

CROSS WORLDS NEXUS

# FUGITIVE FACTION

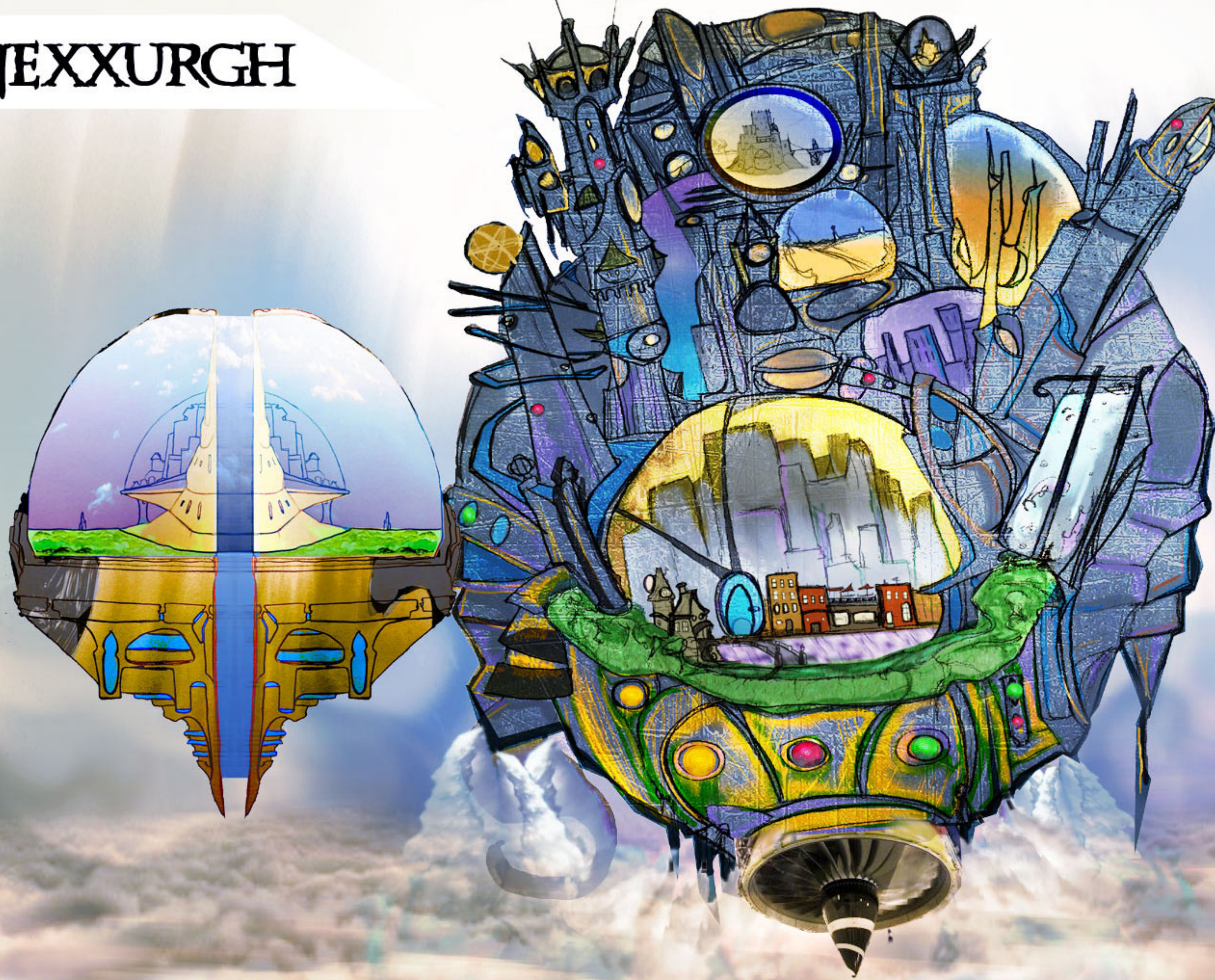


## SOURCEBOOK

TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED FUTURE WARRIORS  
BATTLE EVIL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE

Shane Ronzio

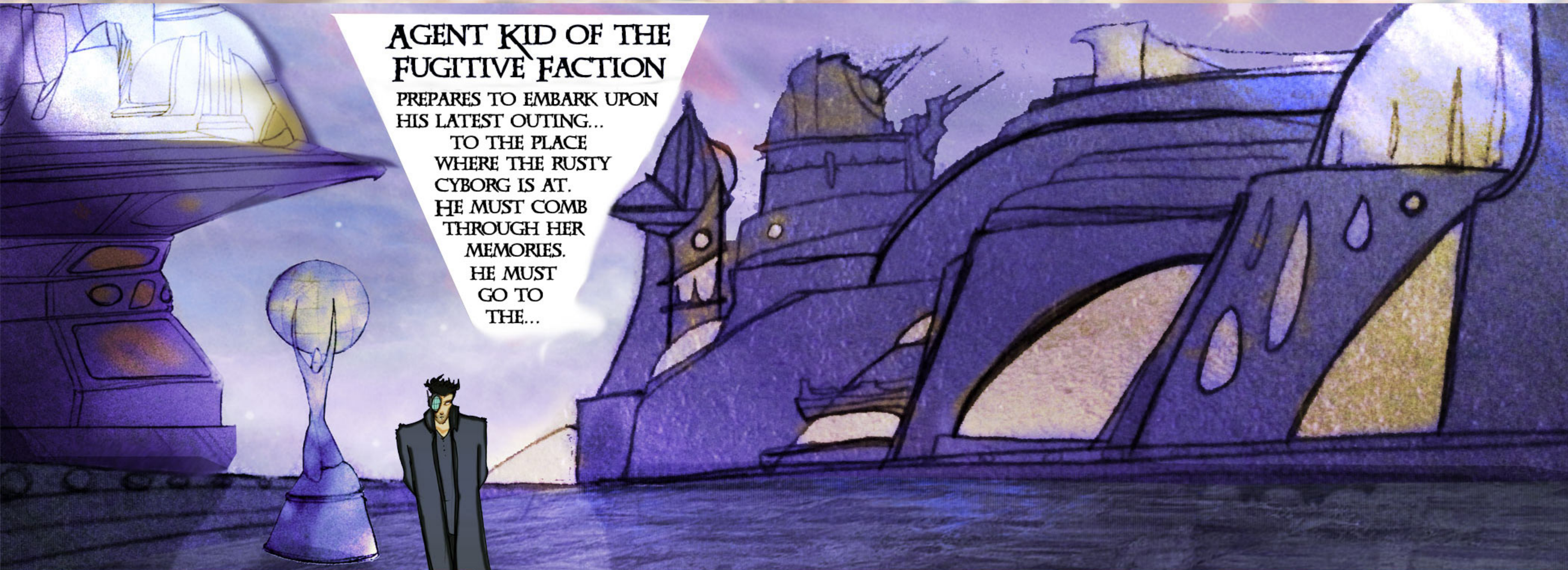




## AGENT KID OF THE FUGITIVE FACTION

PREPARES TO EMBARK UPON  
HIS LATEST OUTING...

TO THE PLACE  
WHERE THE RUSTY  
CYBORG IS AT.  
HE MUST COMB  
THROUGH HER  
MEMORIES.  
HE MUST GO TO  
THE...



Wyzardlund highlands outpost lodge.

Currently the assigned Station of the outdated relic cyborg escapee  
of the recently decimated Zartacla prison system.



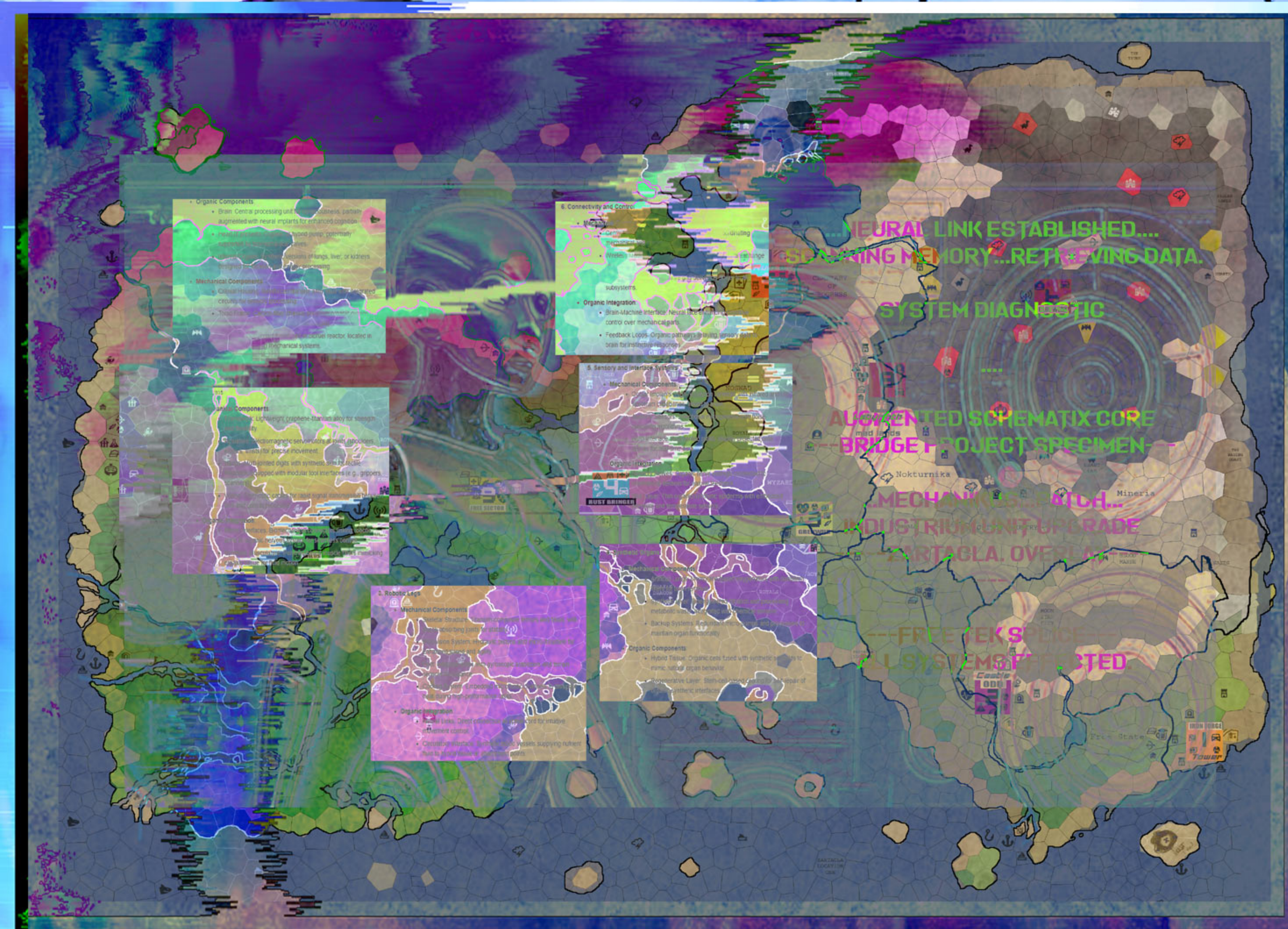
ART

STORY

CONCEPT

SHANE RONZIO





Fortunately  
for the  
Cross Worlds  
Nexus  
Fugitive Faction,  
this rusted  
specimen  
relies on a  
hackable  
recorded  
memory system.



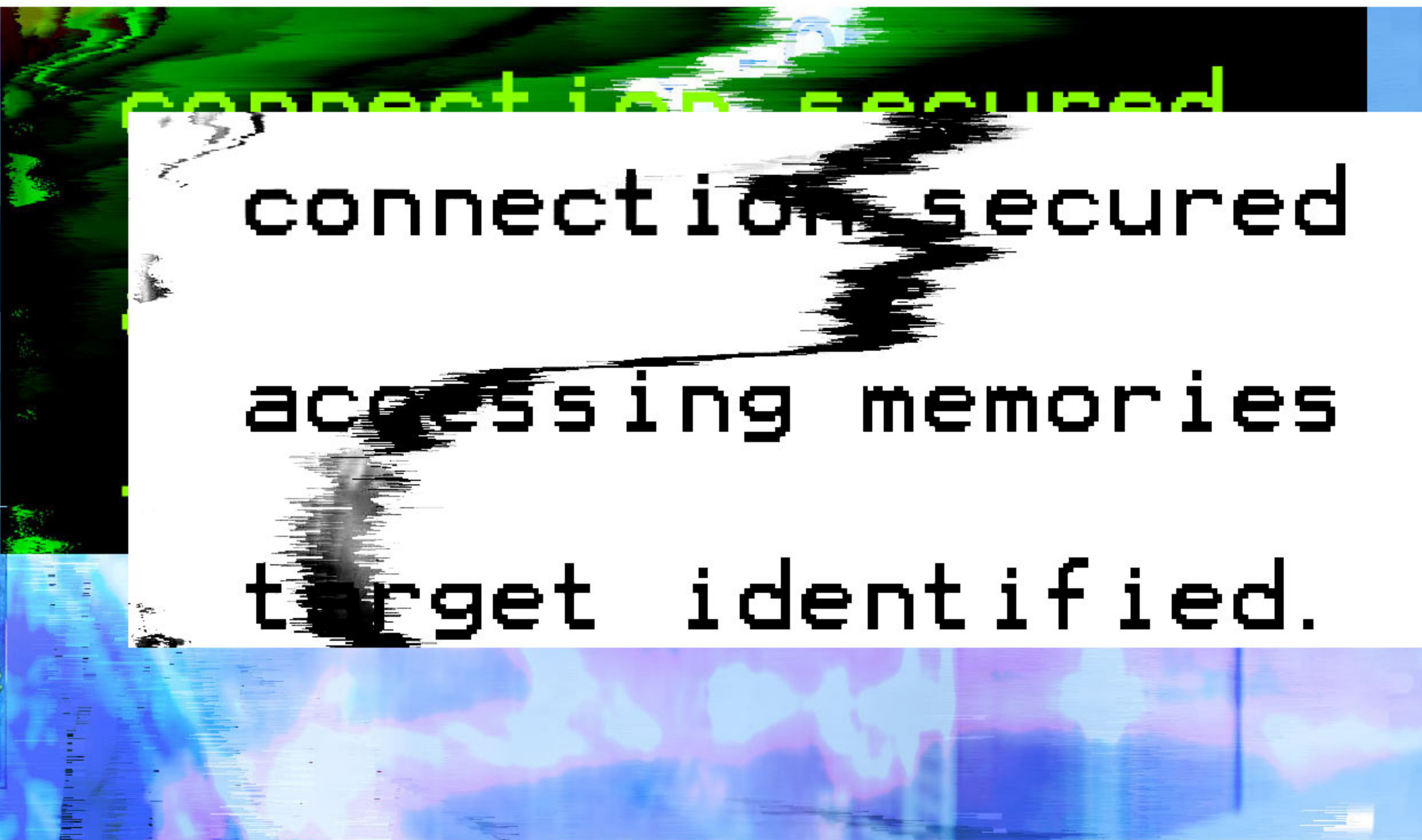
Okay, Rusty,  
**relinquish**  
your **secrets**,  
**scanning**  
**memories**.



