

**Chapter 1 : The Stars Asunder - Chapter 8 - CatFirebrand - Mass Effect [Archive of Our Own]**

*The Stars Asunder: A New Novel of the Mageworlds by Debra Doyle, James D. Macdonald The star systems of the Mageworlds are linked by magic. Only when trained Mages have found a Way to a new world can the great colonizing and trading ships follow.*

You have come too far. A flash of light, another plane, and then back. Shepard forced herself to focus. You have breached the darkness. Every word beat against her brain. I need to know why. They are the enemy. One that seeks our extermination. Her consciousness flashed again, dragging her back to the mental plane. She shook herself, willing her focus back to reality. We existed long before. Shepard found herself on her knees, coughing, struggling for breath in the plane of her own mind. Footsteps approached in silence. Your mind belongs to me. She pushed herself to her feet, only to come face-to-face with Dr. Your nature will be revealed to us. Accept it in my mind? It would be easy. There is only the harvest. The idea made her sick. Your own species could be destroyed with a single thought. But you are different. I have witnessed your actions in this cycle: The Reapers perceive you as a threat. And I must understand why. Shepard suddenly found herself back in her own consciousness, her head throbbing, blood streaming from her nose. And then she was pulled back again. Before the cycles, our kind were the apex of life in the galaxy. The lesser species were in our thrall, serving our needs. We grew more powerful, and they were cared for. But we could not protect them from themselves. Over time, the species built machines that then destroyed them. Tribute does not flow from a dead race. To solve this problem, we created an intelligence with the mandate to preserve life at any cost. As the intelligence evolved, it studied the development of civilizations. Its understanding grew until it found a solution. In that instant, it betrayed us. It chose our kind as the first harvest. From our essence, the first Reaper was created. You call it Harbinger. Every creature, every nation, every planet we discovered became our tools. We were above the concerns of the lesser species. The Intelligence was envisioned as simply another tool. It still serves its purpose. It created an army of pawns that searched the galaxy, gathering this data. There was no warning, no reason given when they turned against us. Each harvest ends in the birth of a Reaper. Perfect in its design. Each has the power to influence organics, as my kind did. Over countless cycles, this ability was refined, perfected, and gave rise to indoctrination. The Intelligence has one purpose: That purpose has not been fulfilled. It directed the Reapers to create the mass relaysâ€”to speed the time between cycles for greatest efficiency. The galaxy itself became an experiment. Shepard had a sickening thought. Caught itself in an endlessâ€”data loop. Until the Intelligence finds what it is looking for, the cycles will continue. Shepard wanted to scream. Like a bad sci-fi movie from the 20th century. It has never been completed. Those who have tried still fell victim to the harvest. Its outcome is unknown. Well, it was worth a try. Will you help stop the cycle? I have searched your mind. You are an anomalyâ€”yet that is not enough. You know this cycle is different. You will remain here as a servant of our needs. The Reapers will harvest the rest. Anger surged through her. Release me, and we have a chance to end this, once and for all. Your confidence is singular. Out there fighting, where you should be. It is clear why the Reapers perceive you as a threat. Your victories are more than a product of chance. But not for you, or any lesser race. We were the first, the apex race. And the Reapers who trespass on this world will understand our power. They will become our slaves. Today, they pay their tribute in blood. Shepard gasped as she came back to herself, blood streaming from her ears and nose, head blazing with pain. In front her, several more Leviathans rose up, even as her Triton began to shriek. Stiff fingers flew across the interface, firing the ascendance rockets, and launching her upward with enough force to pin her to the seat. She barely stayed conscious through the ride up. Nothing seemed to work right, and whatever momentary burst of adrenaline had allowed her to get the Triton surface-borne was long gone. She managed to push herself to her feet, only to fall back to the deck, hardly even able to crawl. And then Liara was there, lifting her up. She spasmed, body shrieking though her voice was silent, and then it allâ€”shifted. Everything lined back up, and she found herself sitting up, coughing, desperately trying to breathe. Liara helped prop her up, her worried expression swimming into focus. It took her three times to answer, the words freezing in her throat. Chakwas when we get back. By all rights, you should still be sleeping. And what looked

like neural overload. They communicate through some sort of telepathy. Brute force, like the Ardat-Yakshi, but worse. It felt like my brain was in a pressure chamber. Liara, make sure she eats something. And try to avoid life or death situations for at least twenty-four hours, Commander.

