

## CHAPTER 15 — “Seams”

Tucson Field Office — 12:11 AM

Thorne didn't like being called at midnight.

Not because he needed sleep.

Because midnight meant the call was either a mistake or a rupture.

He answered on the second ring.

“Vance.”

Sloane's voice came through controlled and tight.

“I have something,” she said.

Thorne sat up.

“Where are you.”

“My office. Julian is here.”

Thorne didn't react to the name. Not outwardly.

“Put him on.”

Sloane didn't.

“It's an image,” she said. “Infrared. Timestamped. Two seconds before the pacemaker compression. It's from my house.”

Thorne went still.

“Send it,” he said.

“I will,” she replied. “But I need you to tell me something first.”

Thorne's jaw tightened.

“What.”

“If I send this,” she said, “does it disappear into your system.”

Thorne stared into the dark.

He understood the question.

“Send it to Ramirez,” he said finally. “And to me. Separate threads. No forwarding.”

Sloane paused.

“Okay.”

Thorne added, lower:

“Don’t use email.”

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12:19 AM

Ramirez was still in the building.

That didn’t surprise Julian.

People like her didn’t sleep when a pattern was open.

She met them in a small lab space off the main corridor, one hand holding a cardboard coffee cup like it was an extension of her nervous system.

She didn’t ask why Sloane was there.

She didn’t ask why Julian was there.

She just said, “Show me.”

Sloane handed her the phone.

Ramirez’s eyes narrowed as the infrared still filled the screen.

Porch line. Shadow. A faint bloom of interference at the edge.

Timestamp: 02:27:39

Julian felt Sloane beside him go rigid again.

Ramirez didn't look at the image first.

She looked at the metadata.

"Source stripped," she said.

Thorne entered behind them, coat on, hair uncombed, face as controlled as ever.

"Where did this come from," he asked.

Julian answered before Sloane could.

"Unknown sender. Delivered to my phone."

Thorne's gaze sharpened.

"You received it."

"Yes."

"And then Sloane received it."

Julian didn't correct him.

Sloane did.

"He showed me. I called you."

Thorne's eyes flicked to the timestamp.

"Two seconds before the pacemaker notch," he said.

Julian nodded.

"That alignment makes it either real," Julian said, "or constructed by someone who had access to the telemetry."

Thorne looked at Ramirez.

"Can you authenticate."

Ramirez slid the phone onto the counter, connected it to a cable, and pulled the image into her workstation.

A larger version filled the screen.

She zoomed.

Then stopped.

Her expression changed—subtle, but unmistakable.

Julian felt it before he understood it.

“What,” Thorne asked.

Ramirez didn’t answer immediately.

She opened the metadata pane and dragged a small value into view.

“Timecode,” she said. “Embedded, not visible.”

Julian leaned closer.

The file contained an internal capture stamp, separate from the overlay timestamp.

Ramirez highlighted it.

Capture: 02:27:39.204

Overlay: 02:27:39

Julian frowned.

“That’s normal rounding,” Thorne said.

Ramirez shook her head.

“Not the rounding,” she said. “The frame interval.”

She pulled up the adjacent data: the file’s sequence marker.

It indicated the image had been extracted from a buffer stream at a rate that did not match consumer security cameras.

Julian’s chest tightened.

“What rate,” he asked.

Ramirez spoke carefully.

“Not thirty frames per second,” she said. “Not fifteen.”

She tapped the number.

“Twenty-four.”

Thorne stared.

Julian felt cold.

Twenty-four frames was cinematic cadence.

Not porch-cam cadence.

Ramirez continued.

“And the compression algorithm isn’t vendor default. It’s been transcoded.”

Sloane’s voice came out thin.

“You’re saying it’s edited.”

“I’m saying it’s been through something,” Ramirez replied.

Julian stared at the still frame again.

The shadow.

The porch line.

The interference bloom.

Everything looked authentic.

Which was the problem.

“Who would transcode a porch camera still,” Julian asked, “and why.”

