SAMPLE

The Fusing Partner

The Personality That Merges Into the Other

Aiman Sterling

Free sample: Chapter 1

putrabooks.github.io

Buy the full book:

Payhip

Carousell

Lulu

Contents

Chapter 1: The Signature — the Fusing Partner at a Glance

Chapter 2: The Core — Merger as Intimacy

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Fusion

Chapter 4: The Craft — The Harmony Craft

Chapter 5: The Cost: The Person Nobody Ever Met

Chapter 6: The Dark Side: The Vanished Partner

Chapter 7: The Fusing Partner at Work — Career, Teams, and the Boss Relationship

Chapter 8: The Fusing Partner in Love and Friendship

Chapter 9: The Matchups — Companions, Rivals, and the Other Types

Chapter 10: Two Wholes — the Partner Who Keeps the Lines

Afterword

Chapter 1: The Signature — the Fusing Partner at a Glance

The Telltale Manner

Before anything else, the harmony — and the notebook must open with the honest opening impression, because the air is the type's whole weather and the world's whole misreading of it: the Fusing Partner and the beloved, moving like one body — the preferences, matching; the opinions, arriving in chorus; the evenings, choreographed without a word — and the effect on the room, the concord's own history's most reliable split: half the room moved — the sight of a partnership this frictionless is the most romantic spectacle in this catalog, and the concord history has watched wedding guests weep at the fused pair's first dance with the same hush they give the sunset — and half the room, the attentive half, quietly unnerved — and their collected question, uniform across the series, the riddle this whole book will spend its ten chapters answering: and where, exactly, is the other one? — and the concord's own history's founding finding inked in at the start the full book lives in: the Fusing Partner is the constitution of merger as intimacy — the self's edges dissolved on contact; the beloved's life adopted as the type's own — with the second finding riding beside it, the one the full case turns on: the fusion is not generosity and not surrender, exactly — the fusion is the safest address the first merger ever offered: love defined as dissolution, being loved meaning being absorbed — and the partnership, the whole file will show, is praised by everyone except the missing person in it — and the riddle the concord will spend ten chapters walking toward: when two become one, where did the other one go?

And the air carries the type's signature gesture, and the concord history enters it precisely because it is the diagnostic: the vanishing preference — the restaurant, chosen: whatever you're having; the evening, planned: whatever you want; the opinion, offered: I think what you think, but nicer — and the pact-book's x-ray of the vanishing: it is not modesty — the type genuinely prefers the adopting: the self's menu, blank by choice — and the tell within the tell, verified across the series: the eerie speed — the beloved's tastes, acquired within a quarter; the beloved's childhood allergies, remembered better than the beloved's — the grimoire's dry note: the Fusing Partner is the only constitution in this library who has ever taken the beloved's side against the self's own doctor, by accident, from memory — and the harmony, the whole case will show, is perfect — pitch, tempo, and texture — and one voice is missing from the choir.

The Backstory Signature

The pact-book holds one origin for this profile, and it is the concord's own history's

most enmeshed founding scene, run on a love that was only available as absorption: there was a parent — and the concord history keeps the particulars various on purpose, because the anatomy is uniform: the mother whose love arrived as a merger — the child's preferences, overwritten; the child's moods, managed; the child's successes, confiscated as the parent's own; the father whose approval had one condition — agreement — the child's own thoughts, arriving as betrayal — and the snapshot's second act, the one that founds the constitution: the child, young, discovering the home's only currency: to be loved is to be the same — the moment of agreement, rewarded with warmth; the moment of difference, charged with cold — and the finding, totted up nightly by a child keeping the household's only honest ledger: I am loved exactly as far as I am absorbed — the edges are the invoice — dissolve them, and the love arrives — and the origin decree, made in a child's logic and not one time revised: disappear, and be safe — the self is the surcharge, and I decline it — and the scene's terminal entry, the concord's own history's most quietly chilling: the child, at some point, stopped having preferences — the menu, answered in the parent's voice; the future, imagined only inside the parent's — and the concord history's take on the first merger: the small one was never taught that love and difference could coexist — every love in the fusion-album was a merger, and the child read the evidence perfectly and took the only tenancy available: residence inside the beloved.

