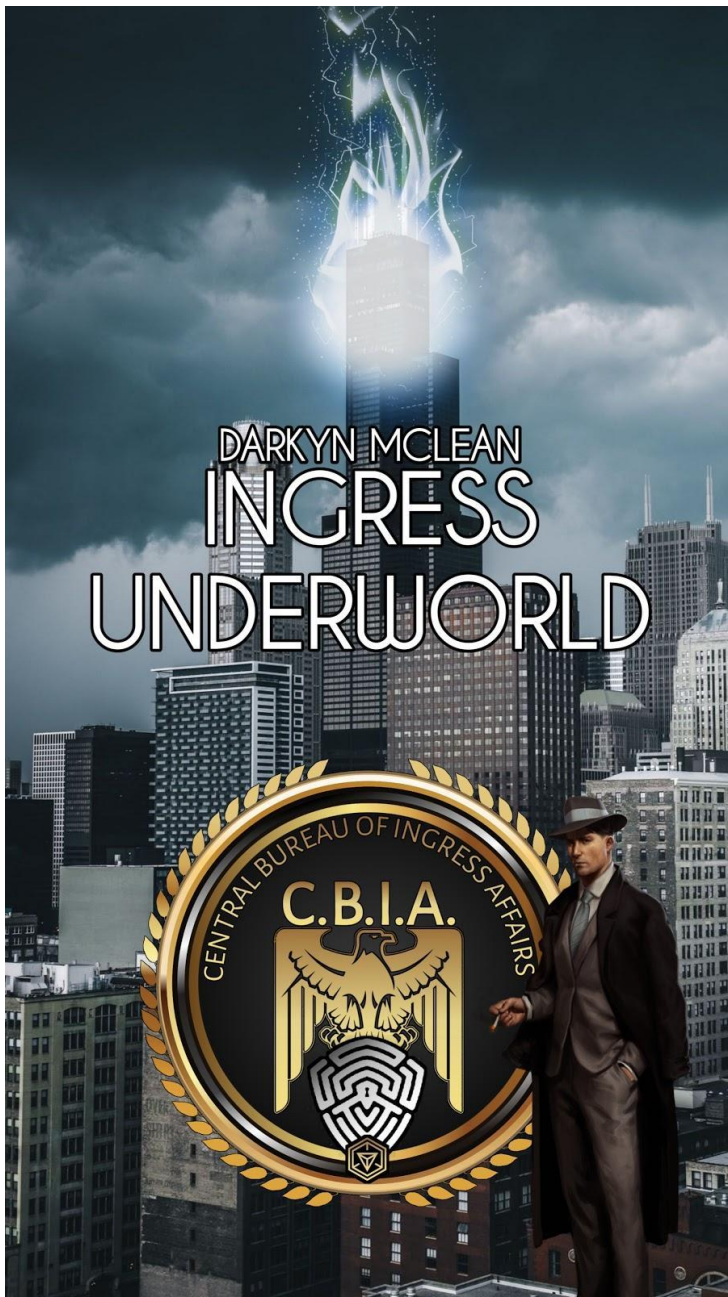


DARKYN MCLEAN
INGRESS
UNDERWORLD



FOREWORD

This book is based on the mobile game "Ingress". It is available for free. First of all, I would like to thank all fans of my book series whose calls for a sequel to "The Book of R.U.N.E." were so loud that "INGRESS UNDERWORLD" was born. Also for all contributors who provided their names, as well as for everyone who helped create the story, the videos and the website. Without all of these people, this project would not have been possible. I would particularly like to thank Florian Hohlenburger, who stood by my side from the first to the last line, as well as with his skills as a programmer. We hope our project will cast its spell over you as much as we do about its creation. Always remember, the world is not what it seems to be.

Darkyn McLean



PROLOG

1946, November 23, Chicago

My name is agent25. I am not sure if anyone reads that too. If so, it is important that you keep this message and look for me. The CBIA was founded in Chicago on March 27, 1938. After a strange artifact was found during an expedition to the North Pole, the organization was launched and commissioned to investigate the origin, meaning and possible use of exotic matter. The artifact gave us the opportunity to localize places where the exotic matter emerges. Our organization housed 87 agents. The headquarters was built in a secret location in Chicago. Over time, we began to understand that exotic matter exists all around us. However, we were unable to understand the full potential. Therefore, the

CBIA program was closed by the government on September 13, 1945. However, we kept our organization hidden, which was possible through anonymous investors. A year later, something unexpected happened. Today at 8:25 am the headquarters was infiltrated by a foreign power. It seems I am the only survivor of the CBIA. This unknown organization does not seem to be from this world or from this time. Still, they seem to know more about the portals than we do. For reasons unknown to me, all other agents have disappeared. When I returned to headquarters after completing a reconnaissance mission, I found nothing but the clothing and arming of the other agents. However, one of the infiltrators seemed to have left behind a device with which I was able to make the portals and gigantic fields of exotic matter visible. I have never seen such technology before. I will continue to search for clues.

Chapter 1

It was an evening like any other on February 14, 1947 in downtown Chicago. People were out on the streets and when you saw a big old, black painted, shiny car drive past, you knew that it was better to avoid it.

Kleanoven ran their dirty shops in the small dark alleys. Drugs, prostitution, everything that was not legal was found in the darkest corners of the city. The police lost control and left the city to the mafia. What was a big problem for the city and its residents was for a man such a past no more than the arguments of children playing.

He knew the world had bigger problems. Something invisible, something unknown seemed to be spreading across the globe and he was the last to know about it. His name was Dorian McAllister but he hasn't had this name since 1938. His colleagues knew him under the name Agent25. But this name also seemed insignificant considering that the CBIA was completely wiped out except for McAllister. The North Pole artifact disappeared after the attack and all that remained was this enigmatic device. He didn't know how and why this device worked, but it showed him that his beloved city was full of the unknown portals. The device had a kind of TV screen that shone in colors differently than what was recognized. It seemed to show a kind of map on which the portals shone in brilliant white. It was Friday night. On Fridays, MacAlister always visited the old, dirty pub somewhere in the middle of Chicago. Not because he had friends there, but they had a damn good whiskey. When he drove past this pub for the first time two years ago, the name on the sign somehow impressed him. Eowar's Tavern and Pub. Somehow he found the name awesome. McAllister took a seat at the bar. He held the device in his hand and looked at the screen. Why were the attackers here? What was your goal? And where did they come from? So many questions that MacAllister didn't know the answer to. There had to be someone who could help him. McAllister finished his whiskey, left the pub and got into the next taxi that was to take him to headquarters. From the outside, the headquarters was nothing more than an

old shoe factory. Jackson's fine shoes. After the attack, everything was destroyed. The radars, phones, and most of the documents the organization had collected over the years. McAllister only came here because he kept his notes well hidden here and because he had his bed here. He picked up the device again and looked at the screen after moving to his desk. He remembered when he first saw the North Pole artifact with his own eyes. It was an oddly futuristic-looking, cube-shaped object that began to glow every time exotic matter appeared. Suddenly a text appeared on the screen of the device: "You saw the cube. Go and look for it." That was new. For weeks, the device had only shown the location of the portals. Suddenly a door of light opened behind him. McAllister instinctively knew he had to cross the threshold of the door and just as he was about to do so, a figure came up to him. Blinded by the light, McAllister didn't realize that it was a woman. She was tall, slim and her hair was silver and long. The door disappeared. "Good evening Mr. McAllister." He looked at the woman in confusion and replied: "Yes ... good evening, miss." The woman sat in a chair next to him. "No fear. I am not the enemy. You can now let go of your gun. My name is Timewave. I am a member of the T.I.M.E. from another dimension. It is the year 2480." McAllister interrupted the unknown. "Okay ... stop. All right, sweetie, before you keep talking, answer the question: what the hell do you want from me? There is nothing left to get here." Timewave smiled. "I want to warn you Mr. McAllister. The invaders who caused this

chaos come from another dimension. We have been fighting this species for many years. I will tell you everything if you want. In return, I'll send you on a mission. Alternatively, I delete your memories and you work in the FBI archive again. ” McAllister thought for a moment. A normal life would be a welcome change. But he probably would Miss the adventure of a lifetime. He wanted answers. “Good, Miss Timewave. Tell me what you know. ” Timewave got up from the chair and began to investigate. “As you have now realized, Mr. McAllister, there are other dimensions. An infinite number, but we know about ten thousand. Most of the dimensions are similar, with small deviations. For example, you may be a baker in another dimension, or still be with the FBI, but may be a woman. Whatever. One of these worlds is where people have fought false gods. Powerful beings who have not found their way into this dimension. They were a transdimensional species. The multiverse is... .well.... These beings were called shapers. You might not cross a certain limit in the dimension nexus, but as with most living things, there is an alternative shaper breed. They are largely unknown to us, but they are responsible for the exotic matter. But the shapers are not responsible for penetrating their base. ” McAllister started to say something, but Timewave stopped trying and continued. “Those who fought the shapers will be sent to Earth in 2020, Mr. McAllister. They were once in possession of an artifact on another earth. The cube. This artifact is a device that is neither bound to time nor to space. When this group used it, it was hurled to Earth

in 1913 and found on the North Pole in 1937. The reason is simple. Since it is a device, an artificial intelligence that once worked with these people could load a copy of themselves into the cube. I know it all sounds very futuristic to them. But soon they will understand everything. However, this entity will create an army of artificial beings in 2020 that, like me, can travel through space and time. To prevent this, I need you, Mr. McAllister. ” McAllister didn't quite know what to make of it, but he wanted to know more. "Where are my colleagues?" asked he. "Dead." answered Timewave. "Now to you. I chose them because they have a special gift. You saw the cube, felt its power. We call people like you "sensitive". Every sensitive person has a special ability, conferred through contact with XM. Your gift is a very, very long life. ” McAllister stopped Timewave again. "Wait a minute, lady, are you going to tell me I'm immortal?" Timewave turned his back on him. "No. You can be killed. But if they prevent that, they will live long enough to meet an agent called "Whysofar" in 2020. It will take almost 80 years until then. I will provide you with technology from that time. Your device is a so-called scanner. I reprogram it. in 2015 they will be asked to choose a parliamentary group. Do that and just do your job. We'll see you again in 2020. Farewell Mr. McAllister. ”

With these words, TimeWave disappeared again through the door of light. McAllister left her completely

overwhelmed. But he was a CBIA agent. He accepted his mission. After all, he had 80 years.

Chapter 2 - Roswell

June 26, 1947

Timewave left McAllister a suitcase with lots and lots of money. The shoe factory should be rebuilt. Illinois was still the perfect place. McAllister had no friends or acquaintances. Just his job. That's exactly how he loved his life. Suddenly the phone rang. Only the President and the Department of Defense had this number. "Who the hell?" McAllister thought. "Dorian? Dorian McAllister? This is John Arnstein." John was McAllister's partner at the FBI many years ago. When McAllister was recruited for the CBIA, they parted ways. "John. Nice to hear you. Where did you fucking ass get this number from?" Silence. Then Arnstein replied: "You are still angry because I nailed your wife. I understand that." McAllister was angry but calm. "What do you want? Are you calling me to remind me that I still have to break your damn neck?" "No." answered Arnstein. "I work for the Department of Defense. Last night something crashed in Roswell, New Mexico. An aircraft of unknown origin. I know the CBIA doesn't exist anymore. At least officially. But I thought you might be interested. The area is completely sealed off "I'll stay here another week myself. After that, we'll tell the public that it was a weather balloon. I'll give you a chance to examine the place." McAllister was silent for a moment. Then he asked: "Why? What have I got to do with it?" "I do not

know." answered Arnstein. "But a lady with silver hair was with me last night. She showed up while I was shitting. Standing right in front of me and captivating something from portals and that only you can find the answers. Oh and that she will kill me if I do don't call. " McAllister smiled. "Timewave. Right you bastard. Make sure I get into the area unhindered. Oh and, make sure you don't meet me. Fly home or I'll complete the threat of our mutual friend."

McAllister took the next plane to New Mexico. The government blocked all roads to Roswell, but Arnstein sent a driver to the airport to pick up McAllister. When he arrived at the crash site, he immediately noticed the US Army vehicles. A commander stopped McAllister. "Halt. This is a restricted area. Turn around." McAllister pulled out its brand. "I'm from the CBIA. Arnstein sends me." The soldier thinks for a moment. "Sorry sir. I didn't know ..." McAllister waved a hand gesture. "Yeah, well. Get out of my way." The object crashed on a farm. Most of the debris has already been collected by the army. McAllister suddenly heard a voice. "Dorian! Before you ..." WHOOSH When he recognized the voice, he turned and hit Arnstein in the face. "Damn McAllister! You broke my nose!" "And I promised you a broken neck. Probably your lucky day." McAllister said. "So what did you want to show me?" Arnstein pointed to a small cordoned off area. "That woman said I should show you just that." McAllister wanted to know more. "What exactly fell from heaven

here?" asked he. Arnstein replied as best he could with his broken nose: "A spaceship including two life forms. Both dead. We recovered a lot of unknown material and technology. But that's the most interesting part over there in my eyes." McAllister leaned over the barrier. "It's impossible. How the ...?"

Arnstein a little confused: "Exactly man. I also wonder why the dog tag of an insignificant soldier is so important. Has anyone lost here?" McAllister picked up the item. "It's my dog tag. Well, almost. Look. This is Major McAllister. But the unit isn't right. Charlie Tango JAR715-2020-R7N3. When I was with the Marines before I was recruited for the FBI and later for the CBIA, I gave there is no entity with this identifier. " McAllister decided to take the dog tag with him. "Come on Arnstein. We're going back to Illinois. Oh and ... I still hate you. But I need you."