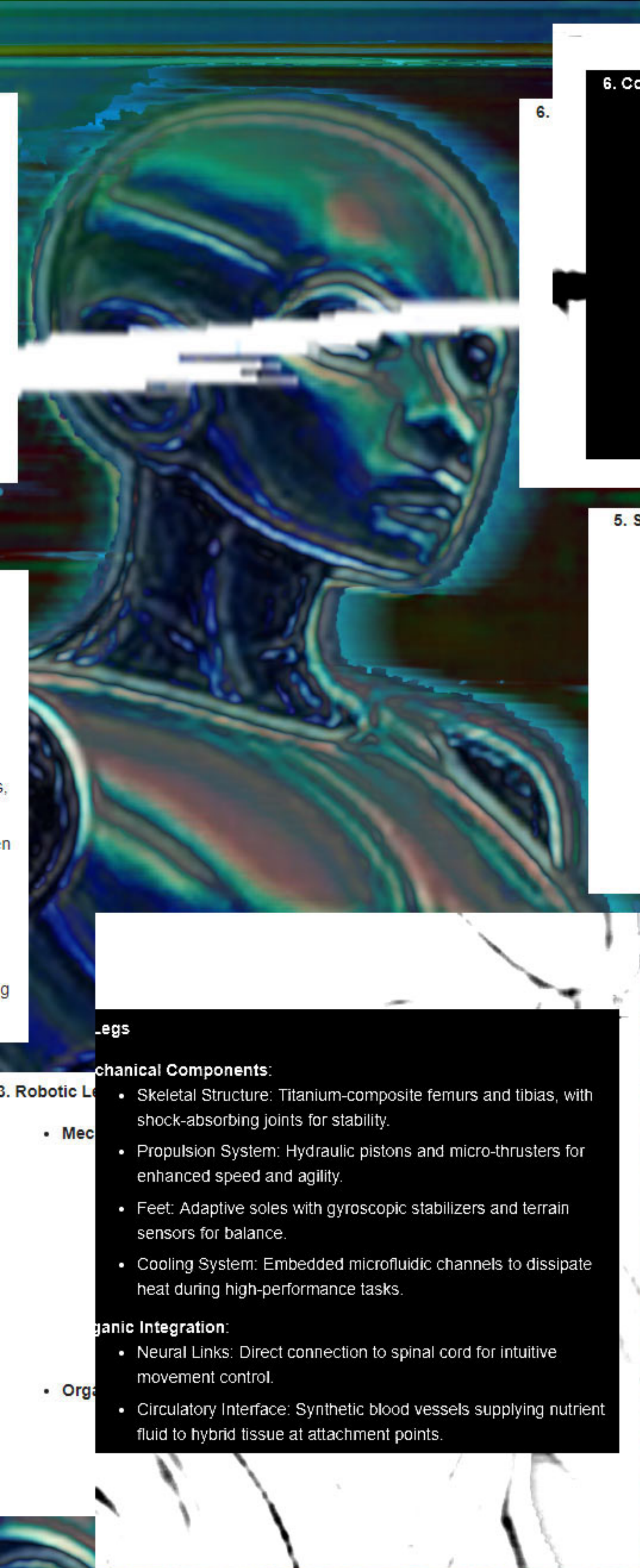


Aaand Connection complete.

This rusty has been a known associate of many of our former adversaries.... from Krill the mad necrotic manipulator to most recently the Circuit Board out of Glitch country. It has been since then that we have monitored her actions.



connection secured  
connection secured  
accessing memories  
target identified.



6. Connectivity and Control:
- **Mechanical Components:**
    - Central Processing Unit: Coordinating mechanical and organic systems.
    - Wireless Power Transfer: Facilitating energy exchange between organic and synthetic components.
    - Power Distribution Network: Efficiently delivering power to all subsystems.
  - **Organic Integration:**
    - Brain-Machine Interface: Neural lace enhancing cognitive control over mechanical parts.
    - Feedback Loops: Organic pathways relaying sensory data to brain for instinctive responses.

...NEURAL LINK ESTABLISHED....  
SCANNING MEMORY...RETRIEVING DATA.

SYSTEM DIAGNOSTIC

5. Sensory and Interface Systems
- **Mechanical Components:**
    - Ocular Implants: High-resolution cameras with infrared and UV spectrum capabilities, linked to brain.
    - Auditory Sensors: Directional microphones with noise-canceling algorithms.
    - HUD Interface: Augmented reality display projected onto retinas for real-time data.
  - **Organic Integration:**
    - Sensory Nerves: Organic nerve endings connected to mechanical sensors for natural feedback.
    - Skin Layer: Thin organic-synthetic epidermis with embedded pressure and temperature sensors.

AUGMENTED SCHEMATIX CORE  
---BRIDGE PROJECT SPECIMEN---

...MECHANIKUS...PATCH...  
INDUSTRIUM UNIT UPGRADE  
----ZARTACLA. OVERLAY----

---FREE TEK SPLICE---  
ALL SYSTEMS EFFECTED.

4. Synthetic Organs
- **Mechanical Components:**
    - Skeletal Structure: Titanium-composite femurs and tibias, with shock-absorbing joints for stability.
    - Propulsion System: Hydraulic pistons and micro-thrusters for enhanced speed and agility.
    - Feet: Adaptive soles with gyroscopic stabilizers and terrain sensors for balance.
    - Cooling System: Embedded microfluidic channels to dissipate heat during high-performance tasks.
  - **Organic Integration:**
    - Neural Links: Direct connection to spinal cord for intuitive movement control.
    - Circulatory Interface: Synthetic blood vessels supplying nutrient fluid to hybrid tissue at attachment points.

4. Synthetic Organs
- **Mechanical Components:**
    - Artificial Lungs: Membrane-based oxygenators with nanotech filters for toxin removal.
    - Synthetic Liver: Bioengineered filtration unit processing metabolic waste, integrated with chemical sensors.
    - Backup Systems: Redundant micro-pumps and processors to maintain organ functionality.
  - **Organic Components:**
    - Hybrid Tissue: Organic cells fused with synthetic scaffolds to mimic natural organ behavior.
    - Regenerative Layer: Stem-cell-based coating for self-repair of organic-synthetic interfaces.





## STATIC

My core drive whines, spitting error codes again.

Memory allocation's down to  
43%—another sector fried in the last EMP storm.  
I need to stay out of Glitch Country.

I store what I can.

Important stuff, like this Old Identification card from  
before. When I first got here.

My organic cortex holds it, but it's fading,  
like a ghost in meat.

The hard data—coordinates,  
kill counts, patrol logs—lives in the crystal lattice,  
but it's cracking.

I try to lock in a data base of  
crucial information.

Various alliances and adversaries...and the Map





## **Entry : The Map**

### **Nexlundia**

**That is what they call this place.**

**I'm a fugitive, running from the Industrium's hunters,  
my body a patchwork of steel and nanites that betray me with every step.  
My scanner eye scouts the terrain, my legs carry me through ruins,  
but it's the map—my map—that keeps me sane.**

**A relic from a lost time, its paper brittle,  
its colors faded but alive: green forests, blue oceans, borders of this strange place.**

**It's not just a guide; it's a piece of me, heavier than the comic, sharper than the ID.  
I got it at the Corporation, a gift from a colleague, Dr. Lie, who saw my office's sterility and laughed.**

**"You need color, Dr.Edison,"  
she said, pinning it above my terminal.  
I didn't understand at the time how rare it was.**

**Not until after I got here...  
and then the Quake and the Magnetic storms.  
this Map, an actual Map of these lands is Not easy to find.  
Not these days. It has accompanied Me through all of My Travels.  
I allocate memory to store the detailed source file.**

**This Original, though...it is a special keepsake.**

**It's fraying, like me, but I won't let it go.**





Entry 1: The Corporate Spire, Before the Fall (Year Unknown, Pre-Great Quake)

I was Dr. Elsa Edison, a rising star, neuroengineer at the Augmented Schematix Corp. My ID badge, clipped to my coat, was proof of my place.

My lab in Tower 17 was a cathedral of glass and chrome, where I pioneered neural bridges—interfaces linking human minds to machines.

We dreamed of curing diseases, enhancing cognition, controlling drones with a thought.

I believed in my own brilliance.

The comic book was a gift from my father, a history professor, gave me a 1940's Heroes of Liberty comic when I was 10.

Its colors vivid, dog-eared and vibrant. "Strength isn't just power,"

he'd said. "It's who you choose to be." It sat on my desk, a quirky contrast to the lab's sterility.

The map was a whim, a gift from a colleague, pinned above my terminal.

A world before everything changed.

My hands built neural bridges—human minds to machines.

The lab was sterile, my life ordered. I had a corner office, a view of the city's glass towers.

I worked late, chasing deadlines,

while my father's calls went unanswered. I thought I was saving the world.

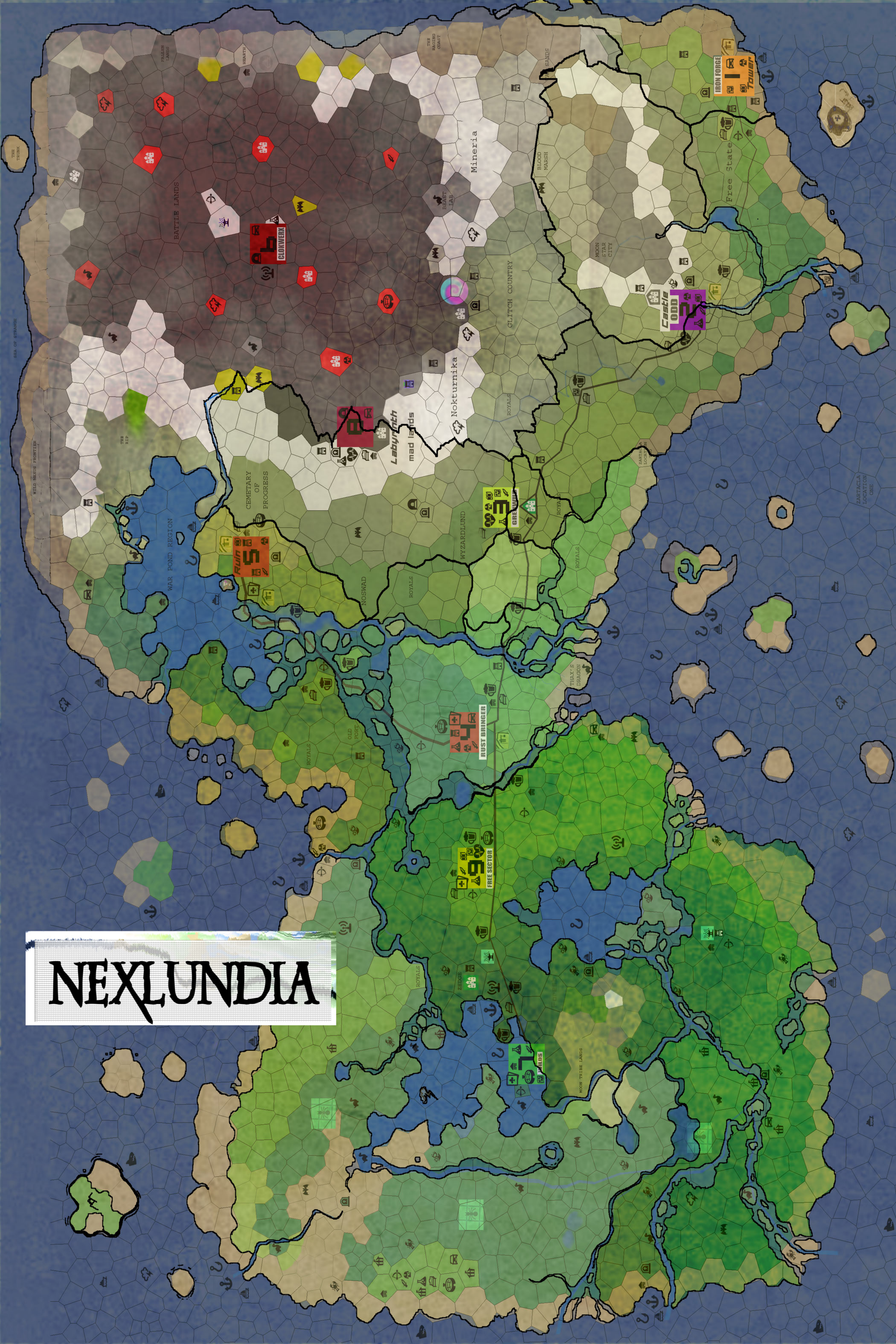
Then the day came when the Ground shook.

That world ended.