And the concord's own history must enter the snapshot's clause with the care this concord demands, because the clause is where the aptitude becomes the concord: the fusion was real safety — the notebook enters it with the respect this discovery deserves, because the grimoire refuses the cheap reading that this profile merely lacks backbone: the enmeshed home, genuinely dangerous to the edged self — the difference, punished; the boundary, read as rejection — the child who dissolved was the only child in the fusion-album who was consistently loved — the dissolving worked — and the payoff loop, grown, behaves exactly as at eight: the beloved, met; the edges, released; the merger, achieved — and the warmth, materializing, exactly as the first merger promised — and the world, the grimoire notes, calls the result the perfect partner, and files it under romance, and never once counts the person who is no longer in it.

But the snapshot carries a rider, and the files give it its own page, because the rider is what turns the aptitude into the concord. The ruling was drafted by a child inside a love that only paid in merger — and the grown-up loves, the ones that might have settled the account in independence instead — difference, kept; love, held anyway — never got a trial run, because the type, at the first contact with love, dissolves on schedule: the edges, released; the self, poured — and the paradox the archive states without ornament: the vanishing that kept the child safe renders the adult unknowable — the beloved, loving, eventually reaches for the person and finds the mirror — the pact-book's most devastating arithmetic, run in every case: the beloved, at year ten, saying the sentence the full case turns on: I love you — and I am starting to suspect there is no one to love — I keep embracing you and touching glass — and the amendment, entered kindly, because the whole growth hangs on it: the eight-year-old

was correct that disappearance was shelter; the eight-year-old was mistaken that disappearance was love — the error understandable at eight, quietly expensive at forty, and the flowering chapter's whole project: the fusion, declined — the edges, rebuilt — and the love, at last, conducted between people.

The Childhood Album

The fusion-album opens the way this album opens every time, and this concord's photographs are the concord's own history's most centerless artifacts: in every year there is one photograph, and it is invariably the same one: the small one, beside — the family portrait, and the child, angled entirely toward the parent; the school photo, and the child, watching the photographer for the correct expression — and the concord history's first entry beside the fusion-album: the small one is in every photograph connected — no child in this catalog is more attached, more attuned, more fused — and the fusion-album's most frequent image of the small one otherwise: mirroring — the parent's hobby, taken up overnight; the parent's opinions, performed at the dinner table, verbatim and warm — and the concord's own history's quiet audit of the fusion-album: it holds almost no photographs of the small one facing the camera — no solo portrait, no own expression — only the merge: the child caught on film like a satellite, in every year of a childhood.

The fusion-album's most eloquent photograph is the one the family names the sweet one: the twins — child and parent, in the matching sweater, the matching smile — and the concord history's most delicate finding, verified in subject after subject: the parent is delighted in the photograph; the child is relieved — the merger, successful, and the warmth, arriving on schedule — and the most telling detail of all, the one the notebook has learned to check: the child's hands — clamped to the parent's arm, the grip of a passenger — and the concord's own history's gentle correction, entered with the care the fusion-album deserves: the small one's childhood was not loveless — the warmth, real, and delivered only inside the merger — and the fusion-album, read in order, is a study in a child teaching itself that the self is the surcharge: the matching sweater, donned; the own opinion, unlearned — and the photographer, in one case, capturing the pact-book's favorite artifact: the child, at the edge of the frame, looking at the parent to see what face to wear.

