



THE CARPENTER'S RECKONING

BOOK THREE OF THE
ONE-HANDED CARPENTER SERIES

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Every scar has a story. Every invention, a legacy. In *The Carpenter's Reckoning*, the journey of Andrew Martin reaches its breathtaking climax. Haunted by betrayal, hunted by shadows, and hardened by love, Andrew must now face the truth that was buried beneath the ashes of legacy—and wield it before it consumes everything he's fought to protect.

This is not just a story about a carpenter with one arm. It's a saga of defiance. Of rebuilding what was broken not just in machines, but in people. As ancient secrets rise, powerful enemies return, and the soul of technology is tested, Andrew will have to make a choice that will echo beyond circuits and wood. For the children. For the fallen. For the future. This is the reckoning.

Chapter 1: Splinters of the Mind

It had been four nights since Micah collapsed in the courtyard.

Four nights since the suit he wore began moving without commands—twisting his small body, seizing his muscles.

Andrew hadn't slept since.

He now sat hunched at the worktable, shirt clinging with sweat, eyes rimmed in red. Wires coiled across the desk. Monitors flickered with schematics. Micah's prototype helmet lay open—gutted and twitching with static, like it missed a brain.

And on the far wall?

Drawings.

Dozens of them.

Some of him.

Some Micah's.

All connected by red string and dread.

The bronze arm sparked again.

Andrew hissed, clenching the shoulder joint. It pulsed deeper lately—like it was listening to something he couldn't hear.

He looked down at the diagnostic screen.

Still no signs of hacking.

But something had rewritten the suit's fail-safes.

From inside.

He stood.

His gaze flicked to the blueprint on the table—one he hadn't touched in years.

The Dominion Protocol: Stage Three.

He swore he'd never build it.

Not after what it did to Alexis.

Not after the vault.

But now...

Micah had almost died.

Callie was still missing.

And Helen's last message was a single word:

"RUN."

A knock at the door.

Andrew froze.

Another knock.

Softer this time.

He approached slowly, bronze arm at the ready.

He opened the door—

And nearly dropped.

Standing in the rain was a girl.

No older than twelve.

Wearing a red coat. Eyes too knowing. Face too calm.

She held out a data drive.

“Mr. Martin?” she asked softly.

Andrew took the drive. “Who are you?”

The girl tilted her head.

“Your next chapter.”

Then she turned and walked away, vanishing into the mist.

Andrew stared down at the drive in his palm.

It was warm.

Alive!

And carved into its shell was a symbol:

A heart split by a gear.

His blood went cold.

The voice from the recording whispered in his mind.

“He was just a man once.”

Not anymore.

Now, he was the last wall between what tech could become... and what it should never be.

He turned back to the lab, jaw tight.

Time to build.

But not just to save.

This time—

To reckon.