

OVERKNIGHTS: THE FIRST CLIMB [VOL. 1] - A PROMISED CLIMB (CHAPTER 1)
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The first chapter of *OverKnights: The First Climb*, an expanded-media story used to promote the *OverKnights* video game.

Chapter 1

"Welcome to Libra Tower," the announcer says over the intercom as the train slows to a stop. The doors slide open, and several people step into the early morning light.

Ollie adjusts his grip on his phone as Lyra's voice crackles through the speaker. "Oliver, you don't have to do this."

"Why can't you ever call me Ollie, like everyone else?" he mutters, flexing his free hand. The scabs on his knuckles stretch; he feels a fresh trickle beneath the bandages. "And besides, I never back down from a fight."

He slings his backpack over his shoulder and steps off the train, all the while keeping the phone pressed to his ear.

The Libra Tower looms before him, its glass and metal facade gleaming in the early sunrise. The monolithic structure stretches impossibly high into the sky, its presence both daunting and exhilarating.

Lyra's voice softens. "I know I can't stop you, but take it easy. There's plenty of time to climb the Libra Tower—"

"But there isn't," he cuts in. "We're running out of time. Besides, I'm pretty sure that my sister taught me well, eh?"

She chuckles. "I try to. You're just so damn stubborn."

Ollie exhales, staring up at the tower. "I have to do this. For you."

"Your fists..." Her voice tightens. "I put a medical kit in your bag, just in case. Oliver, why were you fighting? What happened?"

He slumps slightly. "Some guys were making fun of mom, dad... and you... And I just—"

He unzips the pack, pulls out the kit, and balances the phone against his shoulder while rebandaging his knuckles, wrapping fresh white gauze around his hands. "Thanks for that."

"Don't be reckless," she sighs. "Now get going, or you won't make it home for dinner."

"But I'll just be eating alone..."

"Go!" she interrupts with a laugh. "And don't forget to put on your MIND before you go in!"

He frowns but obeys, fishing a small, coin-sized piece of metal from his pocket and sticking it against his temple. He taps it, but nothing happens. "I think the battery on this thing is dead."

"Don't worry about that, it'll be fine."

"Remind me again why I have to use this ancient relic of a phone instead of the MIND when we talk. Didn't even know these things still worked with the OverNet."

Lyra giggles. "Because it's got character! When was the last time you even saw a slab of circuits and glass? Besides, I gave it to you as a good luck charm. Don't lose it. Bye!"

A click and the line is dead.

Ollie shoves the phone into his pocket while one of the massive glass doors in front of him slides open. He steps into the Libra Tower.

The lobby hums with energy, filled with Pilots of all ages, some engrossed in battle footage on towering holo-screens. One stream captures Ollie's attention—a sharp-featured male Pilot with an easy smirk and tied-back dreadlocks, live-streaming his match against a woman whose denim jacket features all manner of rebellious symbols. She shifts, eyes locked on the fight. Their OverKnights clash, sparks flying, cards and damage numbers filling the screen.

His MIND unit buzzes with a notification. Ollie taps it, and a translucent interface springs to life before his eyes. It reads *'Welcome to the Libra Tower. Please register at the Information Desk.'*

"Huh? I haven't even charged this thing yet." He sighs, pushing through the crowd toward the desk. The attendant, a cheerful woman with neatly pressed clothes, greets him with a polite nod. "Good morning. Please hand over your MIND unit."

Ollie removes it from his temple and hands it over. "The battery might be dead, but I'm not sure. I'm positive it was flat before I got here."

The attendant smiles while speaking. "Due to the high concentration of Q-Bits in the Libra Tower, all MIND devices wirelessly charge in an instant. We don't want Pilots venturing out with depleted MINDs." She places Ollie's device onto a scanner. "Thank you. Please state your name and purpose for visiting."

"Ollie—uh, Oliver Greenfield. I'm here to accept the challenge and climb the Libra Tower."

A holographic display flickers to life, showing his name and ID. "I detected some hesitation in your response. Is there another name you prefer that the system use?"

"Yeah, Ollie is good."

"Understood." She gestures to a nearby terminal. "Please select your starting OverKnight model. You cannot select a new model or modify its loadout until you have won your first 1v1 battle, which we refer to as Anima Duels. You will receive a deck of battle cards and a starter upgrade for your climb."

The screen shifts, displaying six different OverKnights. Ollie scrolls through the options, each accompanied by stats and abilities. His gaze lingers on one, a white and gold figure with glowing blue accents and four propulsion fins. He unconsciously flexes his hand—the bandages holding his wounds closed—before making his choice..

"I fight head-on. I hit hard. It's gotta be the Glaive!" he declares while selecting it.

"The screen flashes *Glaive Accepted*. Below his name, the title *Pilot* appears."

"Congratulations. Your MIND unit is upgraded—it now covers your entire face—and your starter deck is available in your digital inventory," the attendant says.

Ollie's gaze drops to the screen, where the deck composition flashes: a raw, aggressive assortment. It's packed with strikes and power-up cards, designed for overwhelming offense. He notes the absence of tactical or repair cards and no shield components—a pure assault loadout. A grin spreads across his face as he spots the **Offensive Insight** card and his ultimate finisher: **Empowered Giga Strike**.

The attendant hands his device back. "Now, please proceed to the next area for your mandatory training battle."

He gives her a small nod and walks away.

The tutorial area is cold and quiet, save for the low hum of overhead lights and the occasional murmur of other Pilots waiting their turn. Ollie approaches another information desk, where a virtual assistant materializes on a screen. He hears the roar of the crowd in the lobby as a victory is announced.

"Welcome, Mr. Greenfield," it says in an artificial yet oddly smooth voice, though it struggles slightly with the pronunciation of his name. "All training cubicles are currently occupied. Please have a seat on one of the empty benches, and we will call your name when it is your turn."

Ollie crosses his arms. "Can't I just skip this? My sister is a Pilot and trained me. I know the battle system like the back of my hand."

The virtual assistant blinks at him as if computing an unusual request. "All Pilots must complete the tutorial before ascending. Upon completion, you are awarded an official OverKnight Pilot license. CyberMask sets out strict instructions. Regardless of how much you may have trained, the Libra Tower climb is constantly evolving and adapting to challenge Pilots. Now, please take a seat."

Ollie exhales sharply and turns toward an empty bench in the back. He absently adjusts his bandages, his mind drifting.