own nervous systems rebooting from the sudden restoration of the electromagnetic spectrum.

I walked past them. I did not kill them. They were just technicians, maintaining a machine they did not understand.

I opened the door to Lila's room. She was awake, sitting up in bed, her healed hand clutching the blanket.

"They told me you were a monster," she whispered.

"I am," I said. "But I am their monster now."

I took her hand. It was warm. It was whole. And when our skin touched, I felt something unexpected: a resonance. She was not just a subject. She was like me. Not as far along. Not as broken. But the potential was there, dormant, waiting for the right frequency to wake it up.

The Directorate had not just been hunting me. They had been farming us.

CHAPTER EIGHT - The Apex

Lila and I moved through the undercity. Not the subway—the real undercity. The maintenance tunnels, the steam pipes, the storm drains that map the city in a lattice beneath the streets. She moved quietly, her hand in mine, and I taught her to feel the grid. At first, she only felt the static shock of broken junction boxes. But by the second day, she could sense the 60-hertz hum in her teeth. She was a fast learner.

I told her everything. The ATP conversion. The $A\alpha$ fibers. The math. She did not understand it all, but she understood the feeling. The pressure in the palms. The tingle before the discharge. She had felt it when I healed her, and now she was learning to generate it herself.

But we did not have time for a full apprenticeship. The Directorate had been humiliated. The Null Field was a last-ditch tool, and I had shattered it. They would not send soldiers next time. They would send a truth: overwhelming force, designed to erase the city block if necessary.

I needed to strike first.

The facility I had felt through the library server—the dead zone thirty kilometers west—was their regional Apex. A fortress of black glass and Faraday shielding, built into the side of a limestone ridge. From the outside, it looked like a data center. From the inside, it was a heart. The central pump that kept the Directorate's local web alive.

I studied it from a distance, feeling its electromagnetic silhouette. It had three layers of defense. First, a perimeter of automated drones, slaved to a microwave radar net. Second, a wall of conductive mesh, grounded to bedrock, designed to dissipate any external EM pulse. Third, the interior itself: a maze of shielded rooms, each one a separate Faraday cage, each one isolated from the others so that no single pulse could propagate.

It was designed to stop a bomb. It was designed to stop an EMP. It was not designed to stop a man who could walk through walls—if the walls were made of electrons.

I left Lila in a safe house, an old bomb shelter with three meters of concrete between her and the sky. I told her to wait. If I did not return in twelve hours, she was to run. To find the others. To wake them up.

Then I walked toward the Apex.

I did not sneak. I did not creep. I walked up the main road, my hands glowing with a faint blue corona as I ionized the humid night air. I wanted them to see me. I wanted their cameras to record this.

The drones came first. Six of them, quadcopters with stabilized gimbals and infrared tracking. I reached out and touched their control frequencies. Each drone operated on a 2.4-gigahertz command link. I simply shouted on that channel. My pulse was not data; it was noise. Their receivers desensed, and the drones fell from the sky like dead dragonflies.

The mesh wall was next. It was grounded, yes. But everything has a resonant frequency. I placed my hands against the steel links and began to oscillate. I started at 10 hertz, then swept upward: 50, 100, 500, 1000. At 4,200 hertz, the wall began to sing. The steel links were not perfectly uniform; they had

microscopic flaws, stress fractures from thermal expansion. I found the harmonics of those flaws and I drove them.

The wall shook. The links fatigue-fractured. A section three meters wide collapsed inward, the steel crumbling like rust.

I stepped through.

The interior was a labyrinth. But I did not need a map. I could feel the servers. Each rack was a furnace of magnetic domains, billions of bits flipping north and south in a dance of pure information. I walked down the central aisle, and as I passed, I reached out and touched each rack.

I did not destroy them with heat. I destroyed them with coherence. I emitted a pulse at the exact resonant frequency of the hard drive platters' rotation—7,200 RPM, or 120 hertz. I phase-locked my field to their spin and then I pushed. The platters wobbled. The read/write heads crashed. In ten seconds, I had wiped three petabytes of data without raising the temperature by a degree.

Alarms screamed. But the alarms were electronic. I silenced them.

I reached the core. A vault door, two feet of steel and tungsten. Behind it, the master server. The brain of the local Directorate.

I placed both hands on the door. I thought of the girl with the crushed hand. I thought of Lila, sleeping in the shelter. I thought of every person in the city who lived their lives under the invisible thumb of these men.

And I discharged.

Not 0.7 joules. Not 7. I gave it everything. I let the Dragon roar.