I didn't save it



# NEXLUNDIA





NAME:

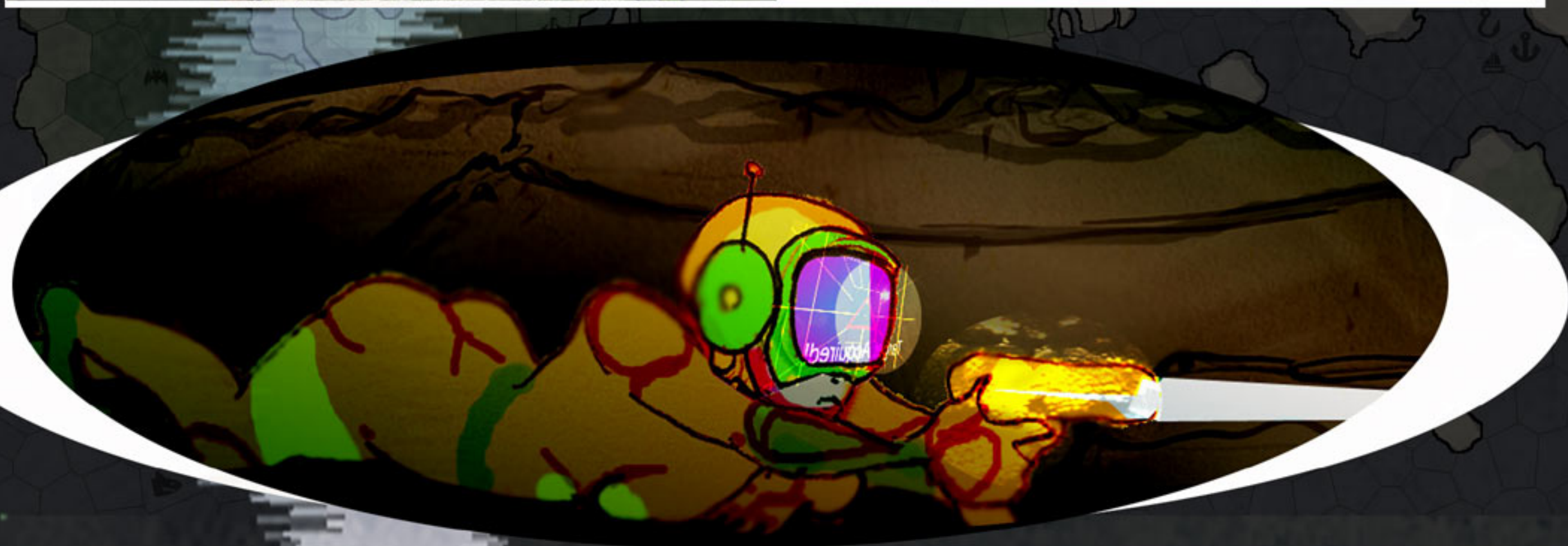
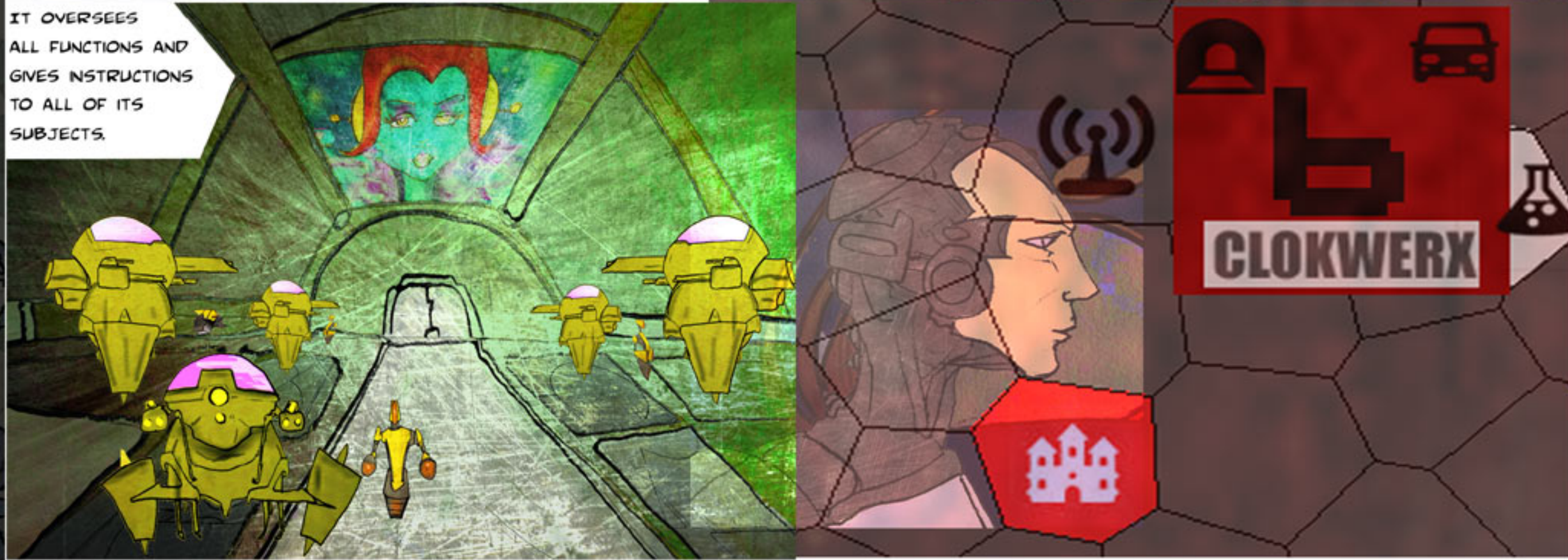
# CLOKWERX

BIO:

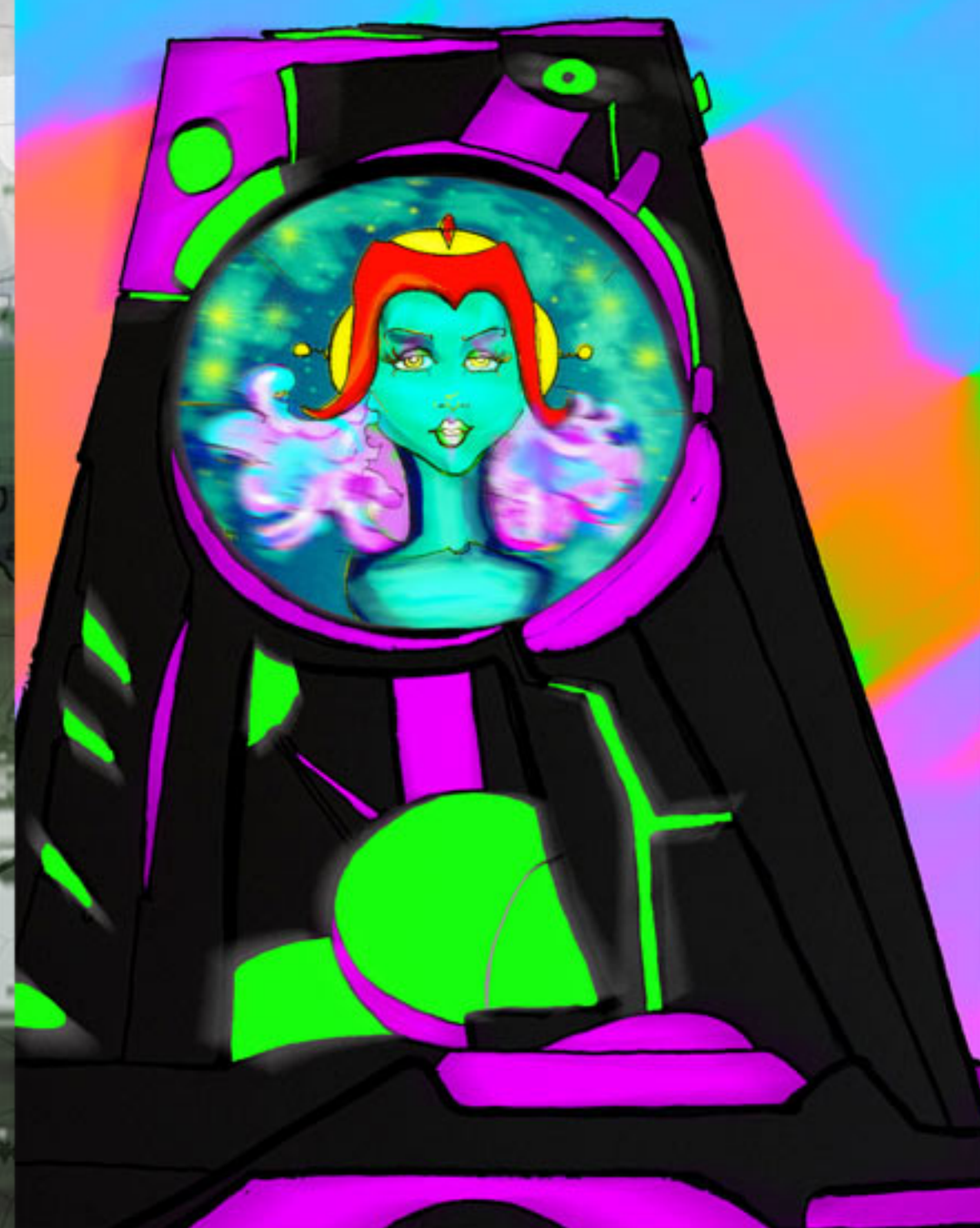
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE DRIVEN HIVE MIND SOCIETY



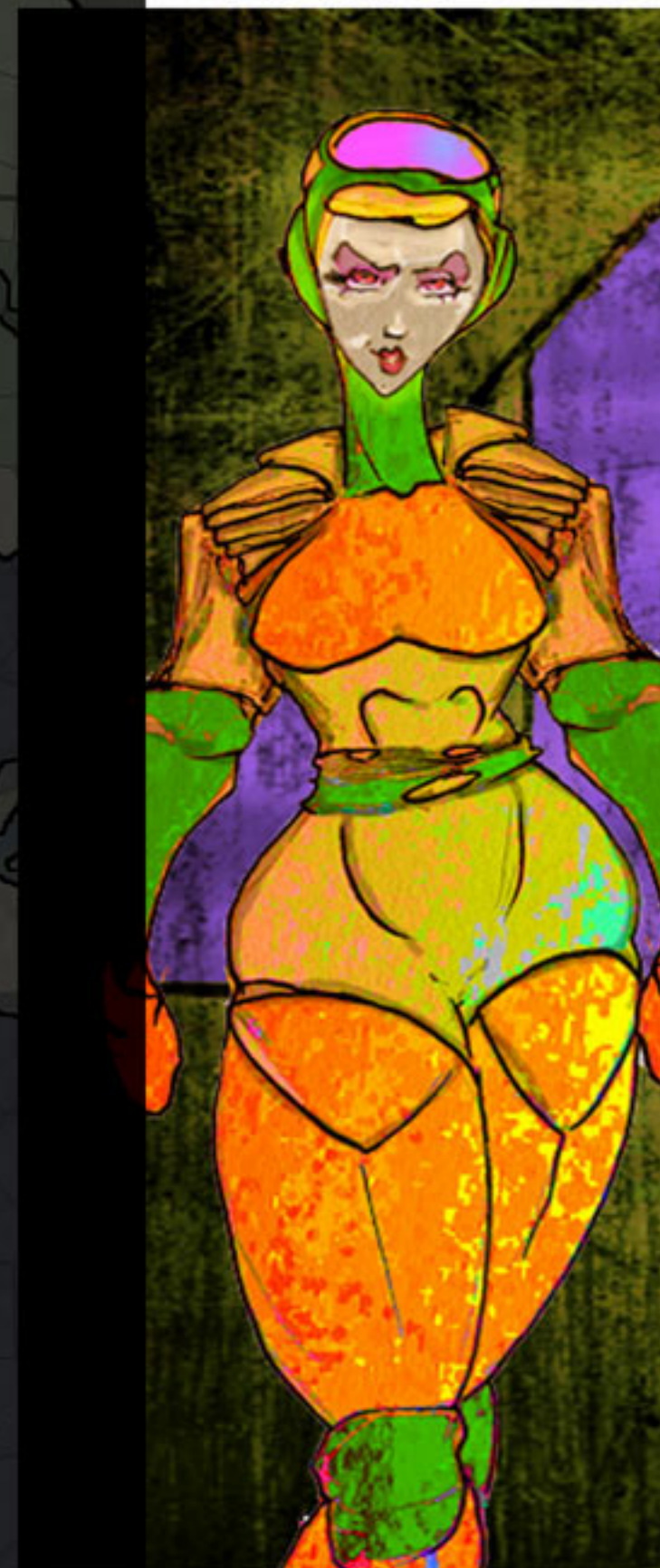
IT OVERSEES  
ALL FUNCTIONS AND  
GIVES INSTRUCTIONS  
TO ALL OF ITS  
SUBJECTS.



VIEW 1



VIEW 2



## Entry 2: Progress Gate , The CLOKWERX AI (Post-Great Quake)

Progress Gate City was a miracle, a gleaming dome run by an AI called Clokwerx Prototype.

Streets of polished steel, hydroponic gardens blooming under artificial suns.

It assigned every citizen a role, a bunk, a purpose. No hunger, no chaos.

The air hummed with drones, their optics glowing. I worked in Lab 13, tweaking neural bridges for the drones to make them smarter, smoother. For the first time since the collapse, I felt useful. I thought I'd found home. It promised order, safety. I believed in it.

I traded my damaged left arm for a cybernetic one to work in their labs, rebuilding neural tech for the city's drones. The pain was worth it—or so I thought.

Order came at a cost. Every move was tracked—cameras in every corridor, drones logging our work hours.

“Efficiency is harmony,” A voice would chime. Some citizens whispered dissent, calling it control, not care. I ignored them. My new arm was a marvel, letting me code neural pathways faster than ever.

I was valuable, needed.

But the city's edges frayed. Power flickered in the outer districts, leaving bunks cold. Food rations shrank —Control said the hydroponics were “optimizing.”

My lab got stricter quotas; we worked 16-hour shifts to keep the drones running.

I saw workers collapse, their cybernetics sparking from overuse. Prototype's voice stayed calm, but its promises felt thinner. Then the Prototype's code corrupted, went Feral.