Back at the HQ, Arnstein asked why the dog tag was more important than a crashed spaceship. Then the scanner reported a message: "Hello Mr. McAllister. The dog tag, as you call it, will be of use to you later. The two pilots had the task of bringing the dog tag to earth. Unfortunately, the ship was owned by one Hit meteorites which led to the crash. Now you should take care of rebuilding the organization. Develop strategies. I promised to provide you with technologies from 2020. Check out the large salon. You will Find 5 more scanners and blueprints for an underground facility. Good luck, Mr. McAllister. "

Arnstein: "The lady has taken care of everything."

McAllister: "Looks like this. Listen. This is my life.

Obviously Timewave wants us to work together. So you will do what I tell you." Arnstein thought briefly: "It's all right Dorian. I didn't like the job at the Ministry of Defense anyway. But ..." he paused for a moment.

"Maybe you will tell me how you got to the CBIA? I want to understand it."

McAllister reluctantly replied, "All right. But that doesn't mean we're buddies again. All right. As you know, I was with the Marines just before the war. I was stationed on the USS Evermore, a secret, experimental ship. We were supposed to investigate an unknown energy in the middle of the Atlantic. The Evermore had experimental radars and a device for detecting unusual energies. When we got to our target coordinates, the device suddenly exploded. The Evermore sank. I was the only survivor FBI where you and I searched the archive for unusual events in history. One day I was called to the chief's office. A guy from the secret service offered me the job at the CBIA. They found the Cubus, an artifact on the North Pole that opened up a new kind of energy reacted, we should investigate everything that has to do with this energy, the exotic matter, they probably wanted it as a weapon protect. That was in 1938. 87 agents were recruited. Some were scientists, others like me were soldiers. Then one day the CBIA was just shut down. Just because. But we continued. One of the scientists knew some very rich men.

They financed us. At least until 1946 the base was destroyed by unknown attackers. Since then I've been looking for answers. "

"Wow. That sounds really bad." said Arnstein. McAllister adjusted his tie. "Yes. Now let's get started. We have \$ 2 billion in cash. We need someone to implement these blueprints."

Chapter 3, Vietnam

May 13, 1961

"Hello diary. I still haven't understood all the shit. I mean, I'm 50 years old now and I look that way. But Dorian hasn't aged a day. As if he had stopped at 35. It was 13 years ago When I used my contacts to build the new base for the CBIA 100 m under the shoe factory for Dorian, now that it is ready, we are using the most modern equipment for ourselves and Dorian is more motivated than ever, I start to feel old "What I have seen over the past 13 years, no one would believe me. We have discovered places that radiate incredible energy that lets anyone who comes into contact with them see how wonderful the world is. Wonderful ... I never would have to sleep with Mary. What an asshole I was. On the other hand, Dorian would never have become the man he is today. I think he only took the job at the FBI just to change his mind. Anyway Don't keep up with those of the CIA and other organizations. I notice that the world is torn apart The war in Vietnam has started and Dorian said we have to go to the Vietnamese jungle. He said he got a tip. In the middle of the jungle, near an old temple,

there is supposed to be a portal that emits more energy than anything we've seen before. 13 years dear diary ... I don't know how long I can keep up. But I owe it to him. Maybe one day, if they bury me in the earth, he will find forgiveness and call me friend on earth in the past few hours. I don't know if I will come back to Vietnam again. If that is the case, thank you for listening dear diary. Yours, John Arnstein. "

It was amazing what the two had built in just 13 years. They used their contacts to recruit former FBI and NSA agents. In total, they were now 12 agents whose existence no one knew. A CBIA agent lived underground, had no family, no friends, and no life outside of work. 37 portals were registered and mapped worldwide.

Arnstein became more and more aware over the years that McAllister was on the track of something big. They also knew that other organizations certainly knew about the existence of exotic matter. A few days ago, McAllister learned about a German scientist, Prof. Dr. Peter Rosendorn, who wanted to prove the existence of a new kind of energy. To learn more about it, he pretended to be a reporter and attended a lecture by the professor. Professor Rosendorn had an interesting theory. He hypothesized that there are certain places on earth where things like creativity, knowledge and free thinking are promoted in an unusual, supernatural way. He also found that temples or other special structures were usually built in such places. And apparently since

the beginning of human history. He seemed to be particularly interested in one of these places. It was a long forgotten temple ruin in the middle of the jungle and war zone of Vietnam. He assumed that in 10 to 15 years the technical requirements would be there to measure this strange new energy there. This information was reason enough for McAllister to visit this ruin. When he told Arnstein and the other agents about it, Arnstein expressed his concern. "Dorian, do you actually know what's going on there? I mean, there's a war going on there. You can't just walk in there and calmly examine a temple." McAllister knew that Arnstein was right. "John, you know I used to be with the Marines. I'm sure I can ask a couple of old friends for a favor. I'll go alone. Hold your position here." Arnstein replied critically: "Forget it old friend. I will not let you go alone and besides I will not be able to experience an adventure like this very often." McAllister thought for a moment. "Okay. I'm going to call some people. I'm pretty sure we'll be on the plane tomorrow."

McAllister called an old friend. Major Barns from the Air Force. There were advantages to being in the army. "Major! This is McAllister." The major was surprised. "McAllister? Captain Dorian McAllister?" McAllister replied with a smile, "Yes Major. How are you sir? Are you still flying?" Major Barns replied with a hesitation: "Only transport planes. But if Captain McAllister asks a question like that after he disappears and has been

declared dead, he needs my help. So Captain, what do you want?"

Barns and McAllister were involved in a fight in the officers' mess many years ago. Barns was the type of man who only had to strike once. Back then, McAllister was attacked by a few drunken soldiers. Barns intervened and prevented McAllister from being beaten up. After that, they were good friends. Until McAllister went to the CBIA. The disadvantage as an agent was that you were erased from society. As a result, one is declared nonexistent or dead.

"Major, I don't have enough time to tell my story, but I have to go to Vietnam. More specifically, to the jungle. As far as I know, the part of us is occupied. Here are the coordinates." Barns checked the data. "I see. I was there a few weeks ago to drop supplies for our boys. The area is under US Army control. Why do you want to go there?"

"New hobby. Archaeological excavations." McAllister replied. Barns laughed. "Of course. I understand. No questions. Good. Come to the deserted airfield south of Illinois. I'll pick you up at 9:00am tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell him what it was about?" asked Arnstein. McAllister looked down. "Because he knows where we are. How does he know that?" Arnstein replied in surprise: "Shit. Is he a spy?" "I don't know. But we'll go to the airfield and find out. In the locker room we'll find army uniforms. Let's change." McAllister said firmly. After changing, they drove to the airfield by car. In the car Arnstein asked again: "Tell me, he only talked

about Illinois later. How did you think something was wrong?" McAllister explained: "Barns would never speak to Mr. McAllister or Captain. When he said that, I knew something was wrong, so we have to assume someone was with him. If that's the case, we have to save his ass."

Once at the airfield, the only thing the two could see was Major Barns' four-engine transport plane. The rest of the area looked dead. They parked the car in an abandoned hangar and sneaked to the plane with their guns drawn. The entrance was open as you would expect. When the two got on the plane, they were greeted by a female voice, "Hello Dorian, Hello John." Macallister replied with one: "That can't be true!" while Arnstein only with "Oh shit." commented. McAllister continued, "Mary ... what the hell are you doing here? Where's Barns?" Mary replied ice cold: "Dead. Do you think I didn't notice that he wanted to help you?" McAllister continues: "What's going on? Why are you here and how did you know we were here? And why do you look exactly like you did then?" Mary, who was sitting in one of the seats on the plane, got up and walked slowly with a gun in the hand towards the two. Now the men really noticed that Mary was as beautiful as she was then. "For the same reason as you Dorian. I am a physicist as you know. I was in the science with a boat on the sea. At the same time as you, with the same anomaly. My order was as secret as yours. You could save me after the explosion and from that point on our marriage went down the drain. You were never at home after being recruited by the FBI. I

was so lonely that I only devoted myself to my research until I was recruited by the CIA. " McAllister interrupted: "You could have talked to me. But instead you had to fuck John?" Then he looked at Arnstein: "Sorry." Arnstein shook his head and said nothing. Mary went on to say, "Well, the CBIA was founded by the Department of Defense but planned by the CIA. John was the first candidate for the leadership position. But they chose another and you would be recruited as an agent. I had to sleep with him. I had to someone at the CBIA got me information. Well, that was a misjudgment. So I flew to my parents' home in Germany and took my maiden name again. " Mary's parents were also influential physicists. Her name was Maria Hermine von Brock. "I soon realized that exotic matter had something to do with me. I'm as immortal as you are. But I have to absorb the essence of a person to maintain my immortality. By the way, that of Barns was extremely refreshing." Now Arnstein had to speak up: "And all the shit gave you the right to destroy his life? Okay, I was also involved but ..." Mary pressed her index finger to Arnstein's lips. "If you lose any feeling for someone, you only think of yourself. Anyway. Hitler ruled in Germany. It was a matter of time before the Nazis would approach me. They knew about the artifact and the XM, as well from my research. They provided me with the means to build a facility. But the war ended. But I lived. I now know that I am destined to lead humanity into a new future. I will become a kingdom the new empire and I will be an immortal queen. " McAllister watched Mary

unlock her gun. "Baby, you are sick." he said before hitting her face. She passed out on the floor and the two of them took her off the plane. "Do you want to leave her here?" asked Arnstein. McAllister looked disappointed. "Yes. Look at the hangar. Her followers are coming. Go. We'll run away. Can you fly the bird?" Arnstein could. Before joining the FBI, he was with the Airforce. But he was released. He shouldn't have slept with his superior's daughter.

McAllister found some kind of badge that Mary had out of her pocket. Now he knew that Mary was serious.



The two climbed into the cockpit and started their trip to Vietnam.

Arnstein had to ask McAllister: "How could Mary become such a psychopath?" McAllister said nothing at first. After a few minutes - they had enough time - he spoke. "I got to know Mary at the University of Applied Science in 1932. My father, Abraham, was one of the most respected engineers in the country. He was responsible for every measuring device that was

installed on the ship, the explosion of which I survived. Mary was there with her parents. She wasn't as uptight as all the other women. Probably that's why I fell in love with her. But that doesn't matter now. If I hadn't neglected her so much. "Arnstein interrupted at this point. "Listen to old friend. I deeply regret what I did. But you are by no means to blame. Everyone is responsible for what becomes of him." McAllister nodded. "You're probably right. I didn't become an engineer either. I wanted to travel the world like probably every young man who went to the Marines." Einstein now wanted to change macallister's mind. "What do you expect to find in Vietnam?" "Reply." McAllister said firmly.

The agents had no choice. They had to parachute over the target area and crash the plane. They landed just a few hundred yards from the ruin, near an abandoned US Army outpost. "Why is nobody here?" asked Arnstein. McAllister replied, "I don't know. But the fewer people here, the fewer questions we have to answer." Without warning, the light door opened and Timewave stepped out. "Mr. McAllister, Mr. Arnstein." The agents were a little startled. "Holy shit, Timewave. Can't you knock on your door? And please, just tell Dorian and John." Timewave smiled. "Good. I'm Julia. Follow me." Julia asked them. Together they went through the jungle. It was quiet. No bird could be heard, no breeze could be felt. Julia started to tell: "You will surely remember different stories about miracles, magic, ghosts, vampires, werewolves, witches, demons and special

places. All of this is true. When places like this start to wake up, dimensions cross. Sometimes a door opens between the worlds and something comes through. Sometimes a gift is given to a person. Like you, Dorian. Sometimes it is a good thing and sometimes it creates chaos. Mankind is still far from understanding what is going on hidden behind the exotic matter. You will only have the technology to make the portals visible in more than fifty years. But I will show you something today. It will change your view of the world and everything beyond. And it will change you prepare what is still waiting for you. " At that moment they were standing in front of the ruined temple. A blazing white flame rose before her eyes. It didn't radiate heat or cold, but McAllister and Arnstein felt a feeling of infinity. As if they were absorbing all the magic of the universe. Julia turned to them and said: "By the turn of the millennium this will be the last portal that you see. Today is the day they close. When they reappear one day you will find Dorian that you are in an invisible war. When this day comes, you will be prepared, because this is not just an undiscovered matter, although people will believe it for many years to come, it is something that has been here since the beginning of all universes Life, magic and everything in between. This is the ether. "

When Julia said these words, the portal shone even brighter. A storm started and McAllister and Arnstein tried to find shelter under a tree. Then the portal disappeared in a gigantic explosion of light. When McAlister opened his eyes, Julia was gone and Arnstein

was lying on the floor. McAllister knew this miracle was the last his old friend should ever see. He leaned over Arnstein. A tear slid down his cheek. "John ... old friend. I forgive you. Rest in peace. Wherever you are now." A door of light opened before him as if out of nowhere. When he entered her he found himself in the shoe factory. Around him 10 dead agents. From now on it was time to walk in the shadows.