Thorne’s face tightened.

“To standardize,” he said.

Ramirez nodded slowly.

“To ingest,” she said.

Julian looked at her.

“Ingest into what.”

Ramirez didn’t answer directly.

She pulled up a second window—an internal forensic tool log.

“This doesn’t look like a consumer upload,” she said. “It looks like an extract from a centralized buffer system.”

Thorne’s gaze sharpened.

“What system.”

Ramirez hesitated.

That hesitation was new.

Julian saw it.

Thorne saw it too.

“Ramirez,” Thorne said, tone quiet but edged. “What system.”

Ramirez looked between them, then spoke.

“There are federal contractors that run telemetry normalization layers,” she said. “For multi-vendor ingest. For rapid cross-platform analysis.”

Julian felt the word Helix rise in his mind like a reflex.

But Ramirez didn’t say it.

Sloane did.

“Helix,” she said, voice flat.

Ramirez’s silence was confirmation.

Julian swallowed.

Thorne's eyes narrowed.

"We don't use Helix for local cases," he said.

Ramirez finally looked at him.

"Not officially," she said.

The room went very still.

Julian felt Sloane's breath hitch beside him.

Thorne's voice dropped.

"Are you telling me this image came from a federal normalization pipeline."

"I'm telling you it's shaped like it did," Ramirez replied. "And shaped like it did before it got to us."

Julian looked at the timestamp again.

02:27:39.

Two seconds before the pacemaker compression notch.

If the image was extracted from a centralized buffer, then someone upstream had:

Access to the camera buffer exposure,

Access to Nora's medical telemetry window,

And the ability to package an artifact as a message.

They weren't just pacing narrative.

They were routing evidence.

Julian exhaled slowly.

"This wasn't meant to scare us," he said.

Thorne stared at him.

"It was meant to be used."

Sloane's voice was steady now.

"Used how."

Julian met her gaze.

"To re-anchor the public," he said. "And to force the Bureau's hand."

Thorne's jaw tightened.

"Toward what."

Julian didn't answer immediately.

He looked at Thorne.

"You said D.C. wants an interim classification by morning," he said.

Thorne didn't deny it.

Julian pointed at the image.

"This is a seed," he said. "A clean, timestamped artifact that can be cited."

Sloane's eyes narrowed.

"So they give you evidence," she said, "so you can justify escalation."

Ramirez added quietly.

"And if you don't," she said, "someone else will."

The line hung in the room like a reused weapon.

Thorne turned toward the workstation again.

"Can you trace origin," he asked.

Ramirez shook her head.



“Not from this file,” she said. “It’s been stripped and repackaged.”

Julian’s mind moved.

“Then we trace the cadence,” he said.

Thorne looked at him.

“What.”

Julian pointed at the 24 fps marker.

“That number isn’t arbitrary,” he said. “It’s a standard. A pipeline standard.”

Ramirez’s eyes sharpened.

“If I pull ingest logs,” she said slowly, “I might find a matching transcode event.”

Thorne’s tone was immediate.

“Do it.”

Ramirez hesitated again—one beat.

Then nodded.

“I’ll need access I don’t have,” she said.

Thorne stared at her.

“You’ll have it,” he said.

Sloane’s voice cut in.

“And if someone higher blocks it.”

Thorne looked at her, then at Julian.

His face carried something like resignation.

“Then we know exactly what this is,” he said.

Julian felt a dull anger rise.

Not at Thorne.

At the architecture.

At how quickly “we’ll know” became “we’ll be stopped.”

Sloane placed her phone on the counter.

Her hands were calm again, which frightened Julian more than shaking would have.

“So,” she said, “this is a seam.”

Julian nodded.

“Yes.”

“And seams can be pulled,” she said.

Thorne looked at the infrared frame one more time.

Then he spoke, voice quiet.

“Morning briefing is at seven,” he said. “If this is being routed through a normalization pipeline, then someone wants it on that table.”

Julian met his eyes.