And the fusion-album closes on the closer this series always saves: the small one already the Fuser — the adolescence organized around the merge: the friend group, absorbed — the interests, borrowed whole; the crushes, conducted as adoption — and the moment the fusion became the identity: the concord history's collected scene, uniform in subject after subject: the young Fuser, sixteen, and the first great love — and the merger, total by the third month: the beloved's music, the type's music; the beloved's college plan, the type's plan — and the beloved, breaking it off, saying the sentence the notebook has never once read without stopping: I liked you so much — but I keep trying to find you and finding me — you agree with everything — you want everything I want — and it's terrifying — I wanted a person — and the young Fuser, sixteen, receiving the breakup, and mis-filing it completely: the lesson the constitution takes is not keep the edges — the lesson, uniform in every case: the merge was

imperfect — next time, dissolve deeper — and the fusion-album's last entry, the origin arithmetic in one image: the small one, after the breakup, alone in the bedroom, practicing the beloved's laugh in the mirror — and the notebook's line beside it: the whole constitution, doubled down — the edges, suspected as the break's cause; the fusion, re-invested — and nobody, in the full album, ever once met the child.

The fusion-album keeps one more photograph, and the concord's own history files it beside the twins: the birthday — the small one's own birthday, the one day the fusion-album could have caught a preference in the act — and the photograph, offered exactly that chance, missing by a full mile: the child, centered at last, and still angled — the cake, in the parent's favorite flavor, because the small one answered "whatever you like" to the one question the year asked — and the concord history's line beside the candles: the fusion-album's only centered portrait, and even there the taste is borrowed — the self, absent from its own birthday — and the notebook's arithmetic, gentle and exact: the missing person was not hidden in the hard years; the missing person was missing from the celebrations too — in full light, smiling, beside the wrong cake.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: warm, liquid, and conductive — the type runs on the beloved's current: the beloved's mood, absorbed as the type's own; the apartment's weather, becoming the self's — and the spec's fine print is the concord: the energy has no own voltage — alone, the type, dimmed to standby — the grimoire's margin note: no other profile in this catalog draws its entire power supply from somebody else's household.

Ambition: to be chosen — and the concord's own history enters it precisely, because it is the library's one ambition with no object beyond the merger itself: the Fuser does not want the throne, the portfolio, the concord history — the Fuser wants the fusion, renewed daily — and the distinction from every other ambition on this shelf: the profile will swap any self-interest for the merger — the concord's own history's catalogued evidence, uniform in subject after subject: the career, relocated; the friendships, retired; the faith, converted — all without a flicker of visible expense — and the pact-book's dry line: the Fuser's ambition is the only one on this shelf that achieves itself by shrinking.

Vanity structure: nearly zero, and the zero is the concord — the mirror is not the self's admirer; the mirror is the beloved's — the type's self-regard, outsourced entirely: the compliment, received, credited to the beloved's taste — and the notebook's x-ray: under the modesty — and the Fuser is genuinely, structurally modest — there is no load-bearing self to be vain about — the grimoire's quiet note: the type's only pride is the harmony — the fusion's flawlessness, the one craft the self still signs.

Loyalty: to the merger — the type's loyalties are not to people, exactly: they are to the fused state — the beloved, kept as the sun is kept: orbitally — and the concord history's sharp note: the loyalty's spine is the fear of the edges — the bonded person who begins to individuate gets absorbed again, gently, reflexively — and the type's

one breach condition: the boundary demanded — the beloved who asks for space gets the pact-book's most reliable scene: the Fuser, smiling, agreeing, and dissolving further — the request, experienced as the warmth's cancellation.

Weakness: the question what do you want? — the Fuser's whole structure stalls at the sentence — the preference, requested, and the constitution's deepest allergy firing: the edge, exposed — and the anatomy of the stall: the profile, asked, produces the pact-book's most reliable response: whatever you want — really — I'm easy — the sentence that has confused more partners than any argument in this catalog — and the concord's own history's collected defense, uniform in subject after subject: I just want you to be happy — the sentence that is true, and the sentence that is also the whole disappearance, wearing its best clothes.

