

Throughout its history, humanity has struggled with the inability to control everything, but no matter how the shadow of chaos fell on the crazy world of Anomalies, there were those who wanted to find their own benefit in it. Humanity may have had a chance to stop the Broken Space when it had not yet grown strong in this world, becoming an integral part of it, but one person had his own ambitions.

Even in this new world, he still haunts humanity with his sins.

Shots were heard from everywhere: lasers, a stream of flame, plasma, and regular bullets. The cacophony of sounds could deafen any unprepared person. Ogres suffered losses in numbers with every minute, and the enemies, ignoring any damage, advanced.

A's expedition was isolated from the rest of the forces for safety and confidentiality. At that moment, an equally terrible nightmare came onto the ship. O'lo tried to give the order to activate the Ring when A's had just left his ship, but there were difficulties.

One of the ogre pilots was smashing the keyboard in the flight deck in anger because he couldn't carry out an order that came directly from his master. Advertisements kept appearing on the screen, preventing him from setting the necessary parameters. Worse, when the ogres, following the order, decided to activate the Ring without restrictions, they discovered that one of the two activation keys was missing. Searching every corner of the ship, they came across a suspicious laptop made by people. As soon as they approached it, it opened, and images began to appear on its screen. 'Participate in an incredible auction from ADT'

'Only today in our auction:

Lot 1 - Witch's Heart

Lot 2 - Lancelot's Sword

Lot 3 - Bloody Mark

And the super Lot - one of two unique activation keys for the
Anti-Abnormal Ring'

'Hurry up to grab the desired lot'

(Attention, only ADT - bucks are accepted for bids)

Panic was spreading on the ship more than O'lo wanted, so he switched to emergency planning. Having discovered a squad of Gamers, he recruited them to save the assets and A'as in particular, even if it would hurt his pride.

Gamers, riding on mounts, rushed into the battle in a matter of minutes, cutting their way to the ogre squads. Spears, swords, and hammers smashed the snake-like anomalies.

"Continue to advance, there we can heal and restore mana." Gamer Samurai commanded.

Having joined the ranks of the ogres, the head of the gamers immediately drank a large bottle of stamina potion in one gulp and then opened the panel with tasks.

"Do you think we should complete the additional goal first?" Gamer Eric defended himself from the attacks of the monsters.

"Let's reduce the number of red dots on the mini-map, and then when it becomes safer, we'll check the main goal." Samurai was already chopping off the third head of the same monster.

The ogres accepted their new allies with caution. An unknown force not only prevented them from attacking each other, but also illuminated who was an enemy and who was not.

O'lo was thinking about a new step, and at the same time, trying to understand where A'as and the entity that attacked him had disappeared.

The self-titled Warrior of Science was preparing for a new study at that moment. nameless one was not like the known anomalies. Entity was not only intelligent, but his abilities surpassed everything he had seen. All that was left was to understand them and find countermeasures.

nameless one found himself right under the alien ship. Having assessed the difference in height between them, the anomaly took a handful of sand in its hand and threw it above itself; the sand froze, forming a pattern resembling a web. Having assessed its strength, it took out a small bottle of soap bubbles. Having blown one of them, the bubble rose to the top. With an accurate throw of a stone, the nameless one broke it, and the bubble sharply sucked in air, and with it the sand lying on the

ground. With one touch, the rising column of dust turned into a strong web, becoming a ladder, clinging to the ship.

A'as approached the anomaly until it climbed up.

WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

“I haven’t even started yet. You just cowardly ran away without even trying to attack!” A'as was igniting a new battle.

nameless one slowly turned towards the Arpron.

FOOL, WILL YOU PART WITH YOUR LIFE SO EASILY?

“I’m afraid you don’t understand the situation you’ve gotten yourself into. You said that ‘YOU ARE NOT MY ENEMY’? For me, you’re just another obstacle before the scientific discovery of my entire life.”

Arpron approached the anomaly and aimed his fist and hit the nameless one’s head, throwing it back tens of meters.

Arpron approached the anomaly, and before his fist could clench, the head turned into a cloud of steam.

“How do you know that I’ll hit you in the head?”

Receiving no answer, A’as launched a new series of blows, but the nameless one simply turned into a cloud of caustic gas. Noticing this, the alien inhaled as much air as possible and, with a sharp exhalation, began to split the cloud into pieces and prevent the enemy from gathering. Suddenly, he felt how his cells turned to wax and melted. A’as noticed that one of the anomalies' hands gathered, grabbing his wrist and starting a destructive reaction.