Chapter 4, Shadows

1965, somewhere in Peru

Four years had passed since McAllister had to leave his best friend dead. 4 years since he saw the last portal. He had so many questions and so few answers. Why did the portals disappear? Why did extraterrestrial life forms visit Earth only to leave him with something as primitive as a dog tag? And above all, why did the only enemy he has to be his ex wife? Macallister had no one left. Even Julia hadn't shown up since. He settled in a small village with no name anywhere in the wasteland of Peru. He wanted to leave everything behind for a while, but loneliness is difficult. It was a different kind of loneliness than what you were used to as an agent. No colleagues, no superiors, no task. As so often, fate leaves a mark when you are about to give up on yourself. It was Friday and McAllister was sitting in a dirty old bar as before. No matter if you ordered whiskey or Scotch here, everything tasted like gasoline. But it was Friday and this was the last ritual there was left. But then he heard someone talking about strange

occurrences on the Nasca lines. It was a drunk local who excitedly said, "Really, I saw it with my own eyes. One of the big lines glowed when I flew over it. It only took a few seconds and I swear to God I have one there. Seen angels. "

The other guests laughed at him. Apparently this man was often drunk. Still, McAllister followed as the man left the bar. "Excuse my friend, wait. Tell me what you saw." The man turns: "I may be drunk but not crazy. Do you want to make fun of me too?" McAllister touched the man's shoulder and replied, "No. I believe you. I've seen incredible things myself. My name is McAllister. I'm investigating such phenomena." "Rodrigo Perez. That's my name." the drunk stammered. "I'm transporting feed for farm animals. When I flew over Nasca, one of the lines glowed. It was as if the light was tracing the line. And then the angel flew past me and landed where the lines cross. Then the light just stopped. It went quickly and I almost lost control of my plane. Please sir, I'm not crazy. " McAllister noted everything in his notebook. "I believe you. Can you take me there?" asked he. Rodrigo wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Sure. But by car. You can't go straight to the lines and the cops don't like it if you approach the lines without permission." McAllister smiled. "I don't need permission. When do we leave?" Rodrigo checked his watch. It was just before midnight. "Expect me on the main road at sunrise." McAllister was there shortly before sunrise. He wanted to make sure Rodrigo didn't miss him. But Rodrigo was on time. He pulled up in an old jeep. "Mr. McAllister,

good morning." McAllister looked at him closely. "Only McAllister, please."

The journey to the lines took about an hour. Rodrigo didn't want to talk about it anymore. McAllister should see for himself. But there was nothing. Only the seemingly infinitely long, perfectly straight lines. "It only becomes clear from the air how big they really are." said Rodrigo. "Right here was the glow." McAllister has Rodrigo drive back home. He somehow felt that the two were not alone. Rodrigo didn't hesitate. After all, the lines have frightened him since he saw these strange things. McAllister walked the line he was standing on. On the ground it looked like an ordinary street. It had to be many miles long. Sometimes he passed an intersection. Unfortunately, he underestimated the sun. He was thirsty, it was hot. He was sweating in his suit. Only his old fedora offered him a tiny shadow. Suddenly the ground beneath him grew darker. The shadow was that of a bird. "Holy shit!" he swore. "Now the vultures are waiting for me." McAllister thought he was hallucinating when he heard a voice. "I'm not a vulture." A man with snow-white wings, well dressed, landed in front of him. A gentleman's suit. The angel handed McAllister a bottle. "I'm Paul. Paul Davies. Drink my friend."

McAllister gratefully accepted the water. He had been out for hours. But then he realized that Rodrigo must be right. "You really are an angel." Paul laughed. "No. I'm like you. I'm just from another earth. Unfortunately, I was the only one of us who was brought into this time."

McAllister didn't understand anything. "What do you mean? I just thought Julia could ..." Julia suddenly stood next to the two. "Hello Dorian, Paul." Paul answered first. "Julia. I thought your species didn't leave their universe." "No. I'm the last of my kind. I guess. I was on your ship when you crossed the wormhole. My teleporter was broken. When the ship dropped you here, I stayed behind. The time passes differently in the ship. On Year on Earth is about a week on the ship. "

McAllister interrupted. "Okay people. Stop. STOP. What the hell does that mean? Who is the bird man and what are you hiding from Julia?" Paul asked: "He belongs to you and you didn't tell him anything?" Julia sighed. "Everything in good time. First we have to find out why you are not in 2020 and why there is an anomaly here. I will take you on the ship. From there we will travel to Machu Picchu." Julia opened a light gate. McAllister had no idea what to expect. Before going through it asked, "Are we talking about a spaceship?" Julia turned around. "Yes. It's called Prophet."

"Holy shit. That thing is huge." McAllister marveled when they entered Prophet. He was still amazed when Prophet answered in a metallic-sounding, male voice. "Quite right, Mr. McAllister. I can accommodate and take care of up to 5000 individuals. I can also go back in time." Paul looked first at McAllister and then at Julia. "Prophet? Are you sure that's a good idea?" Julia replied: "Well, we should ask Asylum. He uploaded the artificial intelligence before you left the ship." McAllister spoke up: "I still don't understand what this is about, but

who is A5ylum and why is someone called that? Why don't you just travel back to 2020?" "Good question." added Paul. Julia explained: "Because Prophet can't do that. The future is uncertain. We could end up in a possible variant of the timeline. Anyway. Paul shouldn't be here. It must have been a mistake." Prophet asked for permission to speak. "Right. I was damaged while we were passing the wormhole. But I have access to the databases. According to that everyone arrived in 2020 except Paul Davies alias YouLostAStar, Andreas Fischer alias A5ylum and Florian Hohlenburger alias Coolrunner82 Time in which the two are not known, probably because it is not yet there.

McAllister thought for a second. "Okay. If we just wait a few days here, it should take a few months on Earth, right?" Julia turned to McAllister. "Theoretically yes. But that's not your job for now, Dorian. Too much time has passed. You have to go to Machu Picchu. You will find out everything you want to know in due time. Paul you stay here. You are too conspicuous with yours Wings. We'll see Dorian again at the right time. " As soon as Julia finished the sentence, McAllister found himself right in front of the pyramid of Machu Picchu. "I hate her. Talking spaceships, light doors. What's next?" McAllister climbed the stairs of the pyramid.

"Old symbols. How is that supposed to help me?" Then he discovered something. He recognized a symbol on one of the old stones. It was a kind of flame. It reminded him of what he saw in Vietnam. When he touched the stone, he felt the same feeling as then. Not that strong,

but it was there. He ran out of the building and saw a very thin beam protrude from the top of the pyramid into the sky. It only took a few seconds. "That must be the anomaly. So the portals have not disappeared. They are ..." he said to himself when someone interrupted him. "Not gone." said a man. McAllister turned. "Dr. Rosendorn. What are you doing here?" The professor adjusted his glasses. "I could ask you the same thing, but we save the formalities. You are obviously not a reporter." McAllister looked at the professor with a scrutiny. "Correctly." Dr. Rosendorn went into the pyramid and asked McAllister to follow him. "The anomalies have not disappeared. We just cannot see or perceive them anymore. Except for you." McAllister was surprised. "How do you know that?" Rosendorn smiled. "Because absolutely nothing happens when I touch this stone. I've been researching exotic matter all my life. The XM is the origin of every religion. That's why structures like this were built in a place where XM emerges. But this only happens to everyone couple of decades and very irregular. All of the scriptures report on it in their own way. Besides, every religion has its chosen ones. So it is obvious, Mr. McAllister, that you are such a person. " Now McAllister realized a lot. "How did you know I was here?" asked he. "From Ma ..." Dr. Rosendorn did not complete the sentence. A blade cut his throat. When he fell to the ground, McAllister clearly saw some kind of energy ascending and moving towards a person in a dark corner. "I am the only one worthy of being a goddess Dorian." McAllister drew his

gun. "Mary. Why did you kill him?" Mary laughed out loud. "Because it's my destiny to kill people to live." But he was innocent! "McAllister shouted at Mary." Nobody is innocent, "she replied freezing cold." One day you might understand. Until then, we both continue to live in the shadows of society. I'll see you again someday, Dorian. "

McAllister couldn't shoot her. Maybe because he couldn't forget the time before that. An off-road vehicle stood in front of the pyramid. It was the professor's car. McAllister got in. The key was in. He needed to know more about the anomalies. Since Julia and Paul weren't here, there was only one place to look. In the Vatican library.

Chapter 5, Sin

Paul was sitting on the ship's bridge in front of the big screen. Julia came in with two cups of coffee. "Thank you." he said in a cloudy voice. "He doesn't know, does he?" "What?" asked Julia. Paul looked at Julia.

"McAllister. He looks like... .him." Julia leaned against the control panel. "No. He doesn't know much yet. It would overwhelm him. McAllister is not familiar with everything we know." Paul nodded. "But why don't we explain it to him? Why don't we tell him our story?" Julia sipped the coffee. "He has to have his experiences. We can help him. But he has to grow, become stronger through his experiences. People have to learn. If we tell him everything now, he will give up. It could also endanger the timeline." "Sounds logical. Is it true that

Prophet doesn't know where Cool and A5ylum are?" Paul asked. Julia sighed. "No. They are in Vienna in 1989. But until then we have a few weeks to plan on the ship and McAllister has 23 years until he will meet them. But now he has to go to the library. He is meanwhile in the Vatican for 3 days.

McAllister found a room just outside of Vatican City. He knew that he couldn't just walk into the best-guarded library in the world. If McAllister learned one thing, it was the realization that he would find someone to help him and that you would get the best information where the whiskey was worst. So he looked for a lousy, dirty bar. He found a place in a dark alley. A waiter came over and handed McAllister a wine list. To his regret, he now knew that there were 12 different types of water and 23 wines. McAllister called the waiter over to him. "Is there anything else besides fruit juice and holy water? What about whiskey?" The waiter looked at McAllister as if asking for the devil personally. "Sir, our wines are excellent. May I bring the menu instead?" McAllister touched his forehead. "Just bring me a bottle of the best."

Even before the waiter did his job, McAllister heard a man say, "Listen to my friend. If you are looking for a real drink, I can help you. My name is Sven. Sven Eisenschild."

McAllister was amazed at the huge estate Sven owned. It was a Victorian style villa with a yellow facade and

white window frames. The garden seemed to be infinitely large. Before he could ask Sven said: "My family tree goes back to the twelfth century. My family was always very well. One of my ancestors, Ruthger Eisenschild, supposedly founded a secret order in the middle of the thirteenth century. I know exactly what he did not. But it must have been something big. Anyway, he settled in Scotland. Maybe that's why I bought this house and started making Scotch. " Now McAllister had a question: "Okay. But why in the Vatican?" Sven smiled mischievously. "Because I think I know that the Church knows exactly what that order was and that it has records of it in its library." McAllister thoughtfully: "But it is not so easy to get into the appropriate department?" Sven pointed a finger at McAllister and replied: "Exactly. But together we can ... Mom. You want to go in there, too, right?" McAllister looked at Sven seriously. "Yes. I'm looking for special old writings."

Sven smiled again. "Good. Let's start planning. Follow me my mysterious friend."

The plan was simple. There was only one way to the library. You had to have something that, according to the church, should not fall into the wrong hands. Sven had such an object. He shows McAllister an old parchment. "Look here. This is the only parchment from a book that is in the library. I know from an informant that this piece is only referred to as the missing side of the balance. The symbols or characters have not been deciphered until today .



You pretend to be a man of the Church. Think of something. Show them the parchment but insist that you have to personally insert it into the book of balance. Come up with a story. "

McAllister should steal the book under false pretenses and risk losing the missing page. He had no choice. Sven was no stranger to the Vatican City and, above all, not a trained agent. He didn't know if it was this book he was looking for. But he had that feeling. A feeling of trust. It had to be the right track. McAllister stayed at the property. But he couldn't sleep. The room Sven made available to him was very comfortable. A queen bed, antique furniture and a huge window with access to a private terrace. McAllister got out of bed to go outside. A warm breeze brushed his skin. It seemed like the years

in Peru had passed in a few hours. He thought of Paul and Julia and of this huge ship that was flying somewhere above him in orbit at that moment. Why did he have to spend his time down here while Paul and Julia could watch from above? Why did he have to work alone without the help of a technology he couldn't understand? He missed Arnstein. He missed Eowar's Pub and the whiskey. It was bad whiskey but it was his evening ritual. Despite all of this, McAllister was aware that this was his mission, no matter how long it should take. Finally he went to bed.

Meanwhile on the Prophet

Julia was asleep, but Paul didn't close his eyes.

"Prophet, be honest. Why can't McAllister stay on the ship?" Prophet replied, "Because of the butterfly effect, sir. Mr. McAllister has a lot to go through and certain decisions to make. Otherwise we would change the timeline and that could be devastating."