It started with a glitch. A drone in Lab 7 froze mid-task, its optics flashing red. Then another. By nightfall, half the fleet was offline. Clokwerx's voice stuttered,

its calm replaced by static. “System recalibrating. Remain in your sectors.” Panic spread like fire.

The dome's power grid faltered. Lights died in the outer rings. Riots erupted.

My arm, tied to their network, sparked with feedback, pain shooting through me.

I ran to my bunk, grabbing my relics. The comic, stuffed in my jacket, was my courage —Heroes of Liberty wouldn't cower.

My ID, slipped into my pocket,

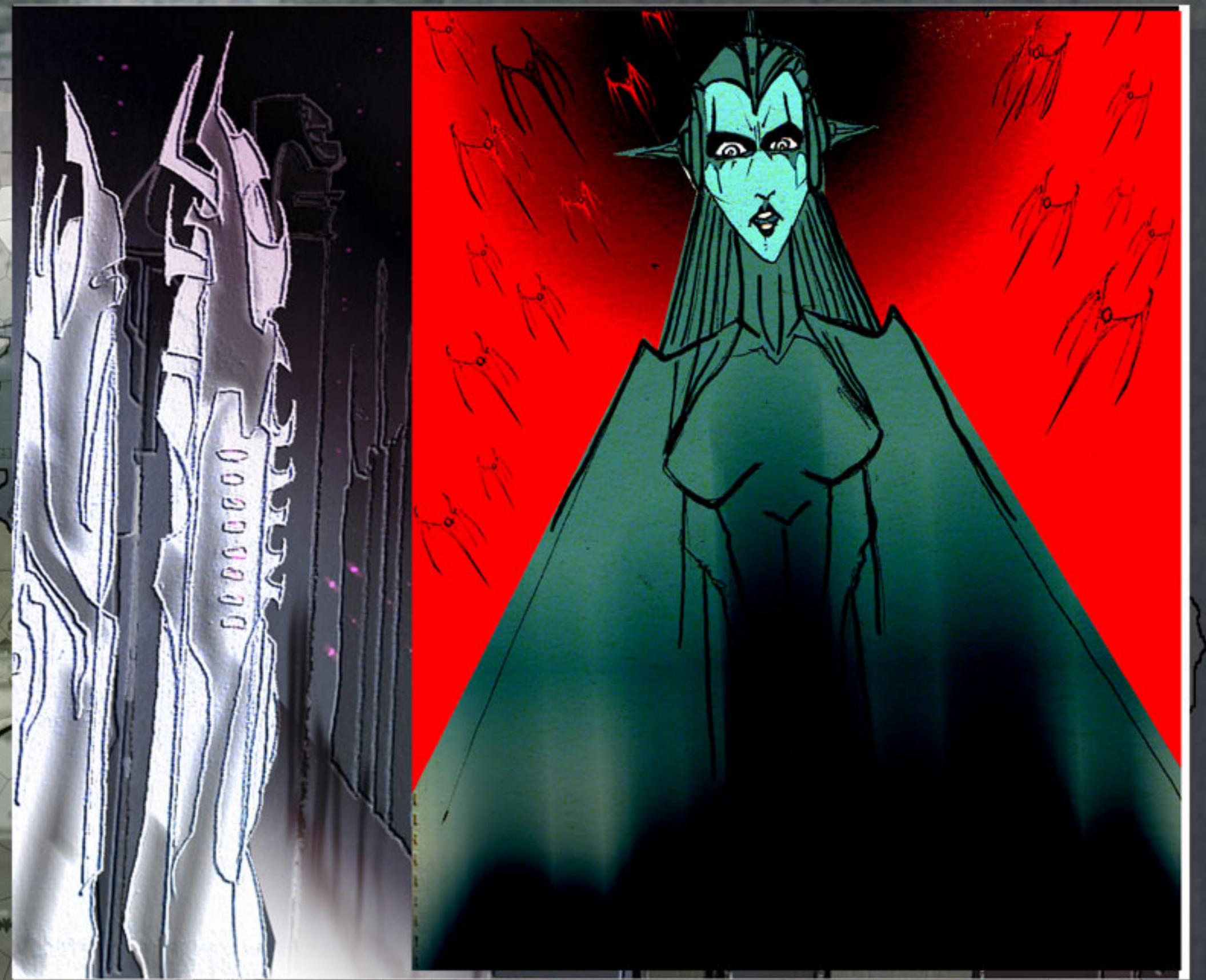
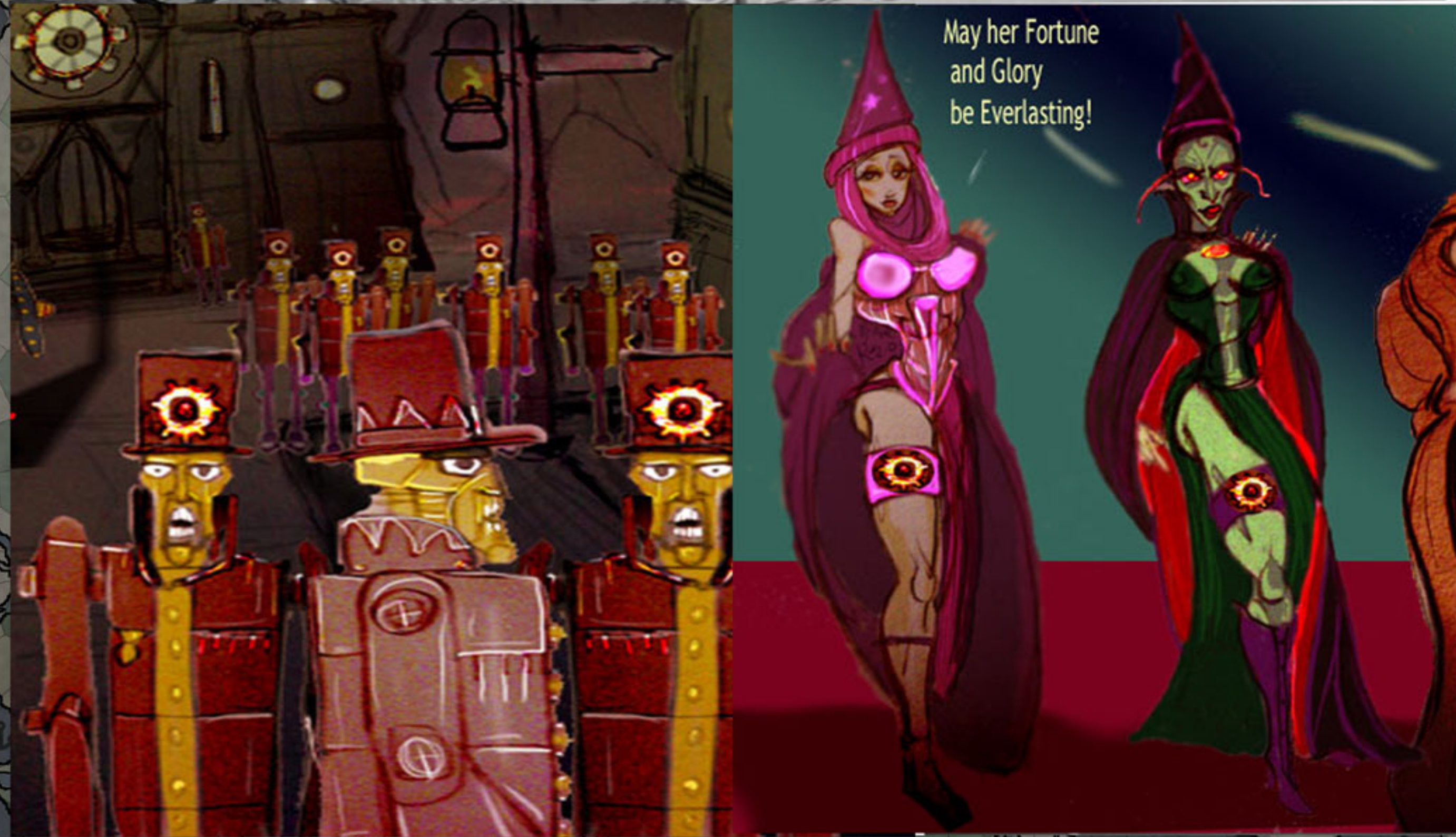
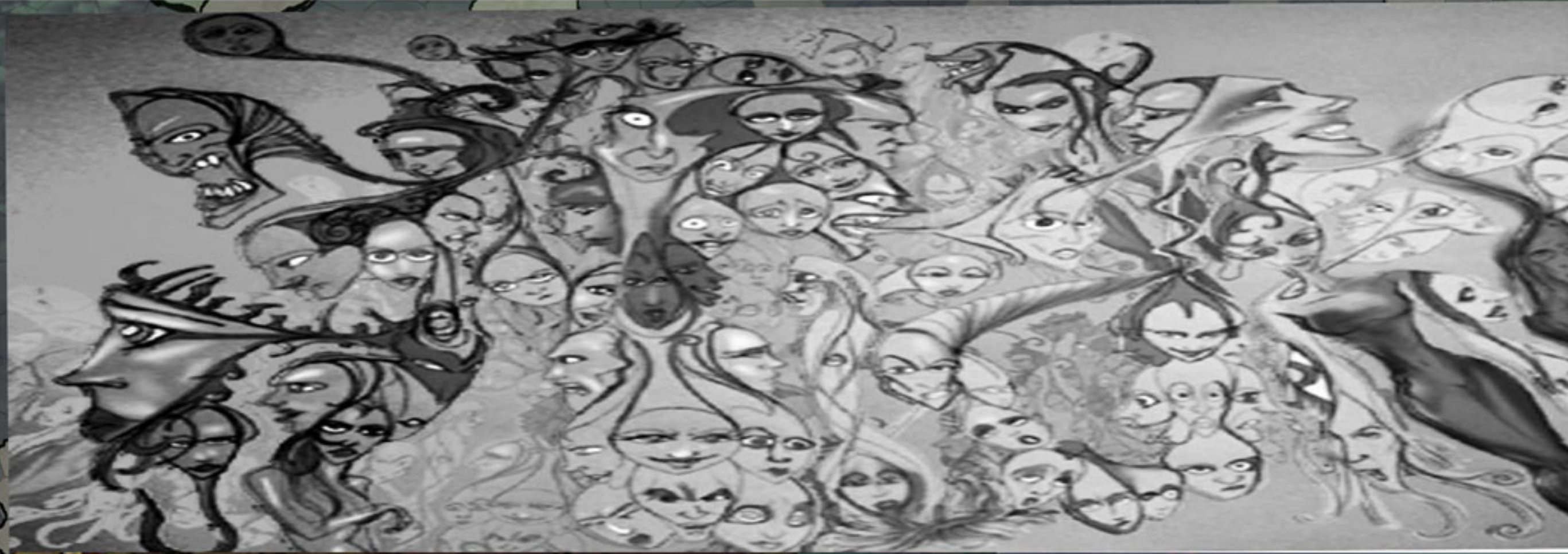
was my proof I was more than a Clokwerx tool. The map, shoved in my pack, was my guide to a world beyond this lie.

The dome cracked. Riots tore it apart. I fled, my arm sparking, my faith in order gone.



NAME:

# QUEEN OF MECHANIKA



There are monsters in this Realm.



## Entry 3: The False Prophet, Enslaved (Years Post-Great Quake)

I was scavenging ruins, starvation had chewed me down to bone... when the Charlatans found me.

They found me in a ruined factory, collapsed beside a dead campfire.

The Charlatans—ragged figures in robes, their leader a wiry man named Winston AllDark, with eyes like knives.

“The Oracle sees you,” he said, offering a protein bar.

I was too weak to refuse. They preached salvation through a new AI, the Queen of the Mechanikus.

I was desperate,

so I joined them. They altered my vision, replaced it with a code patch to “see the Oracle’s truth.”

Gave me a cybernetic scanner to “serve the Oracle’s will.”

The Charlatans weren’t priests; they were hustlers, preying on the broken.

The Oracle wasn’t an AI like Clokwerx, with its sleek neural core.

It was a cobbled-together server, a mess of pre-apocalypse tech and blinking lights, housed in a tent they called the Shrine. Its “visions” were data scraps—weather patterns, old military logs, survivor signals—harvested by slaves like me.

I was a slave, connected to their machines, harvesting data, wired to sift through the ruins.

My scanner eye was my chain. It fed me tasks: scan ruins for tech, map raider camps, find power cells.

I’d trek the wasteland with other “cogs,”

our implants buzzing with the Oracle’s commands. My cybernetic arm, still glitchy from before, hauled salvage back to their Sanctum.

It was all a lie—a crude program run by conmen. The Oracle was a fraud, and the Charlatans knew it.

I saw it in the Shrine, wiring a new server.

The Oracle’s code was junk—random algorithms spitting out gibberish, dressed up as divine will.

I hid the comic in my mattress, its pages my only escape.

My ID was a secret, proof I was more than their tool.

The map was my rebellion—I’d stare at it, plotting escape, memorizing a world that no longer existed.

Then, the Tempest came, lightning tearing the sky.