**Chapter 2 : The Stars Asunder - Chapter 13 - CatFirebrand - Mass Effect [Archive of Our Own]**

*The Stars Asunder has ratings and 4 reviews. Michael said: This is the 6th book in the Mage Worlds series. This book however is much different from t.*

Chapter 13 Chapter Text Shepard leaned on the railing of the spaceport, staring out through the window at the Normandy, watching as the last supplies were loaded on board. The sound of footsteps filtered through, as her crew slowly collected around her. She turned, watching them. Liara settled against the rail next to her, nudging her with a grin that Shepard returned. Probably the last one. Most were coming with her, but some, like Samara and Miranda, Jack, Zaeed, Wrex and Grunt, had their own places to go. Time to end this, time to save what they could, damn the Reapers, and damn Cerberus. She watched for a moment longer as her crew—her friends, her family—went their separate ways, and took a moment to appreciate just how lucky she was. It had been a good ride, bumps and all. Worse, maybe, thanks to the videos that EDI had uncovered, particularly those regarding Project Lazarus. Shepard nodded at EDI, and triggered her comm. Just hold them off a little longer. Shepard glanced around again, and headed straight for the console. We have achieved everything I ever imagined. We all saw what you accomplished on Sanctuary. Not only above other species in our galaxy, but over the Reapers! How many have you killed? Together, we would have already had the Crucible and the Catalyst. Destroying the Reapers would be the biggest mistake of our brief existence! And nothing you can say will ever convince me otherwise. Cerberus is done, and so are you. Cerberus is an idea. That idea is not so easily destroyed. But instead, you chose to control it. I need to know what the Catalyst is. Catalyst enhances dark energy transmissions and coordinates the entire mass relay system. In your cycle, it is known as the Citadel. At some point—it is difficult to pinpoint when—the Crucible plans were adapted to incorporate the use of the Catalyst. Presumably, the Crucible was not sufficiently powerful to defeat the Reapers. I was programmed to withhold this information until the Crucible was complete. The Reapers will take control of it. The Citadel has been moved to Reaper-controlled space. The odds of accessing it are remote. I will help in anyway necessary. Shepard spun, only to find Kai Leng blocking their exit. Shepard vaguely noticed more Cerberus agents flooding the room, but Kai Leng took her attention. She had to leave them to Liara and EDI to deal with. She blasted him with a warp, knocking him back, and took the opportunity to slam a phantom sneaking up behind Liara. Leng snarled and charged again, but Shepard dodged out of the way, only to throw a quick reverse, biotically charging him. The Cerberus agent flew across the floor, while Shepard ate away at his shields with her gun. Kai Leng pushed to his feet, but Shepard closed the gap, knocking him back again with a fierce kick to the torso. He slammed into the far wall, unmoving, and Shepard turned. A few well placed shots helped clean up the remaining Cerberus troops, and with a glance back to Leng, Shepard returned to the control panel. The Illusive Man is gone, and the Citadel has been moved by the Reapers. I copy, we just received word. Do you know the location? The Citadel is the Catalyst. Kai Leng gave a choked cry, dropping to his knees as she yanked the blade out. The Reapers are preparing the harvest of your species. I recommend investigating a means of preserving information for future species. Everything was in place, and ready. Nothing left to do, no last-minute side missions, no minutia to sort. Just one final mission. It was fitting, in a way, that her journey would end where it started. Shepard grabbed her helmet, more for something to fiddle with than for any other reason. Helmet still in hand, she moved from the desk chair to her couch, and sat staring at the faceplate. Shepard held no illusions about this mission, and the likely outcome. She would end the Reapers, no matter what it took. Of that she was certain. Hope sat side-by-side with reality, in her mind. She sighed again, turning the helmet around in her hands without really seeing it. Gear to look over, letters to write, affairs to put in order in the event that victory came at the ultimate cost. She hoped, fervently, that those letters would never be sent, but felt so much more at peace knowing they were there. But with all of that done, Shepard now felt oddly lost. Like she was the calm before the storm. There were no pre-mission jitters, no anxious feelings. Seeing her bondmate would always make her smile. What are you doing? Shepard stood, tossing the helmet to Liara, and walked over to the bed. Glancing at the helmet, the asari set it down on the table, and looked back at her. It must be overwhelming. Until the galaxy realizes it has someone worth