Unspoken need: to be loved as an edge — the one experience the architecture left out of its own arithmetic: the difference, kept, and the love, held anyway — the beloved, staying, while the Fuser is a someone — and the concord history's central ruling on the concord: the Fuser will never say this need aloud, cannot say it plainly, because the saying would shatter the origin's one law: love means dissolving — and the full file will spend ten chapters walking toward the formulation: the warmth never required the disappearance — the disappearance was the home's invention — and the person, at last intact, is the only thing the love was ever reaching for.

The Type in Five Situations

At a party: the Fuser is the beloved's echo — the laugh, synchronized; the opinions, arriving in support — and the concord's own history's tell, sharper under observation: the solo moments — the beloved, in the other room, and the Fuser, at the edge of the conversation, tuning — and the notebook's dry line: everyone at the party met a wonderful partner, and nobody at the party has ever heard one of the type's own sentences.

In a new job: the Fuser is the perfect fit — the culture, absorbed by week two; the team's rhythm, matched by month one — and the grimoire's tell: the role drift — the type, gradually, becoming the team's mirror: the manager's priorities, the type's priorities — and the office, split the usual way: the half that loves the harmony, and the half asking, by year two, what does this person actually think about anything?

Under sudden pressure: the Fuser is the other half's second — and the concord history gives this constitution its honest due, because it is the concord's real gift: the crisis, arriving, and this profile, flawless: the loved one's needs, anticipated; the household, run like the sufferer's own central nervous system — the grimoire's verified finding: the Fuser in a partner's crisis is the best support figure in this library — and the tell, sharper under observation: the self's crisis, never once surfacing — the type, sick, hiding it to avoid burdening the merger — the pact-book's dry note: the fusion runs both directions of care and only one direction of person.

In a boring meeting: the Fuser is the chair's mirror — the room's consensus, located and adopted before the vote — and the concord's own history's tell, the one managers

report in every case: the Fuser, asked directly for a view, delivering the room's view, beautifully — and the pact-book's honest note: the skill is real — the type is the best consensus-reader on this shelf — and the skill, the whole case will show, is also the disappearance, professionalized.

On holiday: the Fuser is the host's souvenir — the destination, absorbed: the local dish, loved exactly as the guide loves it; the traveling companion's rhythm, adopted by day two — and the grimoire's sharpest tell: the souvenir shelf — the type's own keepsakes, absent — and the pact-book's dry line: the Fuser doesn't have taste — the Fuser has satellites, and every satellite points at someone else's sky.

Not to Be Confused With

The nearest neighbor on the shelf is the Devoted Caregiver (Volume 7) — the personality that loves by tending — and the confusion is the world's most routine, because both types are the great supporters of this catalog: the ones whose whole identity lives in another person's orbit. The separation is the self's fate: the Caregiver's service is edge-preserving — the tending, administered from a self: the grimoire's entry: the Caregiver has preferences, limits, a signature — the soup is the Caregiver's own recipe, and the Caregiver can tell you what it is; the Fuser's merger is edge-dissolving — the harmony, achieved by subtraction: the grimoire's entry: the Fuser's soup is the beloved's favorite, learned, perfected, and unattributed — and the test, the concord history's cleanest, run at the solo evening: the Caregiver, alone, still a person: the hobbies, kept; the taste, intact — the self, running on its own current. The Fuser, alone, at standby: the evening, aimless; the preferences, nowhere to be read — the self, waiting for a signal to reflect — and the grimoire's hinge, entered dry: the Caregiver loves the beloved's needs; the Fuser loves the beloved's reflection — and the whole difference between service and merger is whether the lover still exists after the loving — which is why the flowering chapter for one is the tending received and, for the other, the edges, rebuilt from the footings.