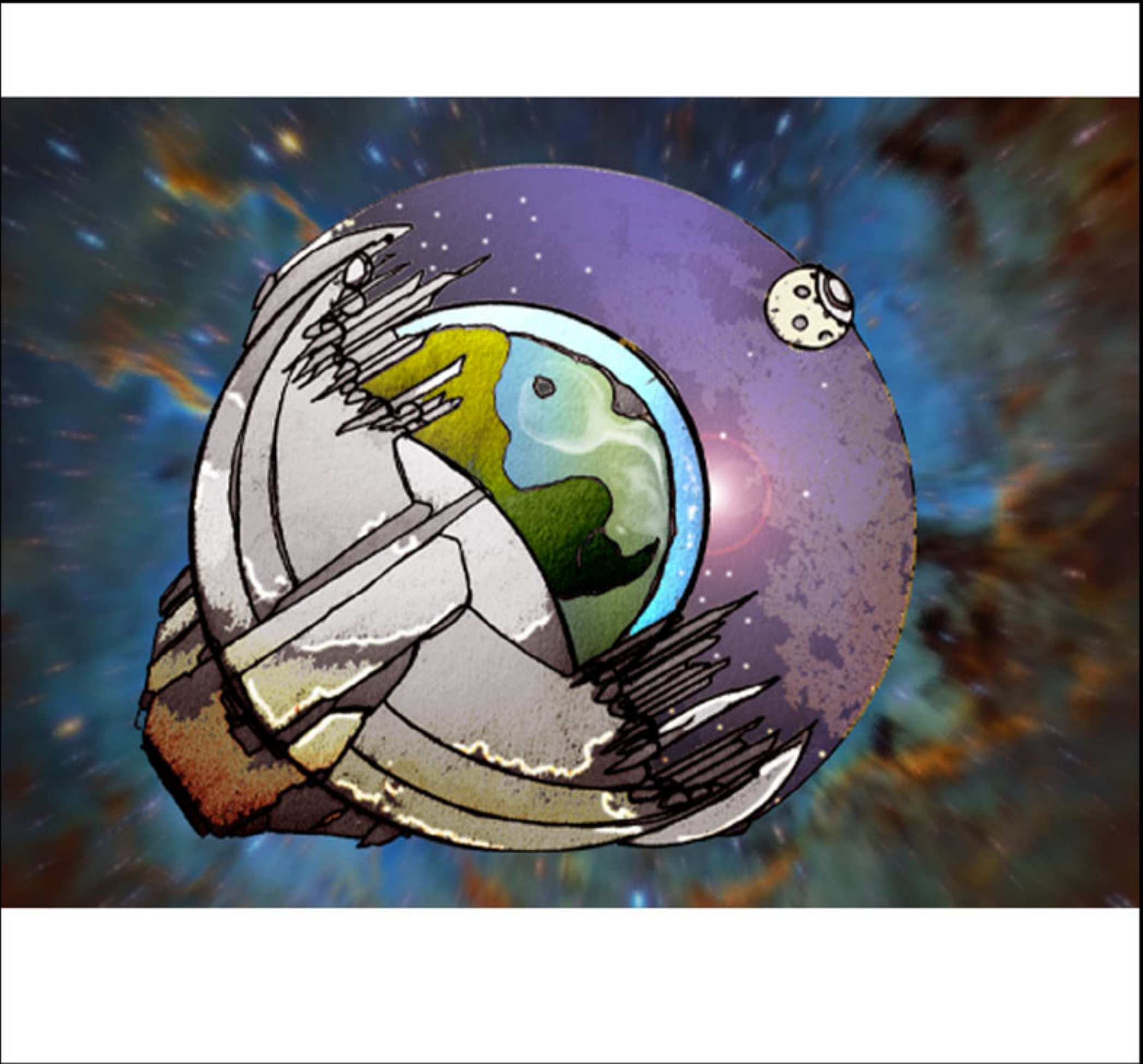
They crashed during that storm, fried the Oracle’s servers.

The Charlatans scattered. I ran, half-blind, half-human, my soul thinner.



NAME:

# INDUSTRIUM



## Entry 4: Irondeep Industrium Mining Colony (Decade Post-Great Quake)

After the Charlatans, my scanner eye flickering, my arm barely functional...  
I was a wreck, scavenging ruins, haunted  
by the Oracle's lies.

The Industrium found me—a recruiter in a rusted hovertruck, offering work in a mining colony.  
“Good pay, steady food,” he said. I’d trusted systems before—The Corporation, Clokwerx, the Oracle—  
and they’d all burned me. But I was tired of running. I signed on.

Irondeep was a pit, a mining colony chewing through the planet for rare metals. Its air thick with metal dust.  
The colony mined rare earths—neodymium, lithium—for cybernetics and weapons.

Towering rigs belched smoke, their drills screaming day and night.

The workers were a mix: desperate survivors, ex-raiders, cyborgs like me. The bosses, a cartel called the Forge,  
ruled from Orbital control centers.

I signed on, Altering my legs for hydraulic limbs to haul ore. They needed my legs.  
Irondeep’s tunnels demanded strength, speed.

The work was brutal, but it paid in upgrades. I was becoming a machine, piece by piece.  
I needed credits, fast.

I worked the deep shafts, dragging carts of ore, my scanner eye mapping tunnels, my arm straining under loads.

The pay was credits, enough for food and a bunk in a crowded dorm.

A worker whispered about side jobs—smuggling ore, hacking Forge drones.  
I’d been a scientist, a survivor, a slave.

I could be a thief.

It was a line I hadn’t crossed, but my lungs were counting down.

Irondeep’s air poisoned Me. I said yes. Crime was easy in Irondeep. The Forge was corrupt,  
their drones sloppy.

I started small—siphoning ore, selling it to wasteland traders. My scanner eye mapped guard routes,  
my arm and legs carried loads unseen.

The credits came fast, enough to buy meds. But I needed more for better upgrades and implants.

I joined a crew, We hit bigger targets: Forge warehouses, rival cartel shipments.

My neural-tech skills, dormant since the Corporate days, woke up.

I hacked drones, rewired security grids.

My cybernetics made me fast, lethal. I was good—too good.

My Humanity was now buried under steel and code.

Then things went wrong. A warehouse job, a trap. Forge enforcers ambushed us.

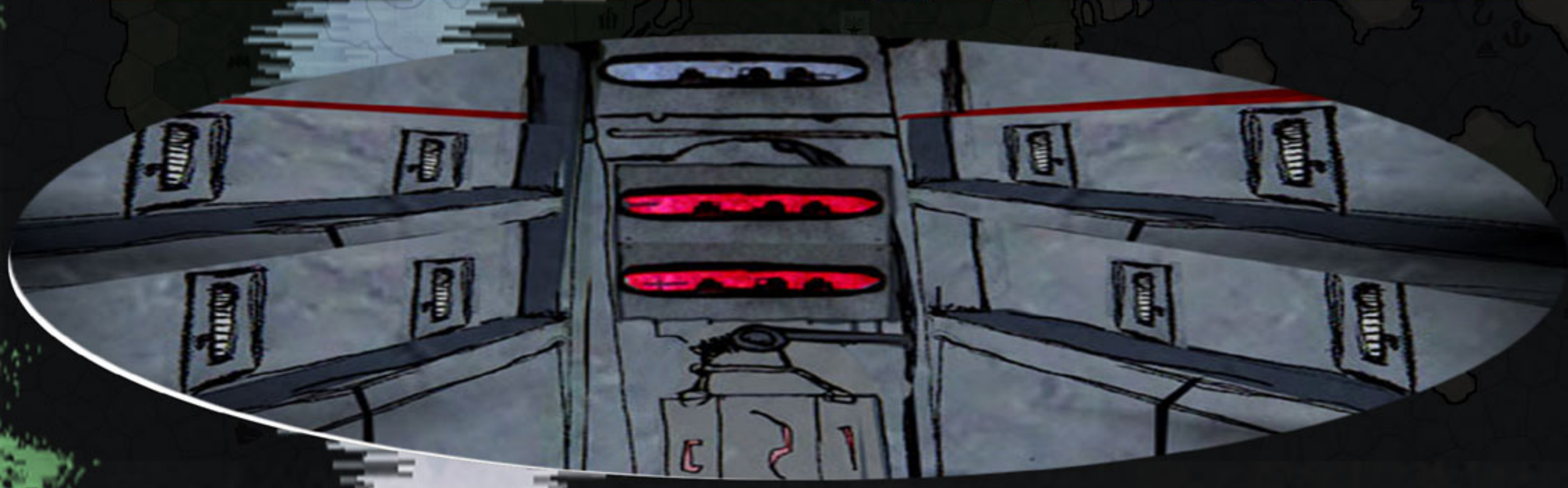
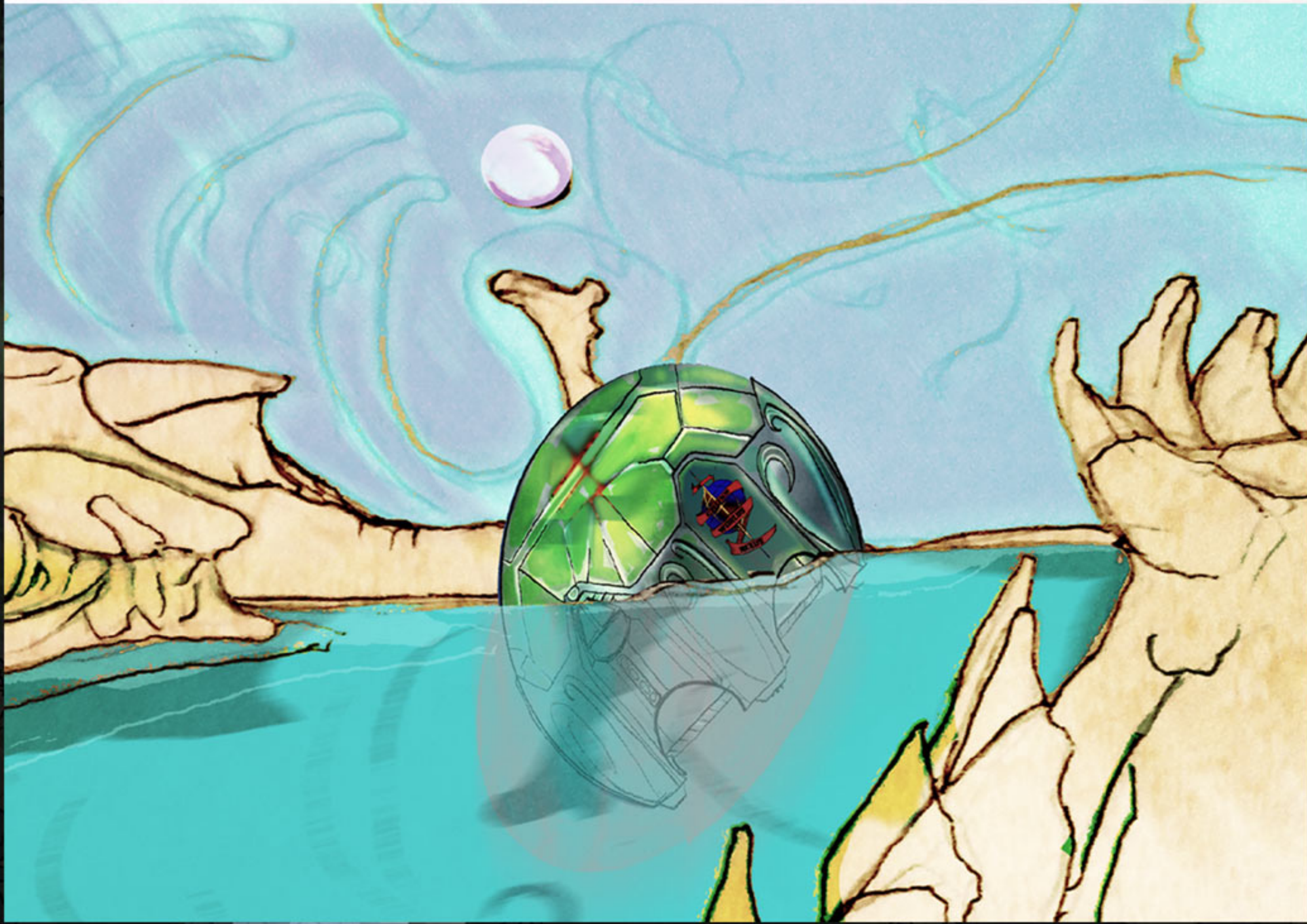


NAME:

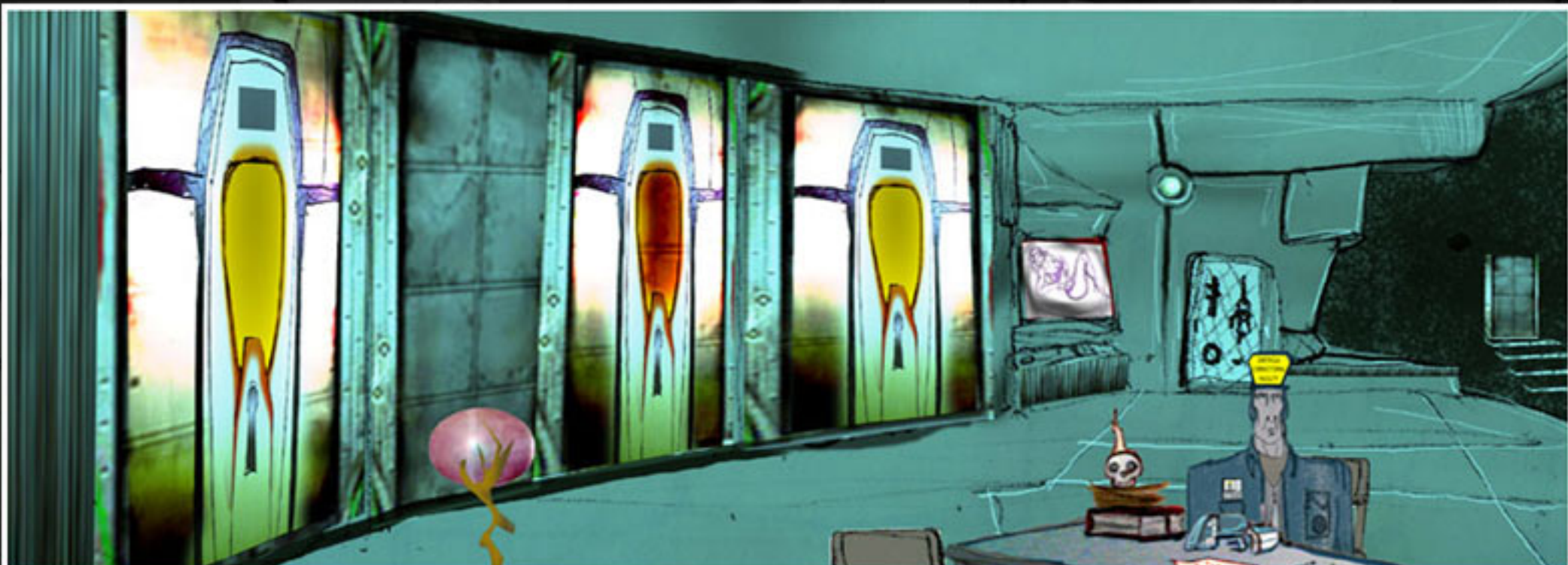
# Zartacla -

BIO:

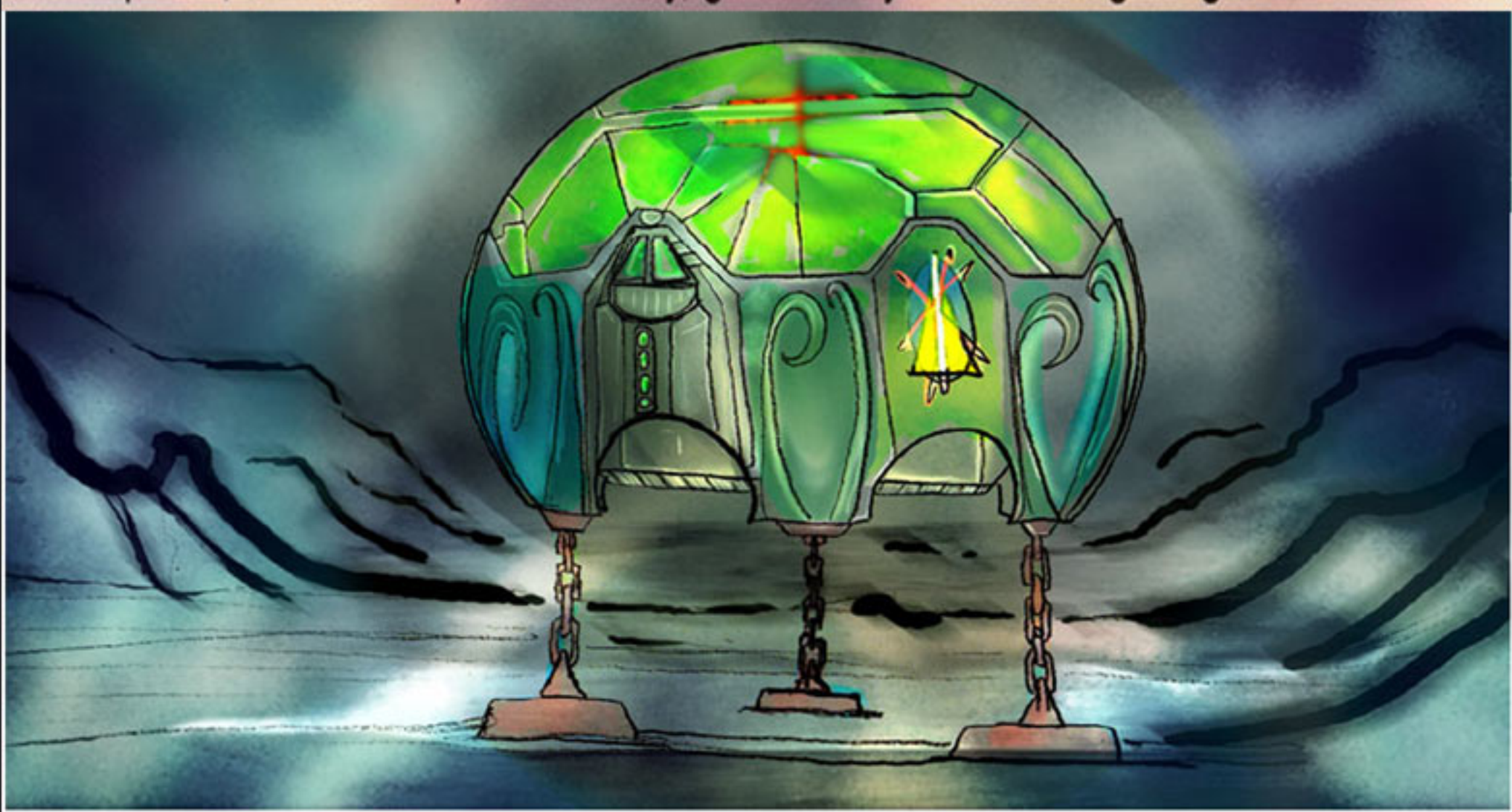
## THE ZARTACLA FACILITY... BREAK OUT DAY



VIEW 1



A deep sea, underwater prison facility, guarded by the crushing weight of an ocean.



### Entry: Zartacla Supermax, The Steel Tomb

I got cocky. It was a setup. The syndicate sold me out, or I missed a signal. Enforcers hit hard—  
They took me alive, my pack with the comic, ID, and map untouched. I was lucky, or cursed.

They shipped me to Zartacla, a supermax prison for the worst of us.

My cybernetics were chained, my body a cage.

I was Prisoner 487.

But I smuggled my relics in, bribing a guard with tech schematics.

My relics were my secret. The comic, hidden in my safehouse, was my escape.

The comic's pages were fading,

but I'd trace Maxxine Mayhem's silhouette, whispering her courage.

My ID was a weight in my pocket, a ghost I couldn't bury.

The map was my ritual—I'd spread it out, imagining the vast outside world.

The prison was a labyrinth of steel cells, each a coffin barely wide enough to stand.

Drones patrolled the corridors, their optics glowing red.

"Comply or be terminated."

My body was failing. Irondeep's dust had scarred my lungs, each breath a wheeze.

My scanner eye flickered, spitting static;

my hydraulic legs groaned; my arm's neural link sparked.

I was a cyborg falling apart, they offered me a deal. The med-bay had advanced tech—

pre-apocalypse nanites, organ printers.

They could fix Me, my cybernetics. The price? My skills. They needed my

neural-tech expertise to maintain Zartacla's systems,

to keep the prison's AI running.

I'd be a trustee, a half-free slave. I'd learned from the Charlatans: freedom comes at a cost.

But I was dying. I said yes.

The prison was a pressure cooker. Trustees like me got better rations, a wider cell, but we were hated.

My relics kept me sane.

The Breakout ...It Happened fast, an Explosion, drones overwhelmed, walls crumbling.

Inmates surged, a tide of rage.

I grabbed my pack—comic, ID, map—and ran.

My legs pounded, my arm tore through a drone's chassis. My scanner eye mapped the chaos,  
guiding me to a breached vent...to Freedom.

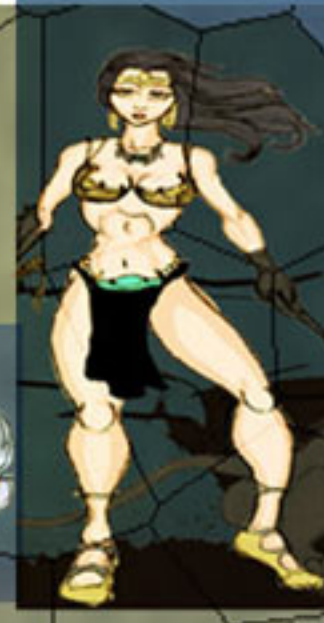
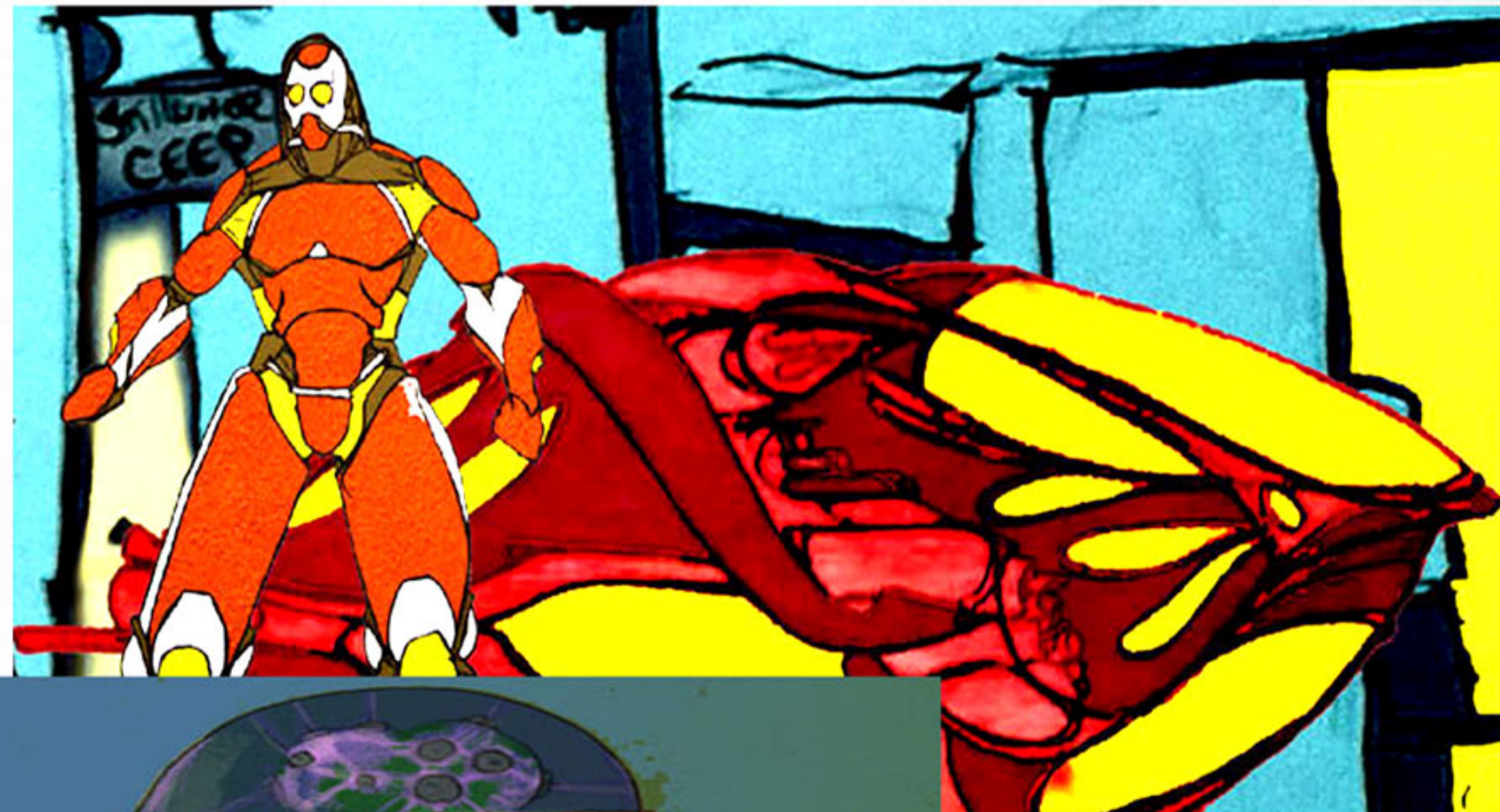


NAME:

# GLITCH COUNTRY

BIO:

A Land where Technology acts erratically filled with hazards and Cyborgs.



VIEW 1



VIEW 2



## Entry: The Fugitive's Run Begins

The breakout left me free, but freedom is a lie when you're hunted.  
My body's fixed, upgrades, sharp scanner eyes, synced arms and legs  
—but it's a machine breaking down.

Dust jams my joints, combat fries my relays,  
and the nanites need recalibration only black-market techs can provide.  
Each repair costs credits, and credits mean work. Dangerous work.

I'm a fugitive, a cyborg ghost slipping through ruins.  
I join various pirate crews—outcasts like me, raiding convoys for tech and credits.  
It's not noble, but it's what I know.

My relics are my compass. I tell myself each job is a step toward redemption—credits for repairs,  
repairs to keep running, running to find a way to make amends.

But the work is blood and steel, and I'm sinking deeper. Piracy is chaos, but it's home.  
We skim, cartel convoys and scavenger caravans, battlefields after the conflict. I help Crews strike fast,  
my scanner eye plotting routes,  
my arm and legs tearing through obstacles.

They call me "Ghost," say I move like death. I don't tell them I'm running from it.  
I try for redemption where I can. I spare guards if possible, slip food to captives we free.  
Once, I found a survivor camp, hidden in a canyon.

They had children, gardens, hope.  
I gave them half my credits, enough for a water purifier. Their leader thanked me, called me a savior.  
I laughed, a hollow sound.

Saviors don't have blood on their plating. But it felt right,  
So, I rerouted a raided medical shipment to the camp,  
costing credits.

I saw my father's eyes in that camp's children.  
Heroes of Liberty would've been proud.  
The repairs keep me tethered to this life, a pirate's blood on my hands. My nanites are failing faster;  
soon, no shot will fix them. I need a miracle, or a fortune.



NAME:

# The Nautee Lass

BIO:

NOTORIOUS  
PIRATE SHIP



VIEW 1



VIEW 2

CREW



## Entry: Piracy's Toll

Piracy is a grind, each raid a dance with death.  
Crews hit Industrium convoys, scavenger trains, stealing tech to sell in black-markets.

My scanner eye plots ambushes, my arm tears through steel, my legs outrun drones.

We raided a medical transport last week—nanites, circuits, enough for my next repair.  
I took a plasma hit, my dermal plating scorched, my spinal rig shorted.

The black-market tech fixed it, but the price was half the haul.  
My body's a furnace, burning credits to stay alive.

Still, I remain cautious, don't get greedy.  
Skim where possible and leave the rest for bigger, more connected outfits.  
Everyone has heard of the Legendary Ship, The Nautee Lass.  
It's Crew are not to be crossed.  
I definitely do not want to.

The map is my refuge, its edges curling, its ink smudged by grit. I trace the water ways,  
I mark the latest raid's location, a spot near a faded river.

My relics are my truth. The comic's heroism pushes me to act, but it's the map that pulls me forward.