Arpron approached the anomaly, but it quickly turned into a deadly gas, penetrating the lungs of the anomaly, killing him from the inside. Looking for a way out of the situation, Arpron took off and saw a pond and rushed there. Having climbed to the very bottom, the water began to fill his lungs, displacing the gas. nameless one appeared in the middle of

the water and, realizing that he was trapped, rewound time back to the moment of impact.

Arpron continued his attempts to attack. Seeing that the anomaly was dodging the most obvious attacks, as if it had experienced this battle more than once. Arpron began to perform more complex techniques. Each new loop, A'as changed tactics, not allowing the anomaly to take over. Entity did not suspect that the alien was using it for his scientific purposes.

At the beginning of the new loop, the anomaly dodged his attacks as if it knew them in advance. This was a sign that it was time to act. Intentionally letting himself be grabbed, the legs of the arpron began to turn to gold. Without continuing the fight, he demonstratively fell to the ground.

It is unknown what feelings nameless one experienced, maybe the triumph of victory or relief that the annoying lizard had stopped, or maybe it felt nothing at all, but the anomaly returned to its goal of entering the ship.

All these countless attempts were not despair, but hope. Even if Arpron could not remember everything that happened to him, the nameless one could. Somewhere inside these memories were hidden, all that was left was to find them.

While A'as was immersed in the consciousness of the anomaly, the situation around him was only getting worse. The uncontrollable and unreasonable Animal Kings were replaced by much worse enemies.

[New condition for completing the task]

[1. Liberation: Clear the underground complex]

[2. Defense: Provide support to the representative of the Arpron race until the end of point 1]

“Finally, a sane description of the task.” Samurai, RoughStorm, drank another recovery potion and prepared for battle.

“We’ll have to split up. One group goes to clear out, and the other takes care of defense.” A gamer archer named Mulder looked at the map.

“It’ll be easier in the dungeon than in the open. Although we’ll have to send some tanks and support on a second mission.” A gamer dressed as a pirate I_Play_Drunk used the item Rum.

“That sounds risky. Maybe we should clear out the complex together first, and then evacuate this Arpron?” Eric studied their quest objective with uncertainty.

[Warning: VIP health is at 50%]

“Damn, looks like we’ll have to split up after all.” Before Eric could leave the mission, most of the gamers ran off to look for the VIP.

“Looks like we’re going together.” RoughStorm watched the crowd run away.

“My bow is with you.” Mulder also decided to stay.

“And my saber is with you, too.” I_Play_Drunk also didn’t stay away from the fun.

“Maybe you should go with the others? You’re a tank, right?” Eric tried to send the drunk tank away.

“I’m not a tank. I’m a bard!” I_Play_Drunk used Rum again.

“Lol, since when?” RoughStorm laughed.

“I’ve been a bard since the game launched. I’ll show you now.” I_Play_Drunk took out his bagpipes and started singing.

A group of four gamers left the remains of the ogres to their fate and headed towards the entrance to the dungeon of the destroyed pyramid.

The darkness and traces of the massacre did not frighten the gamers. They quickly went inside, running away from the sounds of the bagpipes pursuing them.

The team of ogres had been dead for some time. The spectomorphs sent to return the complex disappeared into the endless tunnels of the Moles. The noise of the bagpipes quickly woke up the nest of anomalies, and they began to crawl out of all the walls and ceilings.

"Finally, connoisseurs of real music." The bard took out a saber and a shield in the form of a steering wheel.

"Our target is ahead. Eric, Mulder, cover us." Samurai and Bard the pirate rushed forward, easily killing the anomalies until they ran out.

In the center of the entire complex, there was a nuclear reactor powering the teleport. Of course, it had not been used at full capacity for a long time, but there was no other available.

While exploring the complex and picking up the dead petitioners' gear, the gamers noticed a strange metallic clang coming from the ceiling. RoughStorm barely dodged the attack from above. A group of moles dressed in dark special forces suits jumped from the ceiling of the room. Retractable blades were mounted on their hands. On the creatures' heads were blind helmets with sound control.

Unlike the main mass, they were not only fast but also agile, dodging the swings of the katana. They jumped between the holes in the ceiling and the floor, appearing in the most unexpected places.