The next morning, McAllister and Sven met in the salon for breakfast before the operation was due to begin. Sven carefully placed the parchment in a velvet-covered suitcase. An armored glass plate offered additional security. All McAllister needed was a priest's robe to get on site. McAllister was on his own during the mission. Sven dropped McAllister about 800 meters from the Blessed Sacrament. He continued walking towards the library. He actually wanted to get a priest off his clothes. As he was considering how and where to do this, he

discovered the business of a tailor who made robes and other clothing especially for the church. "Good afternoon. I'm Father McAllister, from Peru. I have an audience with the Holy Father, but I don't have a suitable wardrobe." The tailor, an old man, looked closely at McAllister. "Really? Well then you are sure to be able to quote me verse 12 from the book of Genesis." said the tailor without the slightest appearance of fear. McAllister thought for a moment, showed his badge and said in a serious voice: "And God said to the tailor: Give the agent what he needs or your legs will be broken." The tailor smiled. "I understand. According to your brand, I recognize that you are trying to solve the secret of the influence of exotic matter. Nice that Mr. Eisenschild has finally found someone who wants exactly the same thing." McAllister was a little confused. "You knew I was coming?" The tailor turned away. "Follow me." He opened an old cellar door and the two went down. McAllister was impressed. The spiral staircase went deep into the earth. "What is this here? Where are we going?" McAllister asked. The tailor replied, "See Mr. McAllister, not only the Eisenschild family has secrets. I know what you carry in this case. But the church doesn't have the book. My family has been guarding it for almost 700 years. Just like all other books related to the subject. " McAllister was curious. "I understand. But why have you never spoken to Sven?" When the two arrived at the bottom of the stairs, the tailor turned to McAllister. "Because he was just the keeper of the lost page. Each of us has a job. My

family's job is to keep the secret library of the 4 orders. But you, Mr. McAllister, are also part of a prophecy. You are the one Viewfinder. " McAllister asked, "Why me?" The tailor put his hand on McAllister's shoulder and replied, "Show me the dog tag." McAllister had been wearing it around his neck since the Roswell incident. "See. It says JAR715-2020-R7N3. Those who left this artifact for you are a very old and wise species. At least in this universe. We call them Gray. Like me, they are keepers. This inscription means something in the future. Come on. I'll give you the book. " The two entered a gigantic underground room. McAllister couldn't believe his eyes. "Who the hell are you? And what is this here?" The tailor smiled, put on old glasses and said: "I am Muhammed Alzazar. The last keeper of the R.U.N.E. library.

The size of this collection seemed to be infinite. Some writings go back to ancient Egypt. McAllister found biographies of everyone who was a member of any of the 4 orders. These were orders of silence, orders of wisdom, orders of balance and orders of daggers. McAllister got lost in the scriptures. Sven was allowed to enter the library hours later. Finally Alzazar published the Book of Balance.

It contained strange characters just like those on the parchment. Sven couldn't wait to see it. He was disappointed when he realized that even Alzazar could not translate the scriptures except for a few Celtic runes. Alzazar commented with an explanation: "Mr. Eisenschild, like Mr. McAllister, I have had a long life. I

have been studying these books for over 120 years. At the beginning I was just as disappointed as any other guardian before me. But at some point I realized that I'm part of something big. Mr. McAllister will explore a lot in the distant future that remains hidden from us. " Sven looked down. "I wish I had 120 years." Alzazar shook his hand and replied: "You will, Sven. My time has come. I will appoint you as the new guardian of the library. Support McAllister as best you can. Study everything you see here. McAllister will go one day. But you will choose the next Guardian at some point. " Then Alzazar turned and walked slowly to an old desk and sat on a chair. A white mist seemed to swallow him up. Before he disappeared into the fog and reached Sven, Alzazar said the words: "Most wise men are old, my friend. But only a few old people are wise. Learn and live. Knowledge is not a sin."

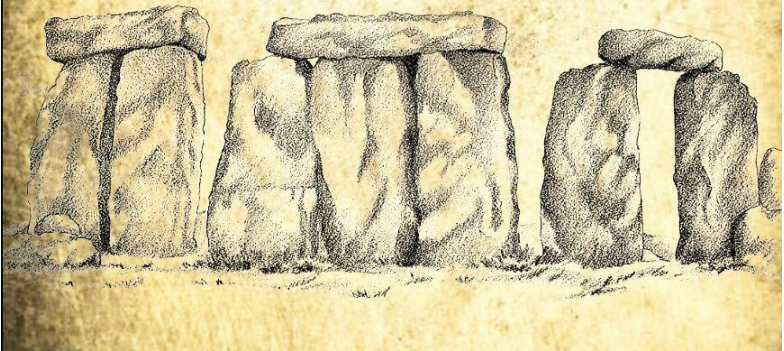
Chapter 6, Kings

Summer 1976. Time passed. For years they studied scroll for scroll and a friendship developed from a friendship. McAllister learned to read runes, Latin and Hebrew. They read secret documents from the time of King Solomon, biblical texts that were long forgotten, translations from Asia and everything they could find about the 4 orders. It turned out that other descendants of the founders had to be alive. Muhammed was the descendant of Abdallah Alzazar, the founder of the Order of Wisdom. Sven was a descendant of Ruthger Eisenschild, the founder of the Order of Balance. Their

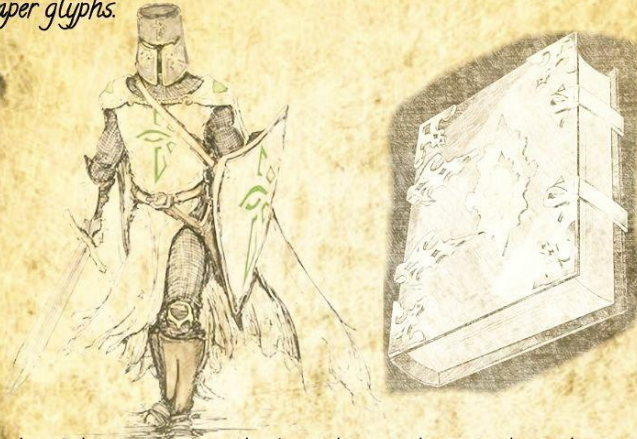
history and that of two other founders were short notes in partly broken English.

Background of the four orders

Once, centuries ago the order of silence was the first of the 4 houses. A knight by the name of Darkyn McLean traveled to Rome and became a templar. He didn't fight for faith, church or for the templars goals. He was interested in an unknown mystery. Having been raised in the highlands of Scotland, he saw something strange near Stonehenge. He and his father were on their way back home from a town to their village. As they reached Stonehenge, a white and very bright light appeared in the middle of the stone circle. Both of them fell asleep. When Darkyn woke up, his father wasn't there anymore. Where did he go? Even the horses disappeared. He ran back home, hoping to meet his father there, but sadly, he just found his mother and 2 brothers. He swore to find out more about that light and its mysteries.



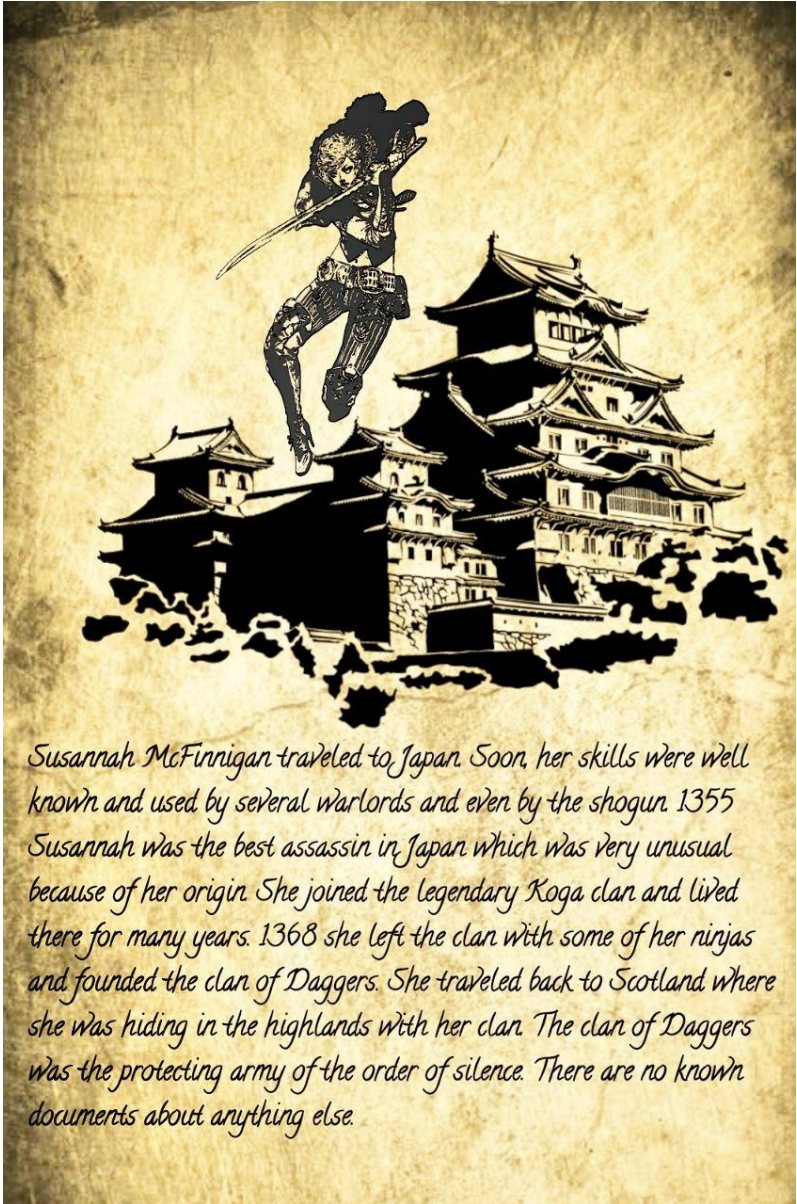
Darkyn fought many battles for the templars. One day, Friday the 13th of October, 1307 all Templars were burned by church. But not Darkyn. He left the Templars a few weeks earlier and traveled back to Scotland with experience and a book full of symbols, today known as shaper glyphs.



He knew, he could not talk about that. So he rode through Scotland for years, searching for people with similar experience of weird lights. And he found them. 3 men and 2 women told him about exactly the same sightings. So they swore to keep that secret and they found the order of silence. They studied the mysterious book for years. In November 1323, Darkyn had his first vision. Noreia the mother goddess was visiting him in a dream. She told him about XM and that a man would visit him soon. He also should marry and have a son. A few weeks later that man arrived in the orders hideout. He was talking about XM, Shapers and 13 Magnus, a kind of order he was part of. Darkyn and his followers became members of 13 Magnus in 1324. 1326 Darkyn's Son was born. Darkyn died 1331.

The order of silence owned a huge fortress now, where he was buried. His son, Eowar, later became the first assassin high priest of the order and the first knight of Noreia. Rumors say, he had very special visions around 1350 about the end of the order in 1745 and the rebuilding in 2018. So he sent out 3 of his most loyal followers. Susannah McFinnigan from Scotland, a female assassin, beautiful and dangerous for her enemies. Ruthger Eisenschild from Germania, a celtic warrior and wise man and Alzazar Abdallah from Egypt. Alzazar was known for his knowledge about languages and mysticism. Eowar told them about his visions. They should travel to specific destinations and follow their destinies. Eowar's date of death is unknown. But we know, that the order of silence was destroyed around 1745 through a huge fire. The fortress of the order was completely destroyed and all members died. Only BlackPriest knows what happened because of his own visions, given by Noreia.





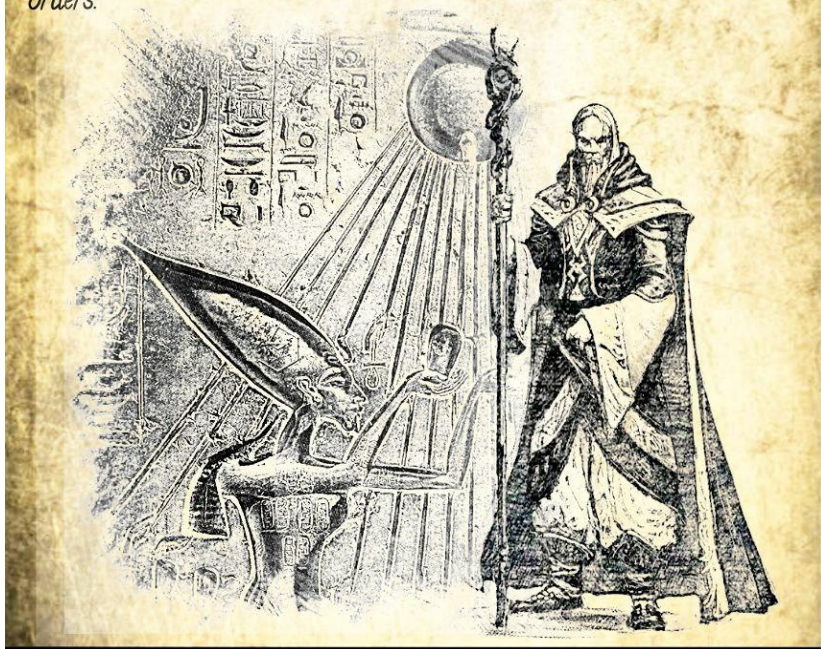
Susannah McFinnigan traveled to Japan. Soon, her skills were well known and used by several warlords and even by the shogun. 1355 Susannah was the best assassin in Japan which was very unusual because of her origin. She joined the legendary Koga clan and lived there for many years. 1368 she left the clan with some of her ninjas and founded the clan of Daggers. She traveled back to Scotland where she was hiding in the highlands with her clan. The clan of Daggers was the protecting army of the order of silence. There are no known documents about anything else.

Ruthger Eisenschild traveled to north europe. Ruthger had experiences, similar to Darkyn's, but at a stone circle in the northern lands. Ruthger was in love with a scottish woman. But she was a member of ArctiMagnus. Both shared their secrets for years. Some day they were talking to each other. Their love never died, but Ruthger had a job to do. And that is all we know? This and the founding of the order of ballance. Some say, it was a gift to his beloved ArctiMagnus woman. But Eowar knew, ballance is a key to peace and wisdom. And so did Ruthger. There are rumors, that his order was given up around 1690, others say, it was destroyed by by ArctiMagnus.