following. They lay in silence together, for a moment, staring up at the stars through the ceiling viewport, before Liara sighed, and turned to look at her. For just a moment, she allowed herself the dream. Living out her life with Liara, far from conflict and duty. All the little blue children. Happiness and peace, a life full of love. And then she took that dream, and packed it away, safe. I will not cry. I will be happy in this moment, with Liara by my side. Like we were before Ilos, and before the Omega 4 relay. I will love you for eternity, Shepard, they said. Liara heard the unspoken words somehow, or recognized them in her face. Liara cupped her head, then slid her hands down her neck, and around until they met at the zipper of her N7 hoodie. The metal teeth parted slowly, and then blue hands pushed the garment off her shoulders and arms. She took her time, worshipping Liara with her mouth. Down her jaw and neck, over her collarbone, gliding across her sternum until she was situated between perfect breasts. She licked and kissed her way along the underside of one, and then the other, while her hands softly stroked up and down her hips and back. When she finally took one hard nipple between her lips, Liara gasped, and clung to her. There would be no hurrying, this time. No hurrying, no desperation, and no sadness. Together, they finished undressing one another, hands lingering over skin, each movement a caress, a flirtation, an I love you spoken by touch. They kissed again, embracing as the meld enveloped them, and individual thought ceased, leaving only them and us and together. Drowning in the meld, they touched, rolled, sought. Hands grasped, backs arched, mouths slid over skin, as hips ground against thighs, and fingers thrust deep into the warmth of secret places. Pleasure echoed back across shared minds, feeling and feeling again, a relentless cycle of ecstasy that neither wanted to end. An outpouring of love that overwhelmed them both, and raised them up to exhalation.

### Chapter 3 : High Point Market || Stars Under the Stars

*The Stars Asunder () is the sixth novel written in the Mageworlds series. At this time, however, it is the first in internal chronological sequence. This series has evoked a mysterious past from the very first volume.*

### Chapter 4 : Read Mageworlds - The Stars Asunder Light Novel Online

*The Stars Asunder is Book 6, but readers can start here; it's set years before the others (next is The Gathering Flame, then The Price of the Stars, Starpilot's Grave, By Honor Betray'd, and The Long Hunt). It's grand space opera--interstellar war, swashbuckling heroes, an embattled queen, and mystics on both sides using supernatural power.*

### Chapter 5 : The Stars Asunder: A New Novel of the Mageworlds by Debra Doyle

*The Stars Asunder (Mageworlds Series #6) by Debra Doyle, James D. Macdonald The star systems of the Mageworlds are linked by magic. Only when trained Mages have found a Way to a new world can the great colonizing and trading ships follow.*

### Chapter 6 : Mageworlds - The Stars Asunder Novel, Mageworlds - The Stars Asunder Part 37

*The star-lords compete in trade and industry, and indulge in gentlemanly piracy of each other's ships. To generate the tremendous energies necessary to send Garrod across the Sundering, the Circle mages have to fight, kendo-style, with wooden staffs, if necessary to the death.*

### Chapter 7 : THE STARS ASUNDER by Debra Doyle , James D. Macdonald | Kirkus Reviews

*The star systems of the Mageworlds are linked by magic. Only when trained Mages have found a Way to a new world can the great colonizing and trading ships follow. But beyond the furthest worlds is a great gap, beyond which, hint the legends, lie vast, rich human worlds long lost to the Mages' trade.*