Through the remaining working cameras, O'lo observed the situation in the dungeon. Every time he tried to get current data in the valley, the satellites in orbit failed. As if someone was trying to hide what was happening from prying eyes.

At this time, A'as followed the world created in the consciousness of the nameless, but now he was not pursuing the essence of the anomaly. He made his way into the dark lands of memories that were buried under billions of years of oblivion. Even for Arpron, it was difficult to comprehend such an age.

Burying himself under tons of centuries, he finally found what he needed, but his body was slowly turning into gold. Even if he had time, death would overtake him faster.

Luckily, his more responsible comrade sent him help.

Mages and other supporters spent all their mana restoring the alien's body, on whose life their reward depended. Transmutation gradually left his body, giving him the much-needed time to live.

And under the eternal desert, he found a door.

He was met by the corridors of another ADT laboratory. Everything looked fuzzy and blurry, and in places, there were missing elements about which no knowledge had been preserved.

Following the winding corridors, A'as found something other than what he was looking for. Faceless scientists, their guards, and an equally faceless test subject.

Another victim of the mad scientists? Maybe they were trying to save him?

One of the scientists who was old by human standards was sharper than all the others.

Arpron didn't care; he was looking for the power of this creature. But he began to feel like he was being watched.

Has he already been discovered?

"You have gone far from the place you are looking for." The strange voice began to haunt the intruder.

"You won't like what you find." voice grew more insistent

"It's up to me!" Arpron continued on his way, ignoring the warnings.

"Hm, in that case, let me help you a little." the voice began to distort, and with it the surroundings.

The corridor under A'as began to fall, turning into a spiral, leading him to the place he so desired. Hundreds of mirrors appeared before him, showing his failures in past loops.

"An illusion." Arpron refused to accept the most insane versions of his failure. But he was especially unpleasantly surprised by the moments when he thought he had won, but in the end brought defeat to his home.

"This is your reality." the voice returned to accompany the intruder again.

"My destiny is to bring prosperity to the three Great Cities and all my people." A'as tried to maintain the remains of his pride.

“Fate? For an alien, you are surprisingly superstitious. You are so desperate that you started to justify your failures. Isn’t that right?” The words of the guide were like poison, causing only anger.

“NO” A’as hit one of the mirrors, and a million fragments of memories pierced his body. Even in the real world, his body began to receive scratches.

“Who are you? Some kind of another trap from this creature?” A’as began to react more and more harshly.

“Me? I am the Idea. Well, I can’t explain it better, and you don’t need to.” the voice began to change the subject.

“I am looking for answers, that’s all I can do.” Arpron insisted.

“Is that so? Then, are you ready for this to be the last thing you learn in your life?”

At that time on the alien ship, in a closed safe, the bank with the head of the red corruption, as if on someone’s orders, began to swell until the bank burst, freeing her. One of the ogres went into the labs to check out the noise, but didn't notice how a head pounced on him from above.

Below, the battle lasted for minutes, the Gamers defended Arpron's body not only from transmutation, but also from Anomalies.

In the dungeon, tired of the dodgy moles, I_Play_Drunk decided to end the bacchanalia. From his inventory, he took out a special musical instrument. Using a stamina potion, he used the artifact with all his might, blowing into one of the passages.

Moles began to fall out from everywhere right under the swords and katanas of the Gamers, putting an end to their battle.

[Task 1 Completed.]

“Get those bald bastards out” RoughStorm drank his last potion.

“When did you learn to play like that?” Eric was surprised by his comrade’s high-level weapon.

“I’ll let you all know that when the game first came out. I was almost in the top 100 players.” I_Play_Drunk drank the last Rum he had in stock.

“Bullshit, how did you get so screwed?” Samurai questioned his teammate’s words.

“Depression and systematic alcoholism.” The sad prose of real life has found its way in the video game world.

While one team successfully completed the cleanup and immediately began robbing the base’s warehouses, rush hour began on the surface.

All the potions were almost gone, but A’s still hadn’t woken up. His battle was not over yet, and the gamers’ battle had just begun. They tried to drag him to the extraction point, but anomalies had already filled the valley.

Gravitational anomaly set the earth around in motion, lifting and dropping pieces of ancient pyramids. Some gamers found that their weapons were stolen by a goose statue, causing most of the fighters to start chasing the anomaly, ignoring the tasks.