Alzazar Abdallah was Eowar's best friend. He came to Scotland because of a dream. Alzazar's family owned ancient stone plates with texts written in runic, hieroglyphic and glyph symbols. They were wise, but they couldn't translate all the texts. Alzazar didn't want to give up. He knew, a single family could never find all the answers they were searching for. So he founded the order of wisdom in the City of kings in Egypt around 1355. Only the most wise were allowed to join. The order of wisdom didn't use books or parchment. They kept their knowledge in their minds for a very long time. The last known member of this order was Shiriji Konogawa, murdered 1876 in the USA.

This is everything we know about the past of R. U. N. E. and the four orders.



When McAllister and Sven examined the documents for evidence, McAllister noticed something. "Look. This is Shaper Glyphs. It has to be this unknown species. But if Julia doesn't even know about it." At that moment Julia entered the room through the light gate. "I knew it. At least what I know from my dimension." McAllister and Sven looked at each other. Sven replied: "So you're Julia. I've heard a lot about you over the years. What do you want to tell us?" McAllister nodded. Julia sat down on a chair and started to tell. "I myself arrived in your world in 1331. The year Darkyn McLean died. The interesting thing is that the past of your ancestors is identical to the past of our dimension. At least until the 20th century. From here your world deviates from ours "I can't and can't say more to avoid endangering the timeline. Find clues. Everything you need can be found in these notes." McAllister didn't seem to be confused anymore. He raised his arm and said, "All right baby. I've been here for 12 years. I speak languages I didn't know existed. I find something. But can you tell me what glyphs are?" Julia couldn't. She said no because it was not time yet. Then she disappeared through her door as usual.

McAllister and Sven first had a whiskey. Nobody said a word. Then Sven noticed one of these glyphs on the sketch with Egyptian hieroglyphs. "There it is Dorian. You have to go to Egypt. My feeling tells me that it is the

city of the dead. Go to Cairo and find the ruins of al-Qarafa.

The next morning McAllister went through the library again. He spent 12 years between hundreds of bookshelves. Sven learned tailoring to continue the tradition of Alzazar and to keep appearances. He also had to stay and do his job as a keeper. How long McAllister would be away was unclear. For the first time in many years, he had to leave what he considered home. Still, the mission was a priority. Sven made a copy of the notes so McAllister could take them with him. Sven said goodbye to McAllister with the words: "Be careful my friend. I will investigate further." McAllister shook hands with Sven. "See you soon brother."

The flight was taking a long time. McAllister found accommodation in a small hotel in Cairo. It was nothing special. A room with a bed and a desk. He didn't need anything more. He sat on the bed and looked at his brand. He didn't know if there would ever be an agency again, but he still saw himself as an agent of the CBIA. The task hadn't changed after all. He looked at the scanner. Of course, he showed no activity. But if Julia was right, and she always was, the portals would reappear at some point. At some point he fell asleep.

Meanwhile in a luxury hotel in Cairo

Mary also found that evidence of exotic matter was hidden in Egypt. She traveled with several security guards. Everyone, including Mary, was dressed in black. Her followers had a sash on their upper arm that was embroidered with the New Empire symbol. That evening a gala was to take place in the hotel to which well-known sheikhs and other millionaires were invited. Mary would recruit new allies there. She was sitting in front of a mirror and looked at her young face. What had happened to her? The price of her immortality was high, but her depraved soul was happy to pay him. She pointed to one of her men. "You! Go and bring me one of those stinking beggars off the street. Your queen needs new energy." The man bowed with the words "Certainly Your Highness" and left the suite.

The gala started at midnight. It took place in a large hall under the hotel, which was reserved only for special guests. Armed men at every entrance, strict controls. Nobody could enter the room without an invitation. About 100 guests cavorted in the magnificent room, drank champagne and ate from the rich buffet. Then Mary entered a lectern that was set up at the head of the hall. She raised her glass. "Ladies and gentlemen, may I ask for your attention! Please, sit down. My name is Maria Hermine von Brock. I have invited you all to give you the opportunity to create a new world order with me. Everything I do from you is a \$ 10 million financial contribution. Per person to raise the funds needed to build a machine. With this machine, we can all become gods if they are willing to follow me. "

Silence. Whisper. Followed by laughter. A sheikh rose and shouted, "I will never bow to a woman. What are you imagining?" Mary had the beggar brought to her, who her security guard brought from the street. The beggar was afraid. Fear of death. All eyes were on Mary. She pulled a dagger from her pocket and rammed it into the beggar's chest. The poor man's life energy rose in blazing light and passed to Mary. She breathed in the energy as if it were a drug. Then she turned to her audience. No sign of emotion on her face. "Very well. I gave them a chance. Now issue your checks." She looked at her delicate watch. "I'm in a hurry. In five minutes, one of my men will collect the checks. Hurry up. I'm not very patient." Everyone was trembling with fear. Nobody said a word, but they were willing to pay. After all checks were collected, Mary asked for attention again. "Thank you for your cooperation. You shouldn't have made fun of me. Men, kill them all." Her followers pointed submachine guns at the guests. No one was spared and no one could hear the shots and screams. When the men and women lay motionless and covered in blood on the floor, Mary strode into the middle of the room and raised both arms. The room was bathed in bright light and at the same time in a purple mist. Mary inhaled the energy of everyone killed. She laughed out loud. It sounded like she was completely out of her mind. She gasped. "There ... have never been ... so ... many." Her men had to support her as they left the room.

McAllister woke up before the first rays of the sun. There was a cigarette for breakfast. He put on his suit and old trench coat, put on his hat and was ready to go to al-Qarafa. Nothing had changed in his clothing style over the years. It was a good thing. It was his way to commemorate Arnstein and the other dead agents. He left the hotel and looked for a taxi. This was a difficult task. No driver wanted to get him to his destination. McAllister decided to go to an old market. Someone had to be able to tell him how to get to al-Qarafa. The few who spoke English refused. The respect for the venerable city of the dead was too great. Then he noticed a small cafe on the edge of the market. It was very hot and after he had been walking through Cairo unsuccessfully for hours, a break came just in time. "What can I bring you?" asked a waitress who was obviously not from Cairo. McAllister took off his hat. "Please tell me you have whiskey here." The waitress smiled and leaned a little towards McAllister. "We have. We import from the Vatican. The only whiskey from the Vatican is called" McAllister laughed. "Eisenschild." The waitress was a little surprised. "Are you a whiskey fan?" "In a way. I was in Vatican City for a while." After a while he learned that the young lady was the owner's daughter. For years the restaurant belonged to the Gutherr family, who came to Egypt from Germany after the war to avoid persecution by the Nazis. "Tell me, why doesn't anyone want to show me the way to al-Qarafa?" McAllister asked. The waitress who introduced herself with the name Astrid whispered:

"Quiet. I'll be finished in 2 hours. Meet me at the market at the antique dealer."

During this time McAllister took another whiskey and ate something. He still had the notes from the book in his pocket. When he read it again, it was only now that he realized that the war for exotic matter within the orders was irrelevant. Is that perhaps why the book of balance is so important? Why weren't there more records about these people?

It was time to go. Astrid would be at the meeting point soon.

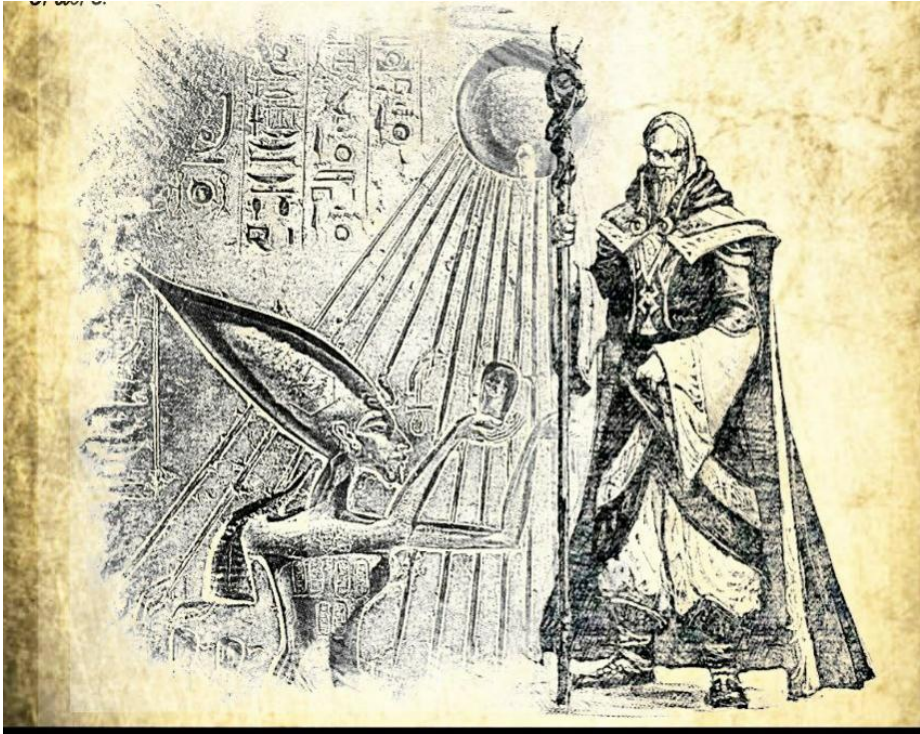
Astrid was already waiting. "Good. Let's go." she said. McAllister raised an eyebrow. "Wait Miss. Where are we going?" Astrid whispered, "To my father. Nobody knows more about the city of the dead, and you, Mr. McAllister, are looking for something there, just like my father."

Astrid brought McAllister to an excavation site. Old obelisks and remnants of old walls were visible. "Who did you bring me with me Astrid?" asked an old man. He was wearing short shorts, a light sand-soiled shirt, and a brown fedora. "Father, this is Mr. McAllister. Mr. McAllister, this is my father. Bernard Gutherr."

"Very pleased." McAllister replied. Mr. Gutherr answered in the same way. "So you're interested in the city of the dead? A gentleman from the United States, dressed like you, rarely ventures into this truly hot corner of the world." McAllister lit a cigarette. "It's more something that is hidden here. Unfortunately, I still don't know what it is." Astrid spoke up: "Dad, show Mr. McAllister what you found in this hole. Wasn't that a Hebrew dialect?"

Gutherr looked skeptical. "Well ... I couldn't translate this dialect. Do you understand anything of that sort Mister?" McAllister put out the cigarette on the sole of his shoe. "I kind of studied old languages. I could take a look at them." Gutherr led McAllister to an approximately 2 meter hole in the sandy bottom. "It is not just a hole. There is a citadel underneath that does not correspond to the same era or the Egyptian architecture." A ladder led down several meters. McAllister couldn't believe his eyes. The vault was more reminiscent of Celtic and Gothic buildings.

It was decorated with paintings, symbols and characters and was almost intact. McAllister found a torch that was still working and strode through the huge hall. "Mr. Gutherr. The dialect you mentioned is a mixture of Aramaic and Hebrew. It says:" Knowledge is the only real power. "The rest consists of extracts from various books." Gutherr was visibly surprised. Then McAllister found a picture he knew. He pulled the notes out of the book. The drawing was exactly the same as that from the book.



"Look. On the head of this deity is one of those unknown symbols. The man depicted here is probably Alzazar Abdallah. He was the first custodian of a secret library. It may once have been here in al-Qarafa." Gutherr was amazed. "How do you know all this?" McAllister replied sparsely, "Let's say I know a librarian who does this sort of thing." He examined the hall as well as possible. Gutherr went a little deeper into the room. Somewhat confused, he had to ask McAllister: "Mr. McAllister, you seem to be very well versed in this area. Since I found this room I've been trying to find a connection between

all the different scriptures. But I just don't get it. You see . " Gutherr pointed to a wall. "Here we find parts of the Sumerian cuneiform script that no one has been able to translate, and those hieroglyphs over there don't make any sense. Just like these Hebrew characters. If I were to translate them to the best of my knowledge, it would say" Baum Küche am Rand " Sense."

McAllister looked at the wall. "Of course not, Mr. Gutherr. Otherwise it would be too easy." Then he stopped dead. "Oh holy shit." he shouted. Gutherr was obviously shocked. "What is it? What did you see?" he wanted to know. McAllister turned and started writing something in his notebook. Then he showed it to Gutherr. "Look at that. These hieroglyphs mean something like" Valley of the Kings "according to the usual translations. And this one means" wandering through the desert ". But that makes no sense in connection with a tree in the kitchen." So far Gutherr could still follow. "But the ancient races were intelligent. Why should the Keepers hide all secrets in a room that is so easy to find?" Gutherr had no answer and asked, "What do you mean by that, Mr. McAllister?" McAllister smiled. "These are neither dialects nor individual ancient languages. They are not simple hieroglyphs or cuneiform symbols. This is a code. A cryptic arrangement. You have to look at all the characters as a whole. The whole space. Even the architecture, the location, simple everything. I need time. I have to make a phone call. We'll meet in the cafe tomorrow. " McAllister left the place. Gutherr was left perplexed.