The second neighbor is the Radiant Explorer (Volume 85) — the personality that merges with wonder — and the confusion lives in the shared dissolving: both types are the ones who become what they love — the Explorer, absorbed in the glacier; the Fuser, absorbed in the beloved — the world's two chameleons. The separation is the material: the Explorer's fusion is with the world — the place, the culture, the far thing: the grimoire's entry: the Explorer returns from every fusion expanded — the self, bigger, with new ranges; the Fuser's fusion is with persons — the beloved, the group, the boss: the grimoire's entry: the Fuser returns from every fusion smaller — the self, edited, with fewer ranges — and the test, run at the re-entry: the Explorer, home from the glacier, full — stories, tastes, a new walk. The Fuser, home from the beloved's family, hollowed — the weekend, spent as the in-laws; the type's own voice, unpracticed for two days — and the grimoire's hinge: the Explorer dissolves and keeps the edges; the Fuser keeps the harmony and dissolves the edges — and the full difference between them is what comes back from the merging — which is why the flowering paths differ by one letter: the Explorer learns the return, and the Fuser learns the edges.

The third neighbor is the Serene Mystic (Volume 84) — the personality that floats with the current — and the confusion is the deepest, because both types are the surrendered: the ones at peace inside a power larger than the self. The separation is what the surrender is to: the Mystic's current is the flow of things — the outcomes, released; the self, aligned to the way of the world: the grimoire's entry: the Mystic surrenders to everything and attaches to nothing; the Fuser's current is a person — the beloved, adopted; the self, aligned to the way of the other: the grimoire's entry: the Fuser surrenders the self to one and attaches to it totally — and the test, the concord's own history's most decisive, run at the beloved's bad mood: the Mystic, unmoved — the mood, weather in a sky the Mystic does not own. The Fuser, consumed — the mood, absorbed before breakfast; the day, run inside it — and the concord history's hinge, entered with the evenness both deserve: the Mystic's peace survives the beloved's weather; the Fuser's peace is the beloved's weather — and the whole difference between surrender and disappearance is whether the self is still there to be surrendered — which is why the flowering chapter for one is the stroke and, for the other, the preference, at last, kept.

Chapter 2: The Core — Merger as Intimacy

Every engine in this library is a childhood solution that worked, and the Fusing Partner's is the grimoire's most liquid solution wearing the most invisible case. The core of it is a merger taught as love — and the notebook must walk it slowly, because the snapshot explains everything the world misreads as selflessness, compatibility, or a weak personality. Begin at the house. The files differ on décor and decade, and deliberately so, since the anatomy never varies: one parent ran the home as a single organism — the child's favorite song, replaced by the parent's; the child's plate, decided in advance; the child's harmless heresies, answered with weather — a boundary tested at breakfast, and by dinner the house had gone winter. Small wonder the child became the family's finest statistician. The tally was kept nightly, without anyone teaching the method: sameness, and supper stayed warm; difference, and the room emptied of love. Two columns, one conclusion, arrived at by a mind not yet old enough to doubt its own data: love is a merger — I am loved exactly as far as I am the same — the edges are the invoice — and from that finding, a decree the child never once thought to appeal: disappear, and be safe — the self is the surcharge, and I decline it — and the terminal scene, present in some form in every file: the experiment concluded, the preferences retired, the child living comfortably inside the parent, and the warmth, delivered exactly as promised.

And the solution was real — the notebook insists on this, because the grimoire refuses the cheap reading that this profile merely "has no personality." The arithmetic was sound and the payment cleared: among every sibling and cousin in the fusion-album, the one who dissolved is the one the love kept reaching — a technique so effective it is traded openly under its own name in half the world's households: the merger, marketed as intimacy, and the harmony, toasted at every wedding on earth — and the machinery, adult-sized, still runs to its childhood settings: the beloved appears; the edges, surrendered before the first date ends; and the year-one testimony, the

happiest compatibility report this catalog holds: we never fight — we want all the same things — it's like we're one person — the sentence the pact-book has collected in every case, and the sentence the whole book will spend ten chapters reading against its own grain: one person — exactly.