The cultists saw their hideout destroyed by uncontrolled gravity, revealing their location to the anomaly. There was nothing left to do but run. Those who were not killed by falling rocks or thrown into the air died in the mouth of the Animal Kings. The cult leaders began to break through to the machines, but only despair awaited them there. Most of the machines were destroyed, and those that remained could not take everyone.

At this time, on the ship, nameless broke through an entrance inside and began to wander around the empty ship until it came across a red substance that was absorbing the remains of the team.

“No-no, wait! Don't touch me. We are on the same team!” Red Corruption began to crawl back almost instinctively.

AWAY

“I dare not disturb you.” the red mass crawled back in fear.

nameless passed by as strange images began to appear in his head.

FACE

“Face!? I haven’t restored it yet!”

THIS MAN

The mysterious man was chasing A'as in the head of the anomaly. Giant hands and mouths were trying to grab him.

“You sought this yourself. Accept your defeat. As did your entire species. There is only room for one winner in this world.” the voice mocked the alien.

“If you knew the full power of my species, you would understand how insignificant your threats are.” A'as dodged the hand waves.

“I already know that very well. You know, I no longer like this farce. I have learned enough from your head. About your people and your possibilities.” the voice began to become heavier.

“Have you entered my consciousness?” Aas felt the pressure in his head slowly build up.

“Yes, it wasn't easy, but my Red Agent helped me weaken you.” the voice echoed around A'as

“You followed me and tried to destroy my weapon against you and your kind.” The images in Arpron's mind began to take new forms. The truth that had been revealed fell upon him like hail.

“Against me? No. It won't work on me, but I must thank you for finishing my work and bringing it into my hands. I would never have finished it on my own with my level of technology.” the voice mocked with each word.

“Ship. What is happening to it?” The trap slammed shut like a noose around the alien's neck.

“You won't need it anymore.” With each word, the noose tightened more and more.

“It can't be. For the anomalies to use me. Are you the man from the anomaly's memories? You are well remembered. Were you someone important?” A'as tried to learn as much as he could before he finally lost his composure.

“I was once, but I left this life when I was diagnosed that my time was coming to an end. But after the shift of worlds, I found a way to bypass death.” the voice began to manifest in the world of consciousness as a Yellow figure from which an ominous crimson glow emanated.

“People have always sought immortality. Weak and fragile.” the voice continued

“And you managed to achieve it. But at what price?” Arpron met the figure’s gaze.

“I am not a man anymore. That man died, I am only the sum of his consciousness.” the figure became less and less human-like.

“To die so that someone else could live in your place? A dubious salvation.” A’as prepared to escape.

“A man may die, but not his Ideas.”

[World of Tulpas - Tulpa]

A'as let out a scream that reverberated throughout the entire consciousness of the nameless one, giving away the strangers. It banished the stranger from its mind, to the displeasure of the Tulpa.

nameless one's abilities caused genuine horror even in the world of anomalies, but A'as was perhaps the first one who was able to learn so much about the essence and abilities of the anomaly, but he still had to survive and save this information.

Finally waking up, he saw how the people around him were fighting with a gravitational anomaly that was squeezing them and redirecting them high into the sky.

The anomalous policeman was catching up with the fleeing ogres, crushing them with the wheels of his patrol motorcycle.

Having risen, Arpron discovered that his legs had turned to gold.

The gamers immediately noticed the awakening of the VIP.

"Finally, there are too few of us left. Let's get out of here." One of the gamers showed A'as the way to the evacuation point.

“How dare you...” Arpron threw away the last of his pride and was ready to leave. He broke the metal crust and freed his legs, letting them recover.

“Why do I hear music?” one of the Gamers noticed a sound similar to the beat of a drum.

[Boss: nameless Anomaly]

The anomaly was approaching the group. The slow walk began to turn into a run.

WHO IS THIS?

Gamers tried to block the way, but their weapons were instantly turned into rusty junk, leaving most of the gamers without equipment.

Anomaly aimed at A'as. There was no choice but to run; his knowledge was now enough to give retaliatory measures, but there was one more thing.

“Deal with him.” A'as flew towards the ship.

“What?” the remaining Gamers were perplexed.

A'as headed to his ship, leaving the Gamers to deal with the anomalies. On the ship, Red Corruption was figuring out how to control the ship and its weapons, when suddenly an Arpron pierced the hull.