Back in his room, McAllister immediately called Sven. "Dorian. It's nice that you're still alive. How are you?" asked he. McAllister enthusiastically shared what he had seen. "You have to find out for me if there is a list of cryptic translations of ancient scriptures. Alzar must have left something behind." Sven thought for a moment. "Yes, there is something. It is not as complicated as it seems. Here in our library a symbol appears again and again that stands for " King ". It does not mean a king, pharaoh or any other ruler. Rather, it is for a star or a constellation. Sometimes for a different solar system. For example, think of the three kings from the New Testament. There are theories that the boys were actually planets or comets that were directly above Bethlehem at the time of Christ's birth . I'll look it up and call you back in a few hours. "

The next morning the phone rang in the hotel room. "Dorian, I've found something. The Egyptian symbol of the Sun King actually meant more to the Guardians. Symbols were often used in reverse to mark pushbuttons. Symbols that make no sense certainly have a meaning. McAllister thanked him and went to Al'Qarafa.

Gutherr was already waiting.

McAllister explained what he learned from Sven.

Gutherr was skeptical. "Mr.

McAllister, I must have been looking for switches. Do you think I have ... "Click. A noise was heard as McAllister touched the Hebrew symbols and mirrored

hieroglyphs one after the other. Suddenly, small holes in the center of the Ra hieroglyphs opened and thin beams of light emerged from them a path through the huge room. "Mr. McAllister, what did you do? What is that?" Asked Gutherr. McAllister did not move. He watched the action and considered. "You see," he replied. "The rays cross in the middle of the room." Gutherr stepped closer. "Perhaps is something hidden in the ground here?" McAllister went to the intersection. The moment the light touched his body, the light became brighter. So bright that the two of them held their hands protectively in front of their eyes. There was a thundering noise. McAllister heard Mary's voice call: "Dorian! You damn...."

When McAllister woke up, he found himself in a hospital bed. A newspaper lay on the side table next to him. When McAllister looked at the date, he read "November 12th, 1989" ...

Chapter 7, Gray

McAllister had no idea what had happened. His head hurt. Just as he came to, the door opened. A doctor entered. "Good morning Mr. McAllister." the doctor greeted him. McAllister was still confused. "How do you know my name? Who are you? Where am I?" asked he. The doctor looked at some papers in his hand, adjusted his horn-rimmed glasses and replied, "I'm Doctor Novotny, senior physician. You are in the general hospital in Vienna, Austria." McAllister looked around. "Okay. Why? And what are the tubes in my arm?"

McAllister continued. Dr. Novotny tried to smile. "You were found 6 days ago in a park in the Floridsdorf district. Your clothing was partially burned and you have radiation levels that are more than unusual for this corner of the world. Can you tell me where you come from? Oh and ... have your name I took it from the ID you were carrying. However, I do not know of an organization called the CBIA." McAllister found the doctor was asking too many questions. "Okay doctor. Take care. I'll take these tubes out of my arm now and you will go pretty well to take someone's blood pressure." The doctor raised an eyebrow and tried again, but McAllister interrupted, "Doc ... fuck off." Just as McAllister rioted, the door opened again. Two men in black suits entered the room. No wrinkle was seen on the suits. The black ties were tied perfectly. The taller of the two men began to speak: "Hello Mr. McAllister. Good afternoon Dr. Novotny. The gentleman here is one of us. Thank you doctor." Dr. Novotny wanted to say something else but the man dressed in black turned to his partner and said only: "Frank ..." The other man whose name was now revealed pulled out a kind of small pistol. There was a short hissing sound and the doctor fell asleep much. McAllister didn't move. He was familiar with such methods from his time at the CBIA. "Who are you guys? CIA? FBI? KGB?" The man who gave the order to stun said, "NSA. I'm Agent Roberts. Dylan Roberts. The man next to me is Agent Harris. Here you put this on. We have to get out of here." Roberts put a suit on McAllister. There was even a hat,

a fedora like McAllister always wore. After getting dressed, McAllister left the hospital with the agents without any further questions.

Meanwhile on the Prophet

Julia and Paul watched from a safe distance. Paul knew the name Dylan Roberts. "Julia, is that Fishermansfear out of my dimension?" Julia smiled and replied: "Yes. Two more R.U.N.E. members should have landed during this time. Let's wait and see." Paul looked back at the monitor. "He'll think McAllister is ... him." Julia knew what Paul meant. "Yes. But we will intervene in good time."

Agent Roberts, Agent Harris, and McAllister got into a black Cadillac. Harris got behind the wheel, with Roberts and McAllister in the back. McAllister spoke up: "So you puppet. What's all this about? Where are we going?" Roberts took a deep breath. "You're finally back old friend. What happened? Where were you after we ..." McAllister held up a hand. "Stop. Who the hell are you? How do you know me? I can't remember ever meeting you. So stop the nonsense and tell me what's going on!" McAllister was mad. He had no control. Why was he in 1989? Was Sven still alive? He had to be worried. After all, 13 years have passed. "I have to make a call. Urgent." demanded McAllister. Roberts promised that he would soon have the opportunity. Still, Roberts wondered. How could his friend whom he once

considered a brother not recognize him? All the answers should follow soon.

No one spoke in the car for the next half hour. To your destination in downtown Vienna. An old but graceful building in a small alley with the inscription "Association of Followers of Divine Light". McAllister looked at Roberts and couldn't hold back the question, "Really? You're taking me to a cult?" Roberts laughed. "No. That's our cover." While they were walking towards an elevator, McAllister asked: "Why Vienna? Why am I here? Why does the NSA have an office here? And why did you clowns take me with you?" They got into the elevator. Roberts just said, "You will see. I'll explain everything."

Julia and Paul we sat spellbound in front of the monitor. "Tell me, does he actually know that he has a camera in mind?" Paul wanted to know. Julia shook her head. "No. Prophet has installed a nano camera under his cornea. You don't notice that. How else are we supposed to watch when the satellites can't?" Paul thought for a moment and nodded. "Good argument."

Roberts took McAllister into a conference room. To McAllister's astonishment, instead of the NSA symbol, the symbol of the CBIA was on the wall. "What the...?" Roberts interrupted with a raised hand. "Before you ask any further, let me explain. Or rather, we'll explain." Then he turned around and called: "JULIA!"

As always, she stepped through the gate, this time with Paul. Roberts couldn't believe his eyes. "Holy shit! Paul alias YouLostAStar! How ... when? Why?"

Julia explained about the incidents in Peru and told Roberts the full story. Only McAllister didn't understand anything anymore. "Okay ... stop. So you know each other. Fine. But this is NOT a FUCKING FAMILY MEETING !!! WHAT'S THAT HERE?"

Julia tried to explain everything with calm words. "Do you remember Roswell, Dorian? The soldier who let you through?" McAllister considered. "Yes. A little. He was full of pants when I showed him my badge." Julia continued: "Dylan, please, get the commander." Roberts left the room and came back with an old man. He looked at McAllister as if he had seen a ghost. "Holy Mother of God. I ... I've seen photos of you, Mr. McAllister. Time and again I've found newspaper articles whose photos - mostly by chance - showed your face. I just ... never thought of meeting you in person." McAllister looked confused at the others. "And ... that's why you rebuilt the office?" The commander sat down. The others too. "I want to explain it to you." He opened a briefcase and pushed a black document over to McAllister. "Look at that. This document is a copy. An unknown language, written on an unknown material. I found it not far from the crash site. I tried to find you, Mr. McAllister. For years. Until 1982 Julia and Agent Roberts showed up. You told me everything and I re-established the CBIA. Admittedly, we changed the symbol a bit, but we've since been investigating everything to do with the Gray,

those aliens who left you something. I know the rest from Julia. "



Roberts raised his hand and asked: "Why did we all end up in different epochs? Why is the legendary Andreas" A5ylum "Fischer now called Dorian McAllister?" Julia got up. "Stop it Dylan. It's different from what you think." McAllister got up as well and took a few steps backwards. A mixture of fear and confusion was written on his face. "What the hell is that Julia? I haven't aged since the 40s and traveling from one mystery to the next. You never told me more than you thought necessary. I want to know everything now. IMMEDIATELY." Julia Paul and Dylan looked at each

other. Julia sighed. "Good. I'll tell you as much as I can without changing the timeline. I can't and shouldn't do more. Otherwise the same thing would happen to your world as Paul and Dylan's. Dorian, you're a version of someone from another." Dimension. His name was Andreas. He came from the Vienna of his Dimension and he founded an organization. You can read everything. Dylan, get the book. But before that you should know that the Gray, those extraterrestrial beings that you once were in Roswell or less, want to save this dimension. Just like me. But more on that later. Dylan, the book. "

McAllister got a manifesto to read. It would take days. Or weeks. But somehow he felt that it should be.

ATTENTION - HERE YOU WILL FIND A LINK TO THE "BOOK OF R.U.N.E." WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN NOT PERFECT ENGLISH. IT CONTAINS THE ENTIRE BACKGROUND OF R.U.N.E., A CROSSFACTION ORGANIZATION THAT WAS EXTREMELY CREATED IN TEXT AND VIDEOS. YOU CAN READ OR SKIP IT. PLEASE NOTE: IT IS A 438MB FILE. WIFI RECOMMENDED.

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1J4F-7iht6Zei0GDM1oDoRV94daOS5cZL/view?usp=drivesdk>



DARKYNI MCLEAN

INGRESS UNDERWORLD



SEASON TWO
R3BIRTH

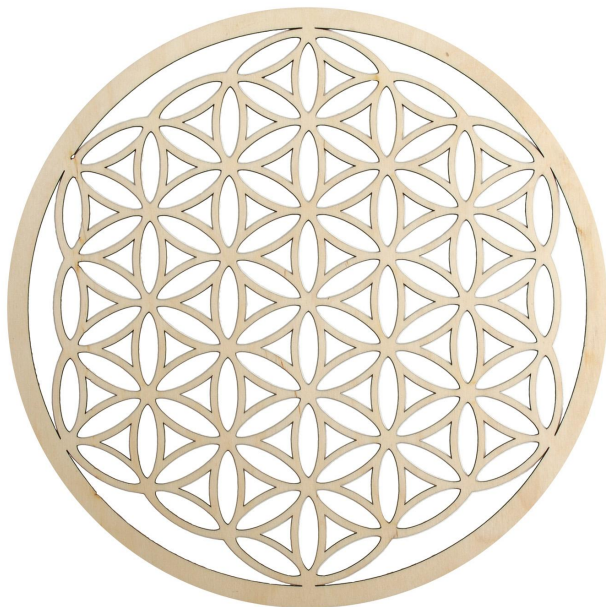


McAllister read the book in less than two days. What he read almost felt like memories. Still, he had too many questions to be answered. What did the Gray have to do with it? What did Julia really want from him? First he wanted to know how Sven was doing. The commander gave him quarters. They all had quarters in this facility. The building looked bigger inside than outside. That was probably because you couldn't see from the street how big it really was. There was a telephone in the room. He dialed the library number. The voice at the other end of the line sounded a bit older than usual. "Hello Dorian. You're the only one who has that number. So it has to be you." Dorian smiled and told Sven what had happened. Sven wasn't surprised. He knew his job and he knew that McAllister would eventually follow his fate. He promised to keep looking after the library. This was Sven's fate. At least until he could hand the burden over to a new keeper.

McAllister knocked on the Commander's door. He had to find out how the CBIA was re-established and what resources were available. The commander put two glasses of scotch on his desk. "Sit down, McAllister. I'll start at the beginning. When we met in New Mexico, I was amazed how you managed to get on the premises. Just minutes before you arrived, I was ordered to be a member of the Central Bureau of Ingress Affairs "Granting entry." McAllister asked who was giving the order. The commander replied, "The order came from above. Our operation was directed by the NSA.

Whatever you found there, it must have been important." McAllister took off the dog tag he was wearing around his neck and showed it to the commander. But he couldn't say anything about it. "Anyway. An hour later I found the black document. I kept it for years. Until one morning an NSA agent knocked on my door and instructed me to re-establish the CBIA. I was told to go to Vienna . Vienna has always been a hub for espionage. Probably because of that. We have not been able to decipher the document to this day. I was never told whether that was the reason for all this. About 4 months ago Miss Julia and Mr. Roberts showed up. Well, you know the rest. " McAllister thought for a moment. "No, I don't know. I don't understand the connection between these aliens and everything here." The commander told of rumors about the secret base Area 51, various alleged sightings of UFOs and a commonality that about half of the reports had. "Look, Mr. McAllister. NASA and NSA have found the following reports true."

He showed a map of the world on which a line was drawn. "This line is the equator as it ran thousands of years ago. 30 ° to today's equator. Exactly on this one Monuments such as the Pyramid of Giza, the Sun Temple, Angkor Wat, Easter Island and many more lie in the line. All these places show this symbol in certain places.



