

Whispers of Nova

Whispers of Nova - Episode 1: Through the Rift



 **Listen to Intro:** <https://x.com/LiquidityApe/status/1911732860756644303>

They told her not to enter the portal

But curiosity was a fire Mira couldn't douse. She had trained as an astronaut, but when the strange rift opened above the lunar outpost, pulsing violet and humming with impossible energy, something ancient called to her. The others fled. She stepped through.

The Solverse overwhelmed her senses. Colors she'd never seen. Winds that sang in languages unknown. Realms spiraled around her like drifting islands in space, each tethered to a timeline shimmering with possibility.

She wandered through Ethereal Twilight, where trees whispered memories and shadows told the future. In Luminaris, floating orbs of light guided her to forgotten temples. But her arrival didn't go unnoticed.

The Novai came.

Purple warriors of living energy. They swarmed her like antibodies, viewing her as a breach... a virus. She ran, ducking through shifting portals until she landed in the ruins of Scene 0001. A man stood waiting, eyes burning like twin suns.

"I'm Håkon," he said. "The Broken. The last Anomaly."

She should have fled. But she didn't.

He reached for her hand. The touch seared her mind, flooding it with visions—collapsed timelines, endless wars between the Preservers and Mergers. He had tried to unite them once. He failed.

"You shouldn't be here," he whispered. "But now that you are... the Solverse may not survive you."

And then he vanished.

Now, the violet glow in Mira's veins grows brighter each day. She is becoming something new.

Once, she was an Infinite, a rare class of explorers capable of surviving dimensional shifts. Now? Maybe the second Anomaly.

Or maybe the beginning of the end. Only the Solverse knows.

Whispers of Nova - Episode 2: The Broken and the Preserver



Silence followed Håkon's disappearance. Not just the absence of sound, something deeper. Unnatural.

Mira stood in the ruins, her hand still tingling. The air buzzed with static, like the moment before a storm. Overhead, the sky cracked, not with thunder, but with fragments of memory. Cities burning. Portals collapsing. The glow of Nova consuming entire realms.

She took a step back, her pulse quickening. Something inside her had changed.

Her skin shimmered faintly, starlight under flesh. Her heartbeat thudded, not in her own rhythm, but in sync with something old, immense.

A voice cut through the stillness.

"You saw him."

A woman emerged from behind a crumbled pillar. She wore a cloak made of floating crystal strands. Mira recognized her kind, Preserver.

"I did," Mira said. "Håkon. He said the Solverse might not survive me."

The Preserver frowned. "Then the unraveling has already begun."

Before Mira could speak again, the woman stepped closer and pressed a glowing shard to her chest. The energy shot through her like lightning. In an instant, she saw glimpses of eight timelines. One was already gone. Another... splintering.

"You're no longer just an Infinite," the Preserver said softly. "You're becoming an Anomaly. The first human one. And that terrifies everyone."

A deep rumble echoed nearby. The ruins trembled.

The Novai were coming.

"Run," the Preserver whispered. "Find the Enclave of Magi. They may know what to do."

Then she vanished.

Mira stood alone again. Except now, the Nova in her veins pulsed like it had a mind of its own.

Whispers of Nova - Episode 3: Aetherveil



Mira ran.

The ruins of Scene 0001 fell behind her as the Novai descended like a storm. Their bodies pulsed with purple light, shifting between fluid and solid. Silent. Precise. Relentless.

The shard on her chest lit up. With every pulse, a portal tore open in front of her, revealing jagged slivers of other realms.

She dove through the next one and landed in a place made of golden fog.

Aetherveil.

Gravity bent sideways here. Sound moved slowly. Her breath came out in clouds, though the air felt warm.

A voice drifted toward her, stretched and distant.

"Infinite..."

She turned.

A being emerged from the mist. It wasn't Novai. It wasn't human. It was made of glass and vines, with eyes like amber moons. It tilted its head.

"You bleed Nova," it said. "Yet you are not Novai."

"I'm looking for the Enclave of Magi," Mira said, still catching her breath. "I was told they could help."

The creature gave a slow nod. **"They dwell beyond the Cradle of Cascades. But they do not welcome Anomalies."**

"I'm not..." she started.

"You are," it said. "And more. You are something new. And new things break old rules."

A tear opened in the fog, a portal, unstable but forming.

"Go," it said. "Before they find you."

Mira hesitated. **"Why are you helping me?"**

The creature smiled. Its vines curled gently.

“Because chaos tastes better when it ripens slowly.”

And then she fell again.

Into the realm of waterfalls that flow upward, glowing runes floating in the air, and a tower rising in the distance.

The Enclave was real.

But so was the shadow that followed her through the rift, silent, watching, and hungry.

To be continued...