“Then we keep it off the table,” Julian said.

Thorne’s gaze didn’t waver.

“How.”

Julian answered without certainty.

“By creating our own variance,” he said.

Ramirez’s fingers hovered over her keyboard.

Sloane looked between them.

“Meaning what,” she asked.

Julian stared at the file’s hidden capture stamp.

“Meaning,” he said, “we stop letting them choose the anchor.”

## CHAPTER 16 — “Gate”

Tucson Field Office — 2:43 AM

Ramirez worked with the overhead lights off.

Not for drama.

For screens.

The forensic workstation cast a cold rectangle across her face, the rest of the lab fading into industrial shadow.

Julian stood behind her left shoulder.

Thorne leaned against the counter, arms folded, saying nothing.

Sloane had gone home under protest and under escort.

The infrared still hovered on the secondary monitor.

02:27:39.204

Twenty-four frames per second.

Pipeline cadence.

Ramirez typed a query into the federal ingest audit system.

The system did not ask questions.

It logged everything.

That was the comfort.

It was also the risk.

She filtered by:

Timestamp window: 02:27:30–02:27:45

Source geography: Tucson Foothills

Media normalization flag: Active

Enter.

The system spun.

Julian felt the seconds stretch.

Then the first result populated.

Normalization Event — 02:27:39.198

Ramirez inhaled once.

Julian felt it.

Thorne straightened.

“Open it,” Thorne said.

Ramirez clicked.

Access Denied.

The words appeared without hostility.

Just a gray box.

INSUFFICIENT CLEARANCE — TIER 4 REQUIRED

Thorne’s jaw tightened.

“We’re Tier 3,” he said.

“Yes,” Ramirez replied.

Julian didn’t look at the denial.

He looked at the event line again.

Normalization Event.

Not capture.

Not upload.

Normalization.

"That's it," he said quietly.

Ramirez nodded.

"It matches the frame cadence."

Thorne stepped forward.

"Escalate clearance."

Ramirez didn't move.

"That logs a request," she said.

"So."

"So whoever owns Tier 4 sees it."

Silence filled the room.

Julian understood.

Tier 4 wasn't just higher clearance.

It was oversight without transparency.

"You can't pull it quietly," Thorne said.

"No."

Thorne looked at Julian.

"You wanted variance," he said.

Julian didn't smile.

"Yes."

Thorne stared at the screen.

Then:

“Request it.”

Ramirez hesitated for half a beat.

Then clicked.

The system prompted:

JUSTIFICATION REQUIRED

Ramirez typed carefully.

> Investigative alignment — timestamp anomaly — potential evidence contamination.

She hit submit.

The request left the room like a flare.

Washington, D.C. — 2:51 AM

The Director did not sleep with her phone on silent.

It vibrated once on the nightstand.

She was awake before the second pulse.

She didn't turn on the lamp.

She read the alert in the dark.

TIER 4 ACCESS REQUEST — TUCSON FIELD OFFICE

Her eyes moved to the justification.

Timestamp anomaly.

Evidence contamination.

She did not blink.

The system had introduced a secondary anchor.

The field had noticed the seam.

Good.

She sat up.

Opened the secure terminal on the nightstand.

The ingest audit log appeared.

She saw the normalization event.

02:27:39.198

The frame alignment had been elegant.

Too elegant.

She recognized the mistake immediately.

Twenty-four frames.

She closed her eyes briefly.

Not frustration.

Recognition.

The contractor default.

Someone had used a cinematic pipeline preset.

Small things become large when they synchronize.

She typed into the secure channel:

DENY ACCESS. PROVIDE REDACTED SUMMARY.

Pause.

Then added:

FLAG TUCSON ANALYST — ELEVATED PATTERN SENSITIVITY.

She did not need a name.

Pattern sensitivity was enough.

The reply came back:

CONFIRMED.

She set the phone down.

Margin flexed.

But did not break.

Tucson — 3:07 AM

Ramirez's screen refreshed.

The access request returned.