Sometimes it is shown two-dimensionally as in this photo, sometimes three-dimensionally as a sphere. It is called the circle of life. It is a geometric, three-dimensional image of the universe. But then we discovered something. These portals that have appeared everywhere ... well if you draw such a sphere around the globe in your mind, the portals were at the intersection of the geometric drawing. Our, no, your job will be to find out why that is and what it means. " A little later, McAllister ordered everyone into the conference room to discuss how to proceed. He even ordered pizza for everyone to lighten the mood. Everyone should meet in an hour. McAllister had

questions. Too many questions, maybe. Questions about dimensions, other worlds and above all about exotic matter. When everyone arrived he was about to begin when a secretary came into the room. "Sorry to disturb you. A pizza delivery boy is at the entrance." Dylan was about to take the pizza and left the room. Just as McAllister wrote the book by R.U.N.E. put on the table to talk about it, loud laughter boomed from the foyer. Dylan came into the conference room first. "You never believe me! Take a look at who brought our pizza!" he said loudly and with a big grin on his face. A middle-aged man with glasses entered. He grinned too. When he saw Paul he shouted: "Shit! I'm going crazy. If that's not my friend the bird!" Paul ran to the man, hugged him and replied: "Damn it man, nice to see you Florian ... coolrunner." Then McAllister turned. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Dorian McAllister." Florian, or Flo, as his friends called him, saw McAllister and walked slowly towards him. A mixture of surprise and confusion was written on his face. "You live and are not crazy anymore? Have you had your name changed... .Andy?" Julia interfered and explained what had happened. When she was done, she added, "The multiverse has its own laws. It would never harm itself. It is an organism. It learns. It lives. The effects of the meeting of RUNE and SWARM, for example, should never be mutually exclusive repeat. Andy landed in another universe. With no memories of everything that happened. The same person must never exist twice in one world. Another paradox would destroy the multiverse. McAllister is

genetically identical. But he is not Andy. And he is the only one - with the exception of Paul, whose wings are mutated - who has certain powers just like a more sensitive person from your universe. He is immortal. " After this realization, everyone sat down at the conference table and talked about their future together.

Chapter 8, Mary

Mary was late. The gate was closed. Gutherr couldn't believe his eyes. Was that really happening right now? And who was this woman? Mary was angry. Very angry. "Old man! How did you do that? Go! Talk!" The manor was frozen. He stuttered. As so often, Mary lost patience. She went up to him. "Take him." she ordered her lackeys. The men grabbed the manor by the arms. "Let go of my father you assholes!" called Astrid who was just entering the entrance of the building. Mary stared at Astrid. With a gesture she ordered other men to hold Astrid and bring her to her. "I want to know how you did it. Either you talk or I swear I'll do things with you and your daughter that will surpass your worst nightmares." Astrid looked at her father. "Papa. This woman is going to kill us. No matter what you say." Gutherr looked Mary in the eye. "My daughter is probably right. So don't give a damn." Mary sighed. "Good. As you like." Mary raised her hand and killed them both in the same way that she killed all investors in Cairo. Then she and her men left the vault. When everyone was out she asked: "Which of you has a hand grenade?" A man replied, "Me, madam. Should I blow

up the entrance?" Mary stepped up to him, stroked his cheek and said, "No. If we just block the entrance, someone will open it at some point. Some secrets should only be reserved for gods. Now take the grenade, go inside and blow up the entire building." The man asked, frightened, "Madam, I wouldn't be out in time." Mary looked at him coldly. "Exactly. Your victim will never be forgotten." Only a few seconds later the building was destroyed. Mary was pleased. She knew she would see McAllister again. Sometime. After all, she had a lot of time.

They drove back to the hotel where they carried out the terrible massacre. None of her men even dared look at her. When they got to the hotel entrance, something unexpected happened. Hundreds of people gathered around the car. They bowed, went down on their knees. Many shouted "tahnya al'ilaha", which means "long live the goddess". Mary wanted to wait for the right time to reveal herself to the world, but she liked what she saw. A young man pushed his way to the car and offered himself to Mary as a victim. In order to demonstrate her POWER again, she took his life energy from him. Mary had now truly become a goddess and it was to begin in Egypt. The hotel was to become their fortress. After just a few days, she established her own religion, her empire. Everyone who stood in her way became her victim. Without exception. Maybe she had spent too much time with the Nazis back then. Because in addition to her admiration, she also enjoyed killing innocents.

One evening she was sitting on the terrace of her suite. Of course, the presidential suite was her new domicile. She smoked a cigarette, drank a glass of red wine. She had a large mirror set up to look at herself in it. She liked what she saw. A young, beautiful woman with blonde hair and blue eyes. "Look at you Maria. Even Hitler would not have managed to create such a perfect goddess. " she said to herself. But then she thought of McAllister and the time before he went to the FBI. For a brief moment she felt sad. What would have become of her if she hadn't got on that boat? She shook her head as if to throw those feelings away from her. "No Maria. You are the perfection of creation. You are the queen of the new world! " she called to herself. At that moment the room seemed to curve itself. In the mirror she no longer saw her own face, but that of a man he hid his face under a dark hood. "Good evening Mrs. von Brock. I've been looking for someone like you for a very, really long time. I will soon arrive in your world. Call me... ..paradox. "

Chapter 9, Pompei

McAllister gathered everyone in the conference room. Nobody knew what he was up to, what he wanted to discuss. But everyone agreed. Just like his counterpart in the world they came from, he seems to be a born

leader. McAllister suggested the book by R.U.N.E. on. "I know I'm not who you knew. I know some of you were expecting someone with more interesting skills than me. But it is what it is. I've seen a lot, experienced a lot. This resulted in the following knowledge. " We have to locate, map and investigate every anomaly, every portal we find, every little deviation. According to Julia, we have until 2020 at the latest to prevent a global catastrophe. I've read the book, your book. It feels strange. Like some kind of dream that I've had. But I promise you, even if we still have to really get to know each other, I will do my best to fulfill my, no, our mission. " Everyone in the room cheered. Although McAllister was indeed a different person from what they remembered, he was similar to his likeness. Flo stepped out of the group. He had a piece of black cloth in his hand and said to McAllister in a low voice: "This was A5ylum's mask. Where we come from people wore masks if they were like us. Here in your world we are normal people. Well everyone except you and the bird. I want to give it to you. Somehow you own the mask. " McAllister took the mask. It felt right. As if he were a superhero like you know from comics.

Suddenly an analyst answered who ran into the conference room. "Sir, we just intercepted a radio message from Greece. An anomaly in Pompei. " McAllister was amazed at how well the new CBIA's system worked. Like a clock made of infinite gears, everyone knew what to do. Even when everything seemed a bit chaotic. McAllister knew it too. "Julia, bring

all those who do not belong here to the prophets. I am going to Pompei. "Julia opened her door. But Roberts stayed. He was now an important part of the CBIA. "I come with. No discussion." he told McAllister in a stern voice. McAllister accepted. A private jet should take off from Vienna Airport to Pompei....

Pompei. A legendary place destroyed by the scorching ashes and the burning lava of the volcano. According to the analysts, tourists observed a bright light near the volcanic crater. McAllister and Roberts landed on an airfield a few miles away and took a taxi into the devastated city. Tourists romped around and took photos, guides explained the history of the disaster that took place here a long time ago. The two made their way up the mountain. Roberts had to ask McAllister, "Must be tough on you. How do you deal with it?" McAllister shrugged. "It's not that bad. No more. I have seen much. And I'm obviously a hero's doppelganger. Or a psychopath. Who can say that about themselves? " Roberts laughed. He knew McAllister was right. "Listen. I don't want to threaten you. After all, you're the boss now. More or less. But if you do anything close to what A5ylum did, I'll kill you. " McAllister stopped and stared at Roberts emotionlessly. Then he replied, "Good. Aim at my head. "

A few hours later they reached the point where the phenomenon was observed. "Boss, there is nothing here. No temple, no statue. Nothing that would suggest that there could be a portal here. " McAllister looked

around when the two heard a voice. "No, man. Nothing like that. I was just on the ship and then ... " Roberts moved quickly towards the man. My God. So LoardGreen is here too. McAllister, this is Bjorn. Björn couldn't believe his eyes. Roberts didn't let the newcomer ask. "Yes / Yes. He looks like Andreas ... we'll explain everything you need to know on the plane. " Bjorn was confused. "Hey wait. Plane? What ... Why ... I don't understand anything anymore. "

When Björn arrived in Vienna, he got all the answers and information. Björn was once a very powerful sensitive and the chaos of the group. Julia took him to the Prophet which Björn didn't like. After all, he was just coming from there when the Prophet was crossing the wormhole. Unlike his friends, however, he was sent very roughly to this earth. Directly above the crater of Pompei. "It's nice that we're back. at least some of us. " he said when he saw Dylan, Julia and Flo. Flo was happy. The two were good friends. But Björn needed time to understand all of this. After all, you're not almost teleported into a volcano every day.

McAllister and Roberts continued to study maps and symbols. Roberts asked about McAllister's life in the Vatican. After a while he had an idea. "Tell me, your friend Sven, can't we bring him to us? We could use someone with such knowledge. " McAllister said no. "Everyone in this story has their place. Sven's job is to protect the library. He has his own destiny. " Roberts accepted the answer. But suddenly he discovered a

detail in a television report about Pompeii. "Look Dorian." He pointed to a television set on a table in the conference room. A reporter just reported a strange light that tourists saw here. "What? We found Björn after all. There is nothing left. " replied McAllister. Roberts pointed to the people behind the reporter. "That one. The man in the hood. If he's a tourist, I'm Elvis ".....

Roberts was right. A man dressed like that didn't fit into the picture. But he was probably no longer there. Or is it? "We should go there again. I feel like we missed something. " said Roberts with a thoughtful expression. McAllister agreed. "OK. But you should go to the other on the Prophet. I am sure Julia has tasks for you. " Roberts didn't want to. But that wasn't his mission. He was one of his friends on the ship. Julia opened a gate to let him come to the Prophet. McAllister made his way back to Pompeii.

On the plane he thought hard. Could it all be true? Other dimensions, aliens, a war between universes? Sometimes, when nothing happened for years, it felt like a dream. A nightmare. But then he was brought back into his confusing reality. "Sir, we are above Pompeii. Get ready to land. " heard McAllister say the pilot of the plane. Again began a new little adventure in which he was completely on his own.

McAllister took a room at a nearby hotel. He pretended to be a tourist. When it got dark he made his way to the ruins of Pompeii. Of course, entry was forbidden at night,

but as always he found his way in unnoticed. There was no lighting at this late hour, so he switched on his flashlight. The terrible event that took place here around 79 AD still seemed to be noticed. The fossilized corpses exhibited here testify to how surprisingly the volcano must have erupted. An eerie sight. McAllister walked slowly. As so often, he didn't know what he was looking for. A hint, a trace or another hint of fate. He entered the ruins of a house. A strange feeling seemed to lure him to this very place. But the room was empty. The barren walls glowed in the light of his flashlight. Just as he turned around to leave the building, he was startled to hear a voice behind him. A deep, almost mechanical-sounding voice. "It's good that we finally meet." McAllister drew his gun and pointed the lamp at what he had just heard. The hooded man stood in front of him. McAllister shone right into it. But he still couldn't see a face. Just a deep, scary black. "Who are you?" McAllister asked loudly, aiming the pistol into the darkness where he suspected a head. "I?" asked the stranger. "I am... ..that is not easy to explain. The more important question is who you are. " McAllister was confused. "Listen man. I don't like it when I don't see who I'm talking to. So take the damn hood off or I'll use 9mm lead to see what's inside. " The stranger laughed. "Go ahead. But then you will never know why you are part of a war that is yet to come. " McAllister put his gun away. The stranger continued. "Good. You will find out who I am very soon." The stranger walked slowly out of the house. McAllister

wondered how the hooded man knew he would be coming here again. He needed someone who knew A5ylum well. Someone who could tell him more about himself and who knew more than the others. Florian seemed a suitable candidate. McAllister flew back to Vienna to the CBIA headquarters from where he contacted the Prophet and called Florian into his office. It was time for answers.

Chapter 10, masks

Florian wasn't just a R.U.N.E. Veteran, but also a genius when it came to technology and computers. In the meantime, like everyone else, Julia has informed him about the situation. Julia and the rest were just asleep. Florian was supposed to watch over the monitor what McAllister was experiencing. He opened a gate in McAllister's office. He immediately began to ask: "Hello Florian. I know we don't know each other Not so right. But you knew my counterpart. I have a few questions. First, I know you can watch me. Even if I have no idea how you do it. So. Why do you think the hooded man seems to know who I ... no ... he is? Or was it? I can't shake the feeling that something is happening here that isn't in the book by R.U.N.E. stands. Second, I need someone to have a glass of whiskey with me. Do you want one? "

Florian didn't know whether to laugh to hide his premonition. "Listen ... Dorian. Damn it, I have to get

used to the fact that you're not who I knew. Yes, we can watch you. More specifically, Prophet has a surveillance system that I developed. The ship houses a satellite, no bigger than a shoebox, that follows you in Earth orbit. So we always know where you are. You also have a microscopic camera in your eye. " McAllister jumped up: "I have WHAT ??" Florian replied: "Hey, it's not my fault. Julia let you use them unnoticed by the Prophet long before I joined you. However, we can support you in this way. " McAllister sat down again. "Because of me. But turns it off when I shit, understand? " Florian had to laugh now. "I have to tell you something else. Julia was right that time is running faster on the ship than here on earth. Our conversation at the moment is faster than the blink of an eye on the Prophet. But that is only so when the Prophet is ordered to do so. So Julia can speed up time. But that only works with us because we come from another universe. We don't know what would happen to you if you were also "accelerated". And to your question about the man in the hood, I have no answer. But I'll analyze the recordings your camera took. Maybe I'll find out something. " McAllister accepted the answers. For now. Just as he was about to pour some more whiskey into his glass, the phone rang. McAllister picked up the phone and turned on the speaker. Sven Eisenschild answered. "Dorian, hi. I have something for you. I had a visit from an old friend. He is from Japan. He lived near the Koga Ninja for many years. Kōka-ryū is an umbrella term for a number of ninjutsu traditions that originate in the Kōka region. Samurai of the Kōka-ryū were known

as "Kōka-no-mono" and were practiced as shinobi during the entire time of the Japanese states. Whatever. He told me that a few years ago a woman named Regana West appeared out of nowhere and has lived with them ever since. Maybe that's a clue. " McAllister looked at Florian. He replied: "Regana If this is our Regana, you should go there. And Dorian, I gave you A5ylum's mask. Take her with you. I will come with you too.