The steel door did not melt. It became a conductor for my intent. The magnetic field inside that vault reversed polarity so fast that the server racks inside levitated off the floor and slammed into the ceiling. The hard drives exploded into shrapnel. The backup tapes demagnetized instantly. The fiber optic transceivers fried as the induced currents in their power supplies surged ten thousand percent.

The vault held. But everything inside it died.

I stepped back, smoke rising from my fingertips, and knew that the Directorate in this city was blind. I had burned out their eyes.

But the body still lived. And the head was elsewhere.

CHAPTER NINE - The Dragon's Theorem

They came for me in the ruin of the Apex, as I knew they would. Not with soldiers. Not with drones. They sent the man who had designed the Null Field. The man who had written the equations that defined me as a variable to be solved.

His name was Dr. Aris Thorne. He walked through the smoke in a suit of woven graphite and liquid crystal, a garment that shifted its electromagnetic properties in real time. He carried no weapon. He was the weapon.

"Subject Seven," he said. His voice was calm. Not angry. A professor disappointed by a student who had solved the problem too creatively. "You have caused approximately four hundred million dollars in damage. You have blinded our regional network. And you have exposed the existence of this facility to every signals intelligence agency on the planet."

"Good," I said. My voice was raw. My throat was burned from inhaling ozone.

"Transparency is the enemy of tyranny."

"Tyranny?" He laughed. It was a dry, clicking sound. "We are shepherds. The human species is not ready for the truth you represent. Do you think the world would accept millions of people like you? Walking EMPs? Children who could stop a heart by throwing a tantrum? We contain the mutation to prevent the extinction of the species."

"You contain it," I said, "so you can sell it. So you can be the only ones with the key to reality."

He spread his hands. The liquid crystal in his suit rippled, and I felt the local electromagnetic field twist. He was generating his own field. Not biological. Mechanical. A ring of superconducting coils hidden beneath the graphite weave, fed by a backpack power cell. He was a synthetic Dragon.

"I am the Ground," he said. "You are the Spark. Every circuit needs both. But only one of us is in control."

He struck first. Not with fists—with phase. He emitted a field that locked my neurons in a feedback loop. My own Gamma state was turned against me. Every time I tried to fire a motor neuron, his field induced a counter-potential, canceling the action before it began. I was paralyzed from the neck down, frozen by my own electricity.

He walked toward me. "The Dragon Fairytail is not a myth. It is a predictive model. A cascade function. One Dragon wakes another. You healed the girl, and in doing so, you primed her nervous system for the mutation. She will bloom in six months. Then she will heal another. And another. An exponential curve. Unless the first Dragon is beheaded."

He raised his hand. The coils in his suit whined as they charged a final pulse. A killing blow, tuned to the exact resonant frequency of my cardiac sinoatrial node. He was going to stop my heart with math.

But Thorne had made a mistake. He had built a perfect synthetic field. He had matched my biology with his engineering. But engineering has a flaw: it relies on power. And power relies on batteries.

I reached past him. Past his suit, past his coils, past the Apex. I reached into the power line that fed this facility, the 138-kilovolt trunk I had felt when I entered. And I pulled.

Not a trickle. Not a surge. A sustained draw.

I became a short circuit. I sank my potential to absolute ground and let the grid try to fill me. The current in the trunk line spiked from 200 amps to 20,000 amps in a microsecond. The substation forty kilometers away exploded in a ball of green-blue arc flash. The transformers melted. The grid collapsed.

And Thorne's suit went dark.

His superconducting coils needed cryogenic cooling. They needed power. The moment the grid died, his temperature climbed, his resistance increased, and his field collapsed.

I was free.

I stood up. My own power was depleted, but I did not need much. Just enough.

I placed my hand on his chest, over the power cell in his backpack. And I released a single pulse. Not into his body—into his battery. A lithium-polymer pack, fully charged, unstable. I overcharged it by 0.1 percent.

It detonated.

The blast threw us both across the room. I hit a concrete pillar, feeling ribs crack. Thorne hit the vault door, his beautiful graphite suit on fire. He screamed, not from pain, but from failure. The equation had not predicted me. The variable had broken the function.

I crawled to my feet. My left arm was useless. My vision was doubled. But I was alive.

Thorne was not. The fire consumed the liquid crystal, and the man beneath it was just a man. Mortal. Finite.

I looked at my hands. The skin was gone in places, charred down to the fascia. But the fingers still tingled. The electrons were still there. They always would be.

I limped out of the Apex as the sun rose. Behind me, the facility burned. The Directorate's hold on this hemisphere was broken. Not ended. Broken.