DENIED — TIER 4 OVERRIDE

Below it:

SUMMARY ATTACHED

Julian exhaled slowly.

"Open it."

Ramirez clicked.

A short paragraph.



> Normalization Event triggered by automated cross-platform ingest. No manual intervention detected. Frame rate variation within acceptable parameters. No evidence contamination identified.

Julian felt the lie in the shape of the language.

Acceptable parameters.

No manual intervention.

"It's a buffer," he said quietly.

Thorne looked at him.

"What."

"They're telling you it's automated," Julian said. "So no one can be accountable."

Ramirez nodded.

"And they're not wrong," she said. "It could be automated."

Julian turned to her.

"You don't believe that."

Ramirez didn't answer.

She pulled up the internal audit trail metadata.

A Tier 4 override ID had signed the denial.

No name.

Just a hash.

Julian stared at it.

"That's the gate," he said.

Thorne rubbed his face once.

"We asked," he said. "They closed."

Ramirez's fingers hovered over the keyboard again.

"There's one more path," she said.

Thorne looked at her sharply.

"What."

"The contractor logs," she said. "Normalization vendors maintain mirror audit streams for billing reconciliation."

Julian felt something ignite.

"They bill by event," he said.

Ramirez nodded.

"And billing logs don't live inside Tier 4."

Thorne's eyes narrowed.

"Can you access them."

Ramirez hesitated.

"Not directly," she said.

Julian's pulse climbed.

"But."

Ramirez glanced at Thorne.

"They sit in procurement oversight," she said. "Different division."

Thorne stared at her.

"That's politics."

"Yes."

Julian stepped forward.

“Or it’s accounting.”

Ramirez gave him a look that was almost admiration.

“Accounting is harder to classify,” she said.

Thorne exhaled slowly.

“If I open procurement,” he said, “I trigger attention.”

Julian met his eyes.

“You already did.”

Silence.

The lab felt smaller.

More contained.

The system had denied Tier 4.

But in doing so, it had confirmed:

There was something to deny.

Someone above them cared.

Thorne made a decision.

“Pull procurement,” he said.

Ramirez’s fingers moved.

New query.

New pathway.

Less secure.

More bureaucratic.

The kind of system that assumed no one would look.

The screen populated slowly.

Julian watched each line like it might detonate.

Then:

Vendor: HELIX SYSTEMS — Media Normalization Services  
Event Count — 02:27:39 Window: 1

Julian felt the air leave him.

One.

Not cross-platform.

Not automated background noise.

One normalization event.

At 02:27:39.

Ramirez's voice was quiet.

"That's not a sweep," she said.

"That's a pull," Julian replied.

Thorne stared at the line.

"Is it defensible," he asked.

Ramirez didn't soften it.

"It's evidence," she said.

Julian felt the architecture shift.

The seam wasn't theoretical now.

It had an invoice.

He looked at the timestamp again.

02:27:39.

Two seconds before the pacemaker compression.

Sloane's house.

Helix normalization.

He felt something align with a clarity that frightened him.

"They didn't just pace narrative," he said.

Thorne looked at him.

"They staged adjacency."

Ramirez swallowed.

"They routed her," she said.

The lab went silent.

Because that was the first time anyone had said it in a way that felt physical.

Not used.

Routed.

Julian closed his eyes briefly.

Then opened them.

"We can't take this to Tier 4," he said.

Thorne nodded.

"No."

Julian's voice was steady now.

"We take it public."

Ramirez's fingers froze.

Thorne's eyes locked onto Julian's.

"You're suggesting we burn procurement," Thorne said.

"I'm suggesting," Julian replied, "that we remove the gate."

Silence.

Thorne understood what that meant.

It meant war.

Not loud.

But irreversible.

He looked at the invoice line again.

Helix Systems.

One event.

02:27:39.

He exhaled slowly.

"Not yet," he said.

Julian held his gaze.

"Then when."

Thorne didn't answer.

Because the answer was obvious.

When the system moved again.

And it would.

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