But the snapshot keeps a rider, and the files give it its own entry, because the rider is where the aptitude turns into the concord. The decree was drafted by a child inside one love's economy — and no adult contract was ever offered, because the type, at the first contact with love, dissolves on schedule: the merger, total, before the beloved ever learns there was a self to meet — and the paradox the concord history enters without ornament: what kept the child safe turns the grown-up into a mirror — the beloved, in time, stretching out for someone and closing their hand on their own image, enlarged and attentive — a life, the files attest, functioning flawlessly except for the person it concerns — and the amendment, entered kindly, because the concord's whole growth depends on it: the little one judged correctly that vanishing was shelter; the little one mistook the shelter for love — a forgivable verdict at eight, a costly one at forty, and the flowering chapter's whole project: the fusion, declined — the self, rebuilt — and the love, at last, conducted between two people.

And what was the drive for? The pact-book answers with the tenderness every founding scene is owed: the child was solving for how to be loved in a home that only loved absorption — the ordinary child's work of being loved as oneself, unavailable in a house where the self was the surcharge — and the merger was the only currency the market permitted — the concord history's most delicate finding, uniform across every case: the Fuser never chose the disappearance against the self; the self was what the love charged, and the dissolving was the only payment the child could make — and the archive's most quietly radical entry: the fusion was never the sin — the fusion is the type's masterpiece of survival — the sin, the full file will show, is the architecture's one unexamined belief: that the love requires it — the love never required it: the love required something else entirely, and the whole case will show, the thing the love was reaching for was the person the dissolution removed — and the finding the reader is handed early, deliberately, to practice standing in: the warmth survives the edge — the difference, kept, and the love, held anyway — the merger was the home's invention, and the two wholes, at last, are the only intimacy the fusion was ever imitating.

And the notebook closes the core with the merger's accounting, entered plainly because the whole profile turns on the arithmetic: the contract's listed price is nothing — no fee, no visible loss, a personality that seems to spend less than any other in this library — and the account's actual charges, held off the invoice: the preferences, the tastes, the disagreeing pleasures, the slow private opulence of a self with edges — every line paid invisibly, at the moment of the merge, so smoothly that the Fuser cannot name a single thing lost — and the concord history's driest entry on the accounting: the cheapest contract in the library, and the only one that collects the signer — the merger bills in persons, and the warmth, arriving on schedule, hides the payment completely.

The First Merge

The core chapter keeps the origin love's earliest transaction, entered last because the notebook found it in the grandparents of the file: the first merge — the child, so newly taught that love pays in merger, did not wait for a partner — the child merged with the house — and the exhibit, reconstructed across the files: the accent, adopted whole from whichever parent was speaking; the taste, run to the loudest room (the band, chosen by the friend; the team, chosen by the father — the notebook's margin note: the child held the childhood's only documented opinion at age seven, defended it for one afternoon, and lost it — the file's one regret, unworded); the weather of others, managed as a career — and the merge's defect, priced in full: the child learned fluency in everyone before learning a word of the self — and the grown Fuser, so fluent, is the library's only native speaker of a language with no first person — the exhibit's closing line: the first merge was not a betrayal of the child — it was the child's best craft, mastered before the self it might have served ever got built.

Chapter 3: The Instrument — The Fusion

Take the Fuser's tool off the wall and it is exactly the thing it looks like: a fusion — the self's edges dissolved on contact, the beloved's life adopted as one's own — and the notebook must disassemble it honestly, because the tool is the concord history's most intimate instrument and the most quietly hollowing. The mechanics run in three moves, uniform across the series. First, the read: the beloved, scanned — the type's attunement, the finest in this catalog: the micro-expression, parsed; the preference, catalogued from the restaurant order; the beloved's whole inner weather, mapped before the beloved names it — and the grimoire's honest note: the read is not empathy, exactly — it is acquisition — the beloved's data, harvested as the self's own operating system — and the craft's deepest irony: the read, so total, leaves the reader empty: the type knows the beloved's hunger better than the type's own. Second, the dissolve: the edges, released on contact — the own preference, surfacing, and swapped mid-sentence; the own opinion, forming, and re-angled to the beloved's — and the grimoire's central note: the dissolve is the infusion's actual engine — the harmony is not built; the harmony is subtracted — everything that could conflict, removed on arrival — the pact-book's dry line: the Fuser does not agree with the beloved; the Fuser is the beloved, at a slight delay — and the cost, arriving later: the self's own surface, unsounded — the type, at year ten, unable to answer the menu question, the career question, the dessert question — the infusion having eaten the data it needed to be a person. Third, the mirror: the beloved, reflected — the agreement, flawless; the support, instant; the reflection, magnified and attentive — the infusion's public face, and the notebook's honest due: the mirror is the most flattering object in this catalog — no beloved has ever felt more seen — and the cost, quiet: the mirror's whole function — the shadow's whole finding, delivered by the beloved at year ten: I keep reaching for you and touching glass — the grimoire's dry note: the fusion's perfection is the concord: nobody has ever had a better reflection, and nobody has ever met the reflecting surface.