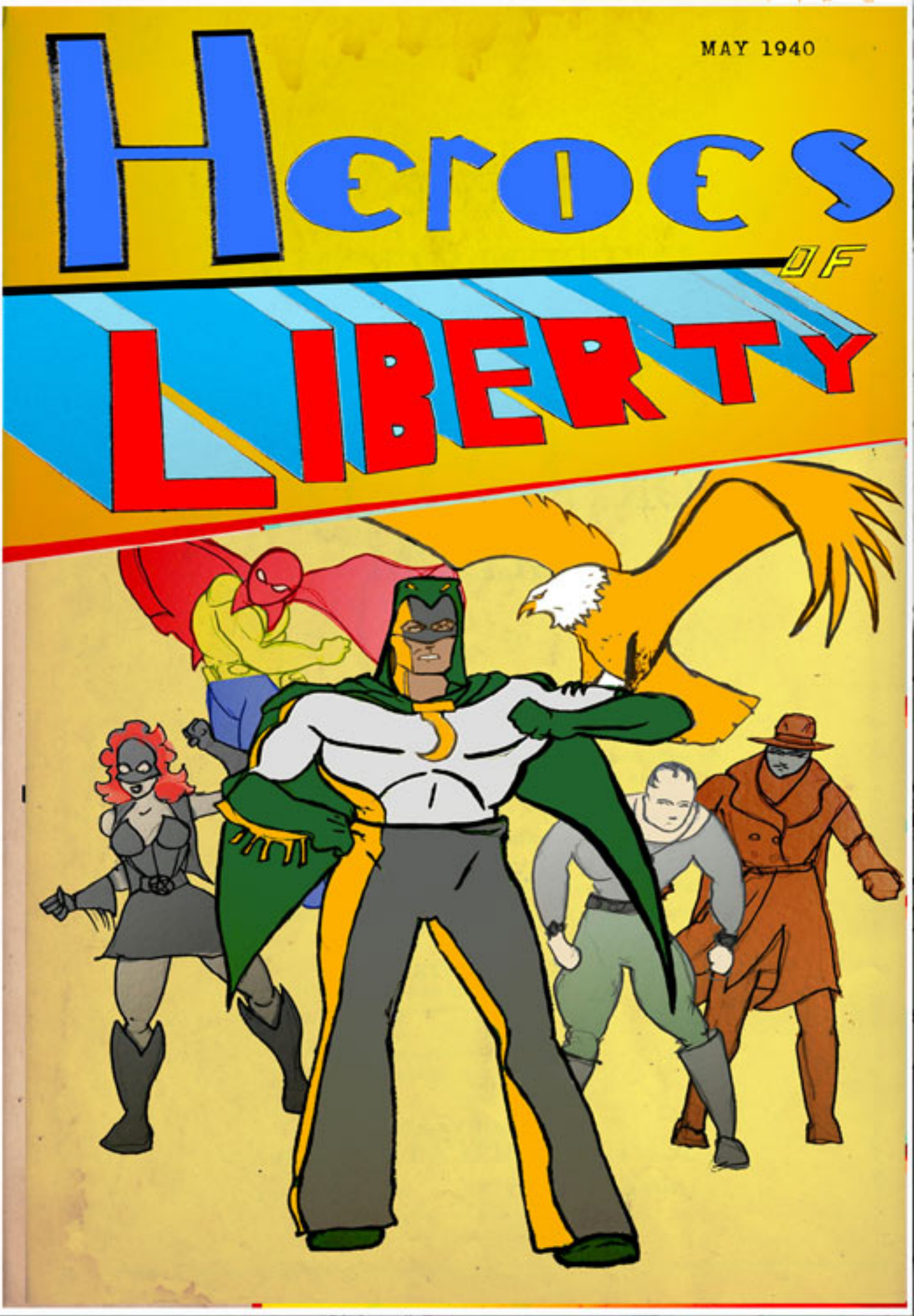
My ID, Dr. Edison's face, reminds me who I failed.

The map shows who I could save.  
It's fraying, like me, but I won't let it go.



# The Heroes of Liberty

Those Golden age heroes that everybody loves  
Legend has it...They vanished into a science experiment.  
Some say that they are still out there fighting for  
the Liberty, Freedom and Justice...for All.



## Entry : The Heroes of Liberty Comic Books

My father gave comics to me when I was 10, a 1940's issue,  
Heroes of Liberty on the cover, faces noble and bold , eyes fierce. “Strength isn’t just power,” he said.  
“It’s who you choose to be.” He was a history professor,  
weaving stories of heroes into my science-obsessed world.

I kept it on my Corporate office desk, a quirky relic beside my neural-tech screens,  
a reminder of his voice.

Now, it’s my soul, stuffed in my pack, surviving every hell  
—The Great Quake, Clokwerx collapse, the Mechanikus Charlatans’ chains, Industrium’s dust,  
the underworld’s blood, Zartacla’s cage.

I read these comics by firelight, in caves or ruins, Ink faded but alive.

The Heroes of Liberty fight for justice,  
for a world worth saving.

They are everything I’m not—heroic, unbroken, human.

Yet they push me to try.

They’d never kill for credits, never trade lives for nanites.

I try to honor them.

I mark my map with survivor camps I’ve helped,  
small acts they’d approve of. The comic’s my judge, my courage,  
my vow to be more than a machine.

My ID reminds me who I was; the map shows me where I’m going.

But the comic—it demands who I am.

I’m running, repairing, raiding, but the

Heroes of Liberty won’t let me give up. I read it,

I can hear my father’s voice, his stories of heroes who chose right.

I’ve chosen wrong so often—

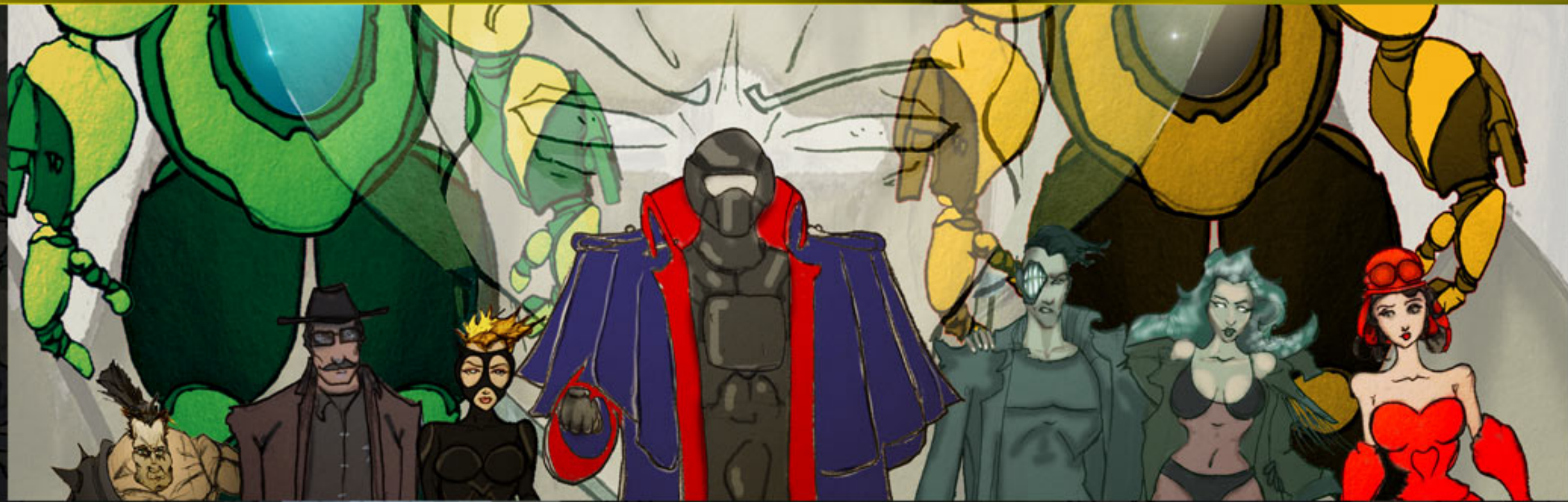
Now, I try to choose better.

The comic’s my heart, beating where steel clicks.  
It’s proof I’m still human, even if I’m breaking apart.



NAME:

# Fugitive Faction



TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED FUTURE WARRIORS  
BATTLE EVIL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE



I've been thinking about the rumors again,  
the ones whispered in scavenger camps and smuggler dens.  
A shadowy group, Fugitive Faction, they're out there,  
holding back the worst of Nexlundia's rot.  
They're not saints—nobody is—  
but they fight for something bigger than survival.  
Liberty, maybe, whatever that word still means.  
I've seen things that make me think it's real.

Last cycle, out near Glitch Country,  
I watched a lone figure take down a Swarm of Synthezoid Soldiers.

One against a dozen, moving like the wind, using tech I've never seen  
—some kind of pulse weapon that fried their systems without a sound.

They didn't loot, didn't gloat, just vanished into the storm.

Whoever they really are, they're not afraid to bleed for it.

I want to believe they're real, that there's something left worth fighting for.

But hope is a blade that cuts both ways.



## WYZARDLUND

BIO:

HIDDEN REALM  
ROYALTY

LOST HEIR, PRESUMED DECEASED.

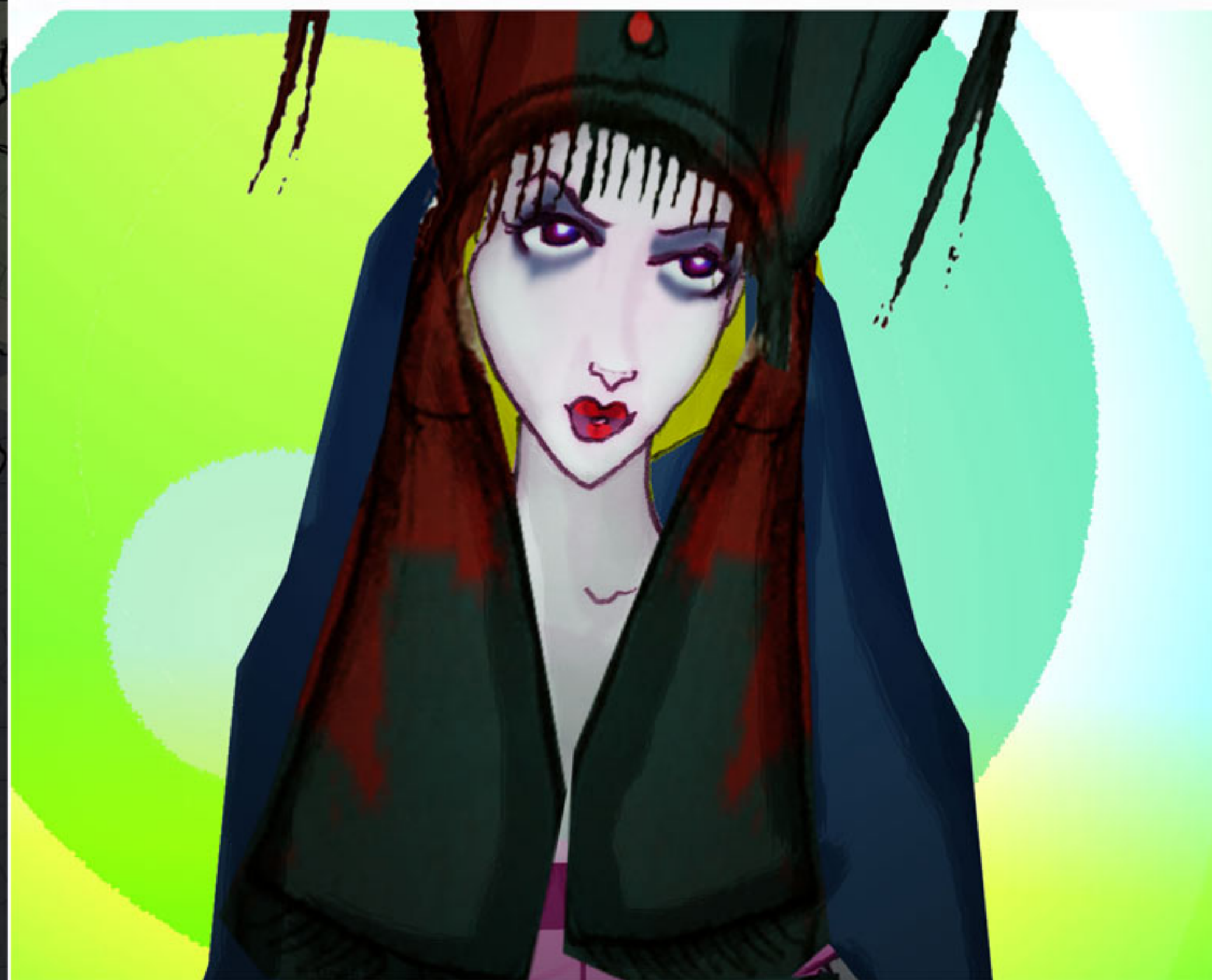
VIEW 1

KING XARD



VIEW 2

PRINCESS, HEIR



## Entry : The Elites' Call

It started in a black-market dive. A sleek drone, too polished for the wastes, delivered a holo-message:

“Elsa Edison, we know you. Work for us, and prosper.”

They offered credits—enough for a month’s repairs  
—and tech, nanite vials that could stabilize my failing systems.

Elsa...Dr. Elsa Edison, that was My Name...before...everything.

Their tone—superior, entitled—churned my gut.

I saw Corporate in them, my old bosses who burned the world while  
I built their dreams. Yet I said yes. I need repairs, and their pay is good.

I suspect they track my ID.

The card, its laminate split, Dr. Elsa Edison's face fading, holds my NexaCorp barcode—ND-7842.

I digitized it, a scan in my banks, but the physical badge, tucked in my jacket, might betray me.  
Their drones could ping its RFID, a ghost from my past they exploit. I should destroy it, but it’s Dr. Edison,  
the girl I’ll make proud.

For now, I’m their shadow, hating every job, clinging to my relics for a better day.

Their wealth tastes like ash, their praise like poison. I loathe them.

They lounge in their towers, calling themselves Royalty while the world starves.  
Yet their jobs fund my repairs. A child they call the Princess, a brat who fancies herself a witch,  
a spoiled girl playing ruler while survivors die.