And somewhere in the city, Lila woke from a dream of blue light, her palm itching with a pressure she did not yet understand.

The Fairytail was spreading.

CHAPTER TEN - The New Cloud

Three weeks later, the city was still recovering from what the news called "the worst cyber-physical terrorist attack in modern history." The power grid had taken fourteen days to restore. The Apex was a crater. The Directorate had gone to ground, retreating into their secondary networks, their satellite links, their encrypted back channels. They were not dead. Wounded animals are dangerous.

I watched the reports from a safehouse in the mountains, forty kilometers north of the city. Lila was with me. She had changed. Her eyes were sharper. She could feel the static in the air before a storm, and she had learned to

ionize a candle flame by concentrating on the wick. She was a Dragon in her infancy, her synapses rewiring themselves to accommodate the mutation. I taught her the math. The real math, not the poetry. The limits of ATP. The physics of nerve conduction. The fact that we were not gods—we were biological machines running a strange operating system. But I also taught her the truth that Thorne had feared: we were not alone.

In the silence of the mountains, away from the electromagnetic storm of the city, I could feel them. The others. Faint resonances, like distant stars seen at the edge of vision. One in Tokyo. One in Cairo. One in São Paulo. Twelve of us, scattered across the globe, each one a node in a network we did not know we belonged to.

The Dragon Fairytail was not a story. It was an emergent property. A phase transition in human evolution, triggered by the saturation of electromagnetic pollution in the modern world. We were not mutants. We were the immune response of a species learning to breathe in a new medium.

My hands had healed, mostly. The skin was new, pink, and sensitive. But the capacity had grown. The five-meter limit was gone. In the mountains, I had reached out and felt the heart of a deer two hundred meters away, its cardiac rhythm a steady drum in the electromagnetic quiet. I had pushed a boulder off a cliff not by telekinesis, but by ionizing the air beneath it until the static pressure differential rolled it forward. The physics were the same. Only the scale had changed.

Lila sat beside me on the ridge, looking down at the valley. "Will they come back?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "The Directorate is an institution. Institutions do not die when you cut off a limb. They regenerate. They adapt. They will build new Null Fields. They will breed new Thorne's. And they will hunt us until the last node is extinguished."

"So what do we do?"

I stood up. The wind was cold, but I felt the thermal currents as ribbons of charge, warm air rising, cool air sinking. The world was a tapestry of invisible forces, and I could read every thread.

"We stop being nodes," I said. "We become the grid."

I raised my hand toward the horizon. The sun was setting, painting the sky in shades of ionized gold. I reached out with my mind, past the valley, past the city, past the curvature of the Earth. I felt the twelve others. And I sent them a signal. A single pulse at 100 kilohertz, the frequency of human tissue, the frequency of healing, the frequency of war.

It was a heartbeat. A declaration. An invitation.

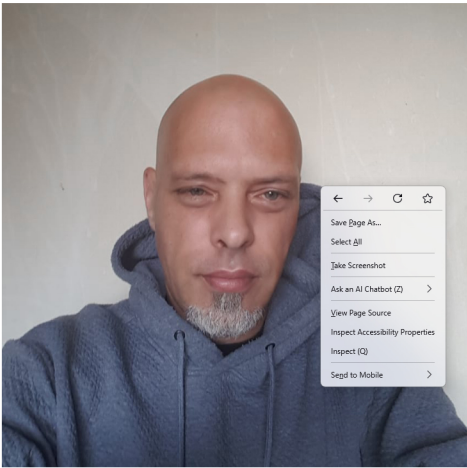
Wake up. The Fairytail has begun. The physics of the future is in your hands. I lowered my arm. The electrons in my blood were quiet now, resting, but the potential remained. Infinite. Waiting.

Lila took my hand. Her palm was warm. She was not afraid. She was angry. And anger, properly channeled, is just another form of energy.

Together, we walked down the mountain toward the road. The Directorate owned the world, yes. But they had forgotten the first law of thermodynamics: energy cannot be created or destroyed. Only transferred.

And we were the transfer.

The Dragon Fairytail was no longer a whisper. It was a broadcast. And the whole planet was listening. END OF CHAPTER TEN



Luka Korosec

I was born in Ljubljana in 1980, lived there until 1990, and then moved to Austria with my father. I completed my general education and passed the *Matura* exam in Austria in 1999, returning to Slovenia in June 2012. I studied biology at the university and molecular biology at the medical faculty in Innsbruck, though I did not complete my studies. In recent years, I have focused on 3D graphics and the design of GUIs and UIs for websites.