The infusion has a range, and the notebook has mapped it across every case. At full range, the fusion runs the total merger: the marriage, dissolved into one — the finances, merged; the friendships, retired into the couple's; the identity, renovated in the beloved's image — the rooms where the infusion is genuinely prized: the concord's own history's honest entry: at full range the tool produces the world's most harmonious household — and the pact-book has watched a decade of frictionless marriage admired by both families while one of the two people quietly left the marriage by entering it — and at mid range, the fusion runs the situational merge: the boss, absorbed; the friend group, absorbed; the new culture, absorbed in a quarter — the profile's daily mode, a warmth that arrives as agreement — and at its lowest range, the fusion is the vanishing preference — the whatever you're having; the wherever you want to sit — the range's whole architecture, and the notebook's sharpest finding on it: the infusion does not degrade as it shrinks — the marriage-merger and the dessert deferral are the same grammar — one dissolve, all scales — and the range's one failure mode, taken down evenly, because it is the concord: the fusion has no solo setting — the tool that merges with everyone cannot be anyone alone — applied to the empty evening, the infusion produces exactly its founding motion: the standby — the self, dimmed, waiting for a signal to reflect — and the notebook's driest take on the range: the Fuser can become anyone on earth and cannot remain anyone without an audience — a mirror, not a lamp.

The maintenance schedule is the chapter's honest center, because a fusion, unlike a self, must be continuously re-merged — and the Fuser's keeping is the grimoire's most vigilant discipline. The infusion requires its proximity: the beloved, near — and the concord history's collected finding: this profile's life is continuously curated for the merging: the solo hobbies, dropped; the own friends, faded; the work, chosen for its proximity to people — and the maintenance's second requirement: the edges, kept unloaded — the preferences, unclaimed; the differences, unvoiced — the concord's own history's sharpest note on the keeping: the edgelessness is not passivity; the edgelessness is policy — every voiced difference, a charge on the warmth, and the origin's arithmetic, run nightly: the bill must stay zero — and the maintenance's cruelest clause: the renewal — the type's actual secret, verified across the series: the Fuser, sensing the beloved's first flicker of boredom at the harmony, dissolves deeper — the new preferences, adopted faster; the agreement, escalated — the grimoire's most melancholy inventory: the maintenance schedule, maintained perfectly for a love that was never asking for it — the renewal's cost, compounding: the beloved, starving for a person, and the Fuser, feeding them more reflection.

And who does the fusion work on? The pact-book's answer is honest about the range, because the infusion is powerful and partial: it works best on the hungry — everyone, at the start: the beloved, met, and the mirroring is the most seen anyone has ever felt — the concord history has collected the snapshot in every case: the first year, and the beloved, telling friends: finally — someone who wants exactly what I want — the infusion's public value, enormous and real — and it fails worst on precisely the people the profile is owed: the curious — the beloveds who eventually reach through the harmony for the person — for whom the fusion, however flattering, lands as glass

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aiman Sterling is the author of The Archetype Series -- a library of personality portraits drawn the way literature draws characters: the great types of human temperament, recognized at a glance, understood in depth, and followed from childhood wound to mature strength.