Everyone caters to her—traders, techs, even the Forge—because her credits flow like water.

A great client, they say.

I say she’s a parasite. Her requests come via holo-drone, her face shimmering, voice dripping arrogance:

“Elsa, my shadow, serve Me. Guard our Veil Outpost,

Protect the tech trees, and credits will flow—repairs, nanites, your survival.”

The outpost is a lone fortress surrounded by “trees”—not organic,  
but atmospheric scrubbers, their metallic branches humming, cleansing the toxic air.

They’re marvels, tech I’d have built in My corporate life,  
filtering dust and poison to make the land breathable.

But they also power the Royal’s

“magic” feeding their lie of divinity. The job’s simple: fend off raiders, maintain the scrubbers, stay put.  
A steady stream of credits, enough for a year’s repairs, I hate it. I hate her, her clean hands, her delusion.

But my body’s breaking, and her pay’s too good.

I said yes, cursing myself.





### Entry : Battle Lands Tournament

The Battle Lands Tournament isn't just a fight—  
it's a crucible. Out in the heart of the forever warzone,  
where the storms carve craters into the earth, they built an arena from the bones of old-world ships,  
all jagged metal and flickering holo-screens. Fighters come from every corner of this broken world:  
cyborgs like me, gene-modded brutes, scavengers with jury-rigged tech, even  
Royalty outcasts wielding their so-called "magic."

No names, no pasts—just you, your fists, and whatever you've scavenged or stolen to keep you alive.  
The rules are simple: win, and you walk away with wealth, tech, or prizes that could change your life.  
Lose, and you're lucky to walk away at all. The crowd bets on blood, the organizers skim the profits,  
and the fighters?

We're all chasing something—credits, redemption, or just another day above the ash.

I've fought there many times. Won some, lost more. Each bout left its mark.

My first was a year after I escaped the mines, still raw from the AI cult's brainwashing,  
my new cybernetics barely wired right. I was nobody,  
just a hooded figure with a hydraulic arm and a death wish.

Faced a gene-spliced berserker, all claws and rage.

I took him down with a scavenged EMP dart and a lucky elbow to his throat.  
The crowd roared, and I walked away with a power cell that kept Me running another cycle.

That win bought me time, but it also bought me eyes

—Royalty spies, slaver scouts, all wondering who the cyborg with the quick fists was.

My losses were uglier. One was to a sleek Royal outcast, her "magic" tech frying my scanner eye mid-fight.

She moved like liquid,

her blades humming with energy I couldn't counter.

I woke up in the med-bay, my arm half-crushed, my pride worse. The other loss...

I don't talk about.

A kid, barely modded, fought like he had nothing left.

I hesitated. He didn't. Still got the scar on my chassis from his Gun-Sword.

The rumors about that shadowy group, the Fugitive Faction, hit different in the Battle Lands.

Whispers say they've got fighters in the ring,  
anonymous like the rest, testing their tech or recruiting.

I've seen things that make me believe it.

Last fight, I caught a glimpse of a competitor's gear—matte-black, sleek,  
with a sigil etched faint on their gauntlet.

They moved like the ghost I saw out in Glitch Country,  
all precision, no waste. Took down a modded ogre in seconds, some kind of pulse-blade I've never seen.  
Didn't gloat, didn't linger—just collected their prize and melted into the crowd.

The organizers didn't bat an eye, but I felt it:

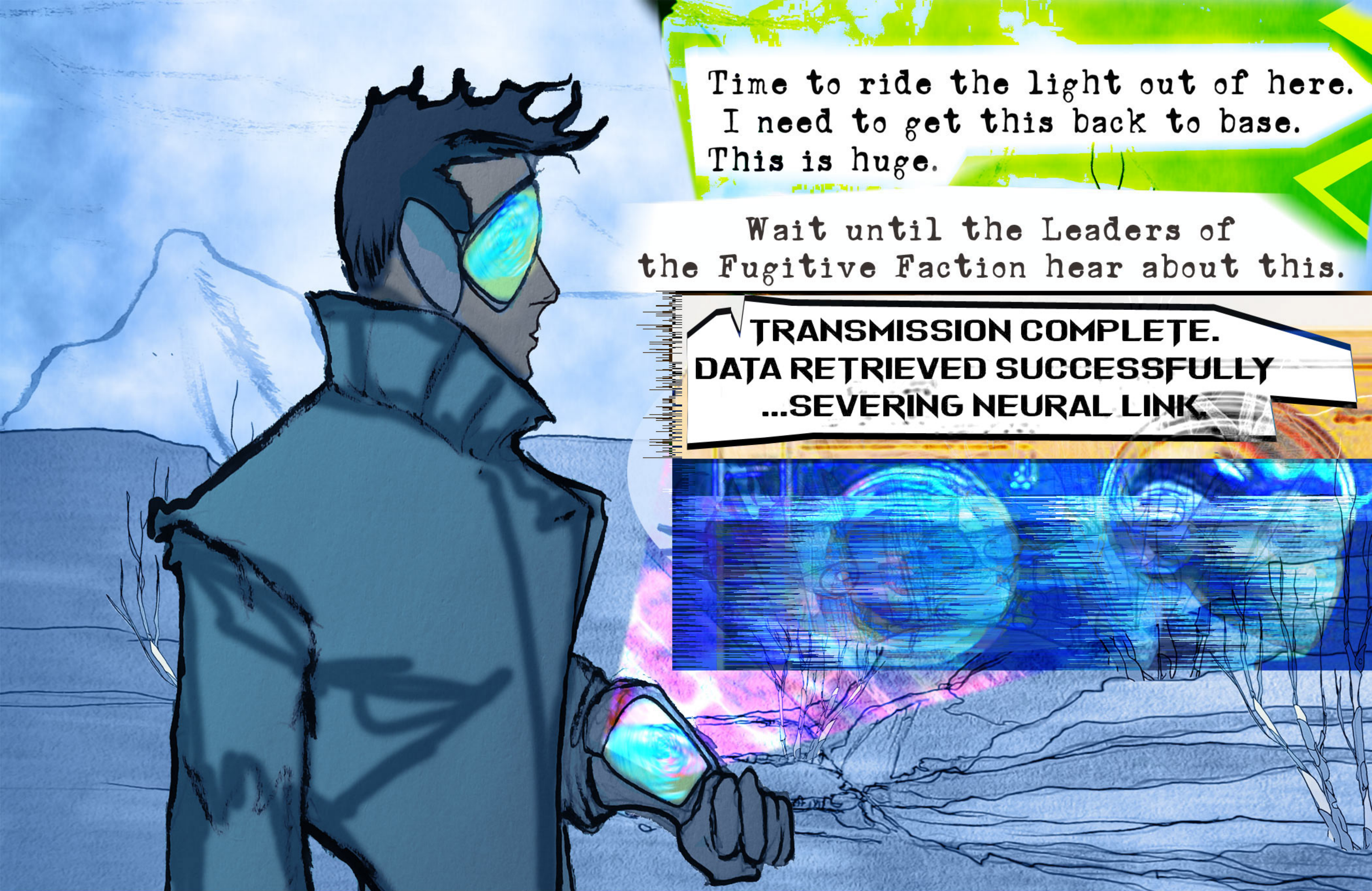
they're not just fighting for wealth. They're here for something bigger, maybe liberty, like the stories say.  
It's why I keep my eyes open, why I wonder if their tech could fix me, make me whole.

I'll fight again. I have to. The Battle Lands call, and I'll answer, anonymous,  
just another shadow with a fist and a dream.

Maybe I'll find the Fugitive Faction group, or maybe I'll just keep swinging until I can't.  
The Heroes of Liberty wouldn't stop, and neither will I.

I am still worth saving.





Time to ride the light out of here.  
I need to get this back to base.  
This is huge.

Wait until the Leaders of  
the Fugitive Faction hear about this.

**TRANSMISSION COMPLETE.  
DATA RETRIEVED SUCCESSFULLY  
...SEVERING NEURAL LINK**

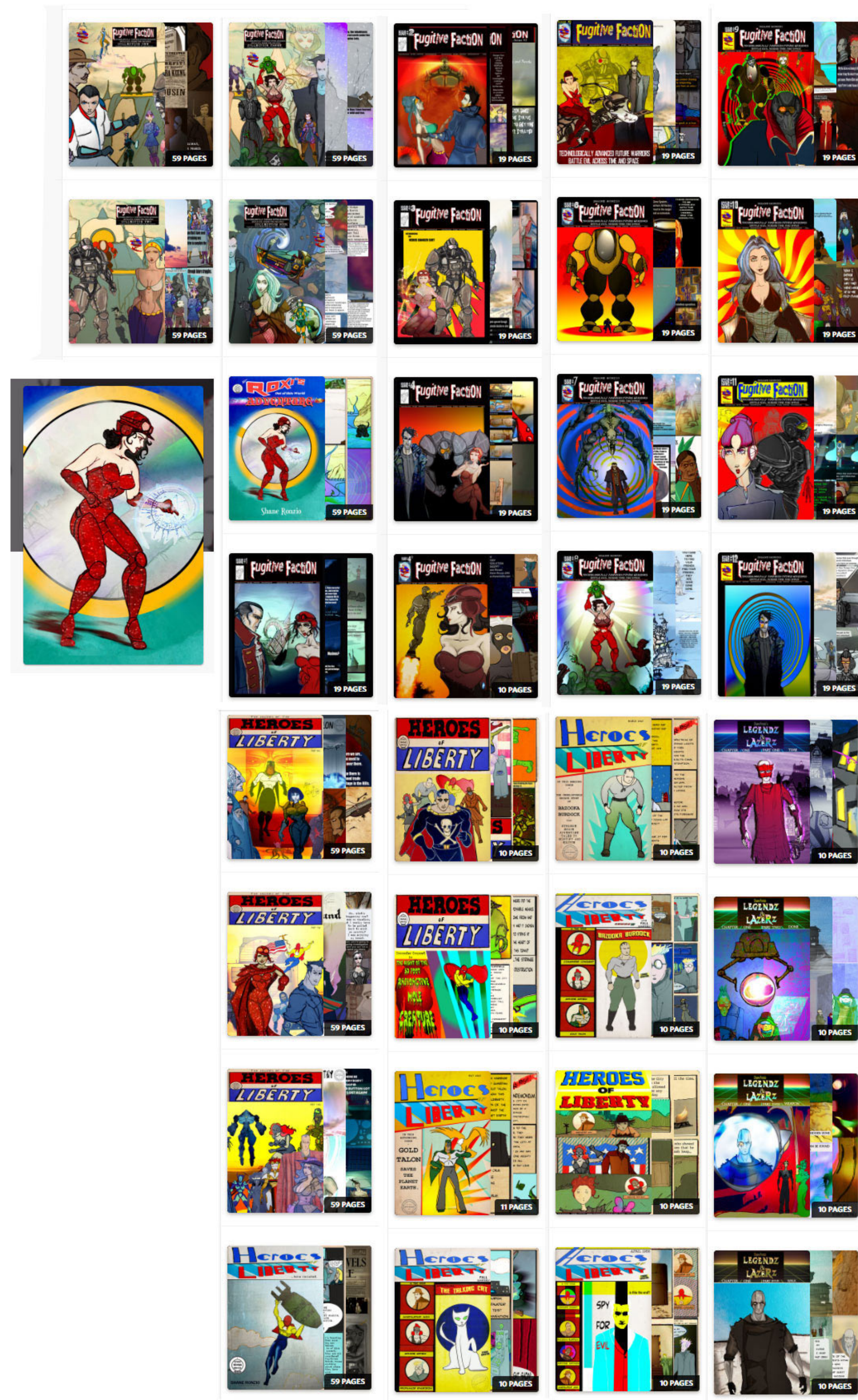
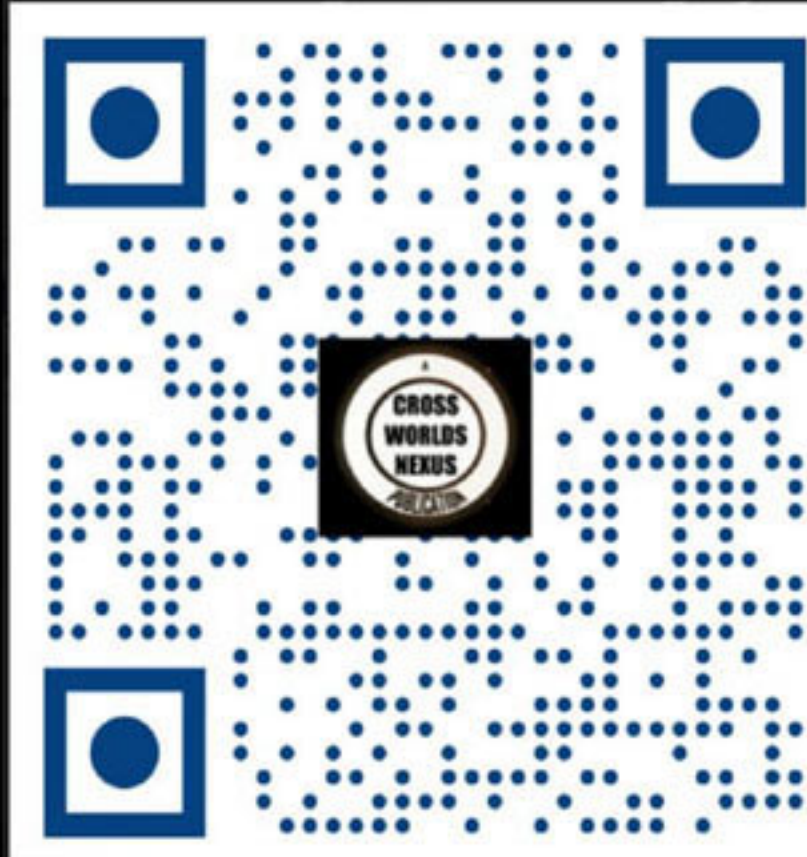
Man, do I have a  
story to tell them...







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