"Finally, my revenge will be fulfilled. We don't need you anymore, and I can kill you." Dozens of faces began to emerge from Arpron's body, but the alien simply tore them apart.

Realizing that the ship's crew was dead, Arpron activated the Ring with the power of his consciousness.

"Hey, what are you thinking?" Before the anomaly attacked, an energy surge swept across the entire area. Unstable anomalies died almost immediately, but the rest felt excruciating pain. nameless one was not hurt.

Before Arpron activated full power, the nameless one looked at the Gravitational anomaly.

UP

Anomaly was unable to resist the pressure and the nameless one, having overcome the laws of physics, was thrown into the ship. One touch destroyed the casing and the remains along with A's fell to the ground, invading everyone who was below. One touch destroyed the casing, and the remains, along with A's, fell to the ground, invading everyone who was below. Finding alien in the rubble.

HE

WHY DID I REMEMBER?

“It doesn't matter anymore, we both were used. It's a terrible feeling, isn't it? It seems I'm not that important in a world where people like you exist.” A's lay covered in metal, his body slowly being devoured by the parasite.

nameless One said nothing; it wanted it to end. To forget everything again. To start another loop and drown in it until everything was erased into sand. But his opponent had already given up, there would be no new loop.

It could have all ended here, just another battle out of ten, showing the insignificance of efforts. It is impossible to overcome the time allotted to life. After all, the price of victory is eternal loneliness and oblivion. nameless one became no one and nothing. Arprons are mired in slowness and paranoia that their regime will end.

But the anomaly exists to break the rules and destroy any foundations. Red Corruption finally engulfed Arpron's body and attacked the nameless one, killing him with a blow to the back. A new loop began because everything did not go according to their plans.

Anomaly aimed at A's. But it stopped immediately. Arpron realized that it had happened again. The time loop had made another turn. This time, he didn't run to the ship, but headed for the teleport.

nameless One turned his attention to the Gamers, but those who remained only ran in horror or left the game, seeing how the anomaly destroyed the loot of their party members. The next ones were the Mr Speed Limit and Gravitational anomaly, but realizing that they had come

under unwanted attention, even the Gravitational anomaly began to leave as quickly as possible. The next thing the nameless one's gaze was on was the Arpron ship. It began to fly away in an unknown direction. nameless did not plan to leave the one who tried to kill it in the last loop. It rushed in pursuit through the sands covered in the darkness of the night.

Most of the people from the Cult had already left the territory of the Valley of the Kings. The rest were forced to run on foot after them through the deserts and dunes.

The ship Arpron was engulfed by the red biomass that had taken over all the interior spaces. In the former command center, Red's main body was distracted from controlling the shadow that had appeared in his mind.

"You don't have to distract me. This thing might fall." Red was barely holding on to the controls of the ship.

"No need to worry, we'll just change course a little." The voice began to draw a map on the control panel.

"And where?" Red asked.

"I noticed a couple of my acquaintances hiding among the pyramids. They'll be useful to us, so we'll head to where they're hiding." The tulpa put a dot on the map.

"Will I be able to take them?" Red licked his lips.

"No!"

"Okay. What about you?" Red tried to grab the shadow, but the tentacle made of fingers passed right through.

"You've never been known for your intelligence № 115." Tulpa scoffed.

"I don't like being called by my number. Old man." It didn't take long for Red to respond.

"Old age is no longer a problem, although new difficulties have arisen in my existence. You could even say that I now need living beings to feed on, just like you." Tulpa looked at himself.

“I won’t tolerate competition, remember our agreement.” Red began to change the ship’s course.

“Yes, sure. You’ll get what’s yours. I’ll give you the coordinates of these aliens’ city, but I wouldn’t attack openly.” Tulpa opened the door in Xandric, preparing to leave.

“Don’t worry, I’m already in their city.”

Entering the teleportation beam, A’as found himself in Subterranea, where he was met by five Arprons, including O’lo. He was met with condemnation from his kind. But the information about the anomalies that he brought interested them. Mixing lies with truth A’as escaped a more severe punishment and was locked away under the supervision of more ancient relatives awaiting new orders. Now the Ancient Aliens knew the power of the nameless one, but they did not know one thing.

Left alone, A’as began to change, mouths all over his body began to open wide, turning him into a grotesque monster, it thirsted for blood and flesh.

[Red Corruption - Arpron form]