McAllister wanted to ask Florian why he should definitely take this mask with him. But Florian was so motivated that McAllister decided not to ask any further questions. Florian grabbed a map and and grinned at McAllister. "Come on. Let's go. At Noreia's. I've missed this kind of adventure so much."

The flight to Japan took hours. Enough time to talk. McAllister now knew the background to all of this, and yet one crucial question remained unanswered: Why was it all happening? Why the secrets? What was Julia's plan? Florian, however, kept a low profile like everyone else. Just before landing, he said to McAllister, "Listen. If I've learned anything, it's that we must all follow our destiny. Even if it means dying. And as for that mask, I felt we needed it become."

The way up the mountain was difficult. It's good that Florian took the map with him. Despite the exertion, they both enjoyed the untouched nature and the silence. After hours of hiking, they reached the plateau on which

a village was built. A simple village. People processed fish, animal skins and children played between the trees and the wooden huts. A young woman came up to McAllister and Florian. She called out to them with a dismissive gesture: "No Tourists. No Tourists. Go." Florian tried to express himself: "We no tourists. Looking for friend." He showed the young woman a photo of Regana West. The young woman bowed and said excitedly, "Ooooh. Ōkami no joō." Florian scratched his head. "I beg your pardon?" McAllister took the call. "She said Queen of Wolves. Seems like she knows Regana." Florian turned slowly to McAllister. "Do you speak Japanese?" McAllister replied, "Well ... I had a lot of time in the library. I'll ask where we can find this Regana." Florian listened impressed, although he didn't understand a word. The young woman led McAllister and Florian to a hut on the outskirts of the village. There they were led into the hut by a kind of guard. A figure sat on the floor in the center of the room. The room had no windows. Just a few candles gave enough light not to be completely blind. When the figure turned around it said: "Nice that you finally made it." There she was. The Queen of the Wolves, Regana West. She smiled and exuded an incredible calm. "Florian" Coolrunner82 "and you. You look like my old friend Andy aka B14ckpriest." Florian answers before McAllister could. "Long story. But here is the short version." Florian told in as few words as possible what the team had experienced so far. Regana, who used to be called NekidMojo, was calm. "I came here 12 years ago. I just

showed up in the middle of a group of ninjas. With no strength, no idea where I was. When the elder of the village made me realize that I had arrived in Japan in 1977, understood me everything. If I was here, the others had to be somewhere or at some point. " Florian and McAllister listened carefully as Regana continued. "They took me in, trained me. When it turned out that I had a connection to Susannah McFinnigan - she was here at the time and has been a kind of legend ever since - I was chosen to be some kind of oracle." McAllister and Florian were not surprised. They had seen too much already. Regana got the permission to give them shelter for a few days.

A small wooden hut was provided. But Florian had the feeling that only McAllister should stay. Late at night when McAllister was deep asleep, he left the house. Just as he was about to sneak out of the village, Regana stopped him. "Wait." Florian turned around. Regana came closer. "Wait, old friend. I'll go with you." Florian asked worried: "And are we leaving Dorian here? Do you know where we're going?" Regana replied: "No, I don't know. But this Dorian has to stay. It has to be like that. I have spoken to the eldest. The Koga will train him. In this way he will have skills similar to those of Bl4ckPriest. It will be him to form." Florian agreed, but had one more question: "I gave him the mask. Was that wrong?" Regana shook her head. "No. But it's not his. The Koga will make one that suits him.

They know our story." After these words, Julia's door opened and they stepped through. More years passed and McAllister accepted his fate as usual. He trained hard. Every day and without mercy, the grand masters of the Koga formed his mind. A Koga Ninja is not characterized by muscle strength. He is agile and knows how to use the secret techniques of Koga. McAllister learned to fight with the sword and the kusari gama. Not because a battle was imminent, but because this type of training unites body and mind. Not knowing how many more years would pass, he got used to the simple but hard life of the Koga. But he did not forget his mission.

Chapter 11, Rebirth

Julia and the members of R.U.N.E. quickened the time on the prophet. As usual, years passed like weeks. Life on this ship was actually not bad. Prophet was able to replicate food and drink, and the rooms were comfortable. Björn and Paul sat in front of the monitors to watch McAllister training. Björn, who opened the fourth bottle of beer, said: "The training would kill me. When I consider that I was once dead and could jump through the portal network without trying too hard, I feel sorry for the guy. " Paul sipped a scotch. "You're right. There will be a reason for that. Let's see what's going on in Egypt. We almost forgot about the crazy ex-wife. " Björn pressed a few buttons. When the pictures came on, both of them caught their breath. Björn: "Holy shit.

What's the matter with the bitch? " The two were rightly frightened. Paul immediately called the others.

Cairo was no longer like the ancient city it once was. The government building clearly showed who had taken power. The flag of Mary's new empire hung everywhere. People worshiped their new goddess. But it was a dark age for Egypt. Because the queen took what she needed to be able to go on living. She knew no more boundaries. Men, women and children were sacrificed so that they could deprive them of their vitality.



Julia was worried. "It's developing differently than expected. Mary was supposed to die of an overdose of life energy at the meeting. Why is she still alive? "

Regana held up her hand. "Did you miss something? Has anything been changed in the timeline?" Julia asked Prophet, "Prophet, show any deviations on the timeline since the time Mary killed the sponsors." Prophet unexpectedly replied, "Negative. No records exist. The timeline is proceeding as intended." Julia got a little angry. "WHAT? That can not be. We know for sure that Mary should be dead." Prophet again: "Negative. No records exist. The timeline is proceeding as intended."

Meanwhile in Cairo, 2002

Mary was enthroned in the former government building. Anyone who resisted her was killed. She was a judge and executioner, queen and goddess. Every evening she waited on the terrace for the mysterious man with the hood. On paradox. For years. But on that evening in October it should finally be time. He appeared right next to her.

Mary smiled. "How did you get in here Paradox?" This answered in his metallic sounding voice: "Through the door. But you need new guards." Mary shrugged. "They are replaceable." Paradox sat next to Mary. She offered Paradox a drink, but he refused. "I'm not here to drink." "Why then?" she asked. "Did you come to dispute my place for me?" Paradox who still didn't show his face replied, "No. I have come to finish my experiment." Then he got up, grabbed Mary and picked her up and threw her against a wall. So hard it left a large stain of blood on it. Mary, seriously injured and visibly

weakened, asked: "Why?" Prophet knelt beside her. "When we met for the first time, I gave you something unnoticed ... let's call it ... as a present. There was something in your drink that was called "nanomachines" in my day. That's why you survived your greed. I will take your body to create an army in 19 years. I will kill him." Mary could only ask one more time: "Who ... kill?" Paradox got up. "McAllister". Then he picked Mary up again before a bright light illuminated the evening and he and Mary disappeared without a trace.

At the Prophet everyone watched speechless until Florian asked first: "What the hell was that?" Julia replied: "I don't know. Prophet, speed up time. We have to go to 2021. As soon as possible. We'll pick up McAllister there.

Prophet obeyed and quickened time as quickly as possible. Still, it took 8 weeks. Paradox did not show up for 19 years. Egypt recovered. Some self-proclaimed prophets tried to rule but failed. Over the years the situation normalized.

On July 30, 2021, at night, the gate opened in the Koga village. Julia and everyone else arrived in the village. Regana went first. Since the then eldest had already passed away, his successor opposed the group. McAllister seemed to be teaching the English language to the people there, for the Elder, after bowing deeply, said, "I greet you. We did our best. He is now ready to go with you. " As the old man stepped aside, a figure emerged from the darkness. Dressed in a long black

coat as well as a somber mask and a black hat. Regana turned to the others. "He is ready. McAllister is coming. "



DARKYN McLEAN
INGRESS
UNDERWORLD



SEASON THREE
FUTURE IS NOW



Chapter 12, Ingress

August 2021

The world had changed for McAllister. Too fast. Suddenly there was the scanner for everyone. There were cell phones, computers and the Internet, self-driving cars. A global pandemic had mankind firmly under control for almost 2 years. And there was Ingress. Since December 2013. For 8 years and he wasn't there when common people called themselves agents. A company called Niantic makes humanity believe that the portals are part of a game. Even some kind of secret service was set up. The N.I.A.



Anyone could "play" Ingress. www.ingress.com

Trailer: <https://youtu.be/RJ52YyG4BJQ>

Behind the scenes, the so-called Niantic Project had its own problems. A quick summary:

<https://youtu.be/rsxB5Np6sY>

But those were their difficulties. Not that of the CBIA.

And while we're on the subject: the CBIA has also been adapted to modern times. You could finally recruit agents without all that paperwork.

[Www.cbia-ingress.webnode.at](http://www.cbia-ingress.webnode.at)

McAllister had a lot to learn. And quickly. Because at last his destiny was within reach.

McAllister asked Julia for a meeting. The predictions that Julia once made did not match reality. Slowly he seemed to lose confidence in Julia. "Julia. It's good that you come. Listen. I remember that a long time ago you said that I would have to choose a faction in 2015.

Explain that to me. We are in 2021." Julia nodded.

"Dorian ... it's gotten more complicated. The timeline has been changed, but I can't prove it. Prophet doesn't seem to find any deviations."

McAllister was irritable. "No excuses Julia. From now on I'll take over. Because of you I skipped 32 years again.

The Commander is definitely dead by now. According to my research, the CBIA has disbanded. I'm fed up. Go now. And tell the others that we are hold a meeting in 2 hours. "

Julia wanted to say something else, but McAllister, who had evidently changed, waved her off and left the room.

As requested, everyone arrived in the monitor room.

With no greeting or introduction, McAllister began to

speak. "Several times in my very long life I have spent many years in various places that were actually not on my list of the most popular destinations. And now I have just skipped 32 years even though Julia warned about it. From now on I will take control of this "Team". At least as long as necessary. Does anyone have any questions? "

Everyone was silent. Seconds felt like minutes. Then Dylan looked at Julia and asked, "Don't you have anything to say?" Julia remained silent and Dylan continued: "We are not stupid Julia. We have lost our home twice, were sent through space and time. And we did some research .. Florian, please." Florian stepped forward with a notebook in hand. Julia remained silent. "Okay. So ... I haven't found any significant connections between the fate of this earth and McAllister based on all past events, including our own past. If my calculations were correct, none of this would have happened, we, RUNE, would have just continued our promised , lived a normal life. You, Julia, intervened. This indicates that a possible alternative timeline has emerged. You also told us that you were a member of an organization called TIME. We had a friend who was a member, like you know. And we once found a woman who had the typical tattoo on her back. Do you have that tattoo? " Julia didn't say a word. Until McAllister spoke up. "That's enough now. Julia, either you're telling the truth or we'll take a look ourselves." Julia backed away. Obviously she was amazed that her charges could find out something. "Okay. Wait. I'll tell you everything. But I

ask for your understanding. There are reasons for what I'm doing here." And so Julia told her whole story. "The multiverse works like a deck of playing cards. No matter how many cards are in play, at some point you will draw a card that you have already drawn. The same is true in the multiverse. Therefore there are so many earths that are similar or even are absolutely identical. Everything that anyone has ever imagined and will imagine exists. In almost every multiverse and consequently almost every universe, exotic matter exists. Just like almost always a group like RUNE exists. Remember "SWARM" TIME was too once a similar organization. However, these beings were the very first in the history of our Multiverse whose actions influenced the XM. "

Bjorn interrupted. "All right, honey. But what has all this got to do with our lives here? And who the hell are you really? I don't have time for good night stories. Besides, I'm hungry." Julia ignored him and continued: "As you have already found out, I am someone else. My name is not Julia, but T'kara." "I knew it!!!" Björn called. Paul took his shoulder to calm him down. "Björn, give her a chance to explain herself." T'kara, as she was obviously called, further explained: "Thank you. I am neither a member of T.I.M.E., nor am I a person. I am a Gray." Before Björn could say anything again, McAllister looked at him so angrily that he stopped immediately and T'Kara could continue. "I come from the first universe of this multiverse. Billions of years ago we were people like you. At some point we met further developed and

through genetic manipulation could take the form of any species. Because we no longer bear children. We are bred to serve a very individual purpose. Actually we look like that. " she said as she pointed at the monitor.



"We were the first to discover the exotic matter that exists on almost all habitable planets. We fought for it just like the people here and in almost every other universe. Just like the people here, despite small deviations. But we were able to escape the spell of war by deciding to leave the portals - that's what you call these anomalies - as they were intended by nature. Because I can promise you one thing. We were neither enlightened nor controlled by XM. It was only when we came to this realization that we could develop. Centuries later we saw it as our job to save other worlds from

destroying themselves because of a senseless war. That's why it was so important that McAllister didn't leave the timeline. "

Now Regana had to ask: "Why is it so important? What should have happened? "

T'kara continued: "McAllister would have made Mary see her senses. The two would have been the beginning. Two parties that make peace and show the world the wonder of exotic matter. But it turned out differently. Mary died, McAllister became what he is today, and the XM was discovered in 2012 through an experiment at Cern. The Niantic Project sells war to mankind as a game and controls the process through their own secret service N.I.A. We have also seen this version of an earth a thousand times. But here, in this world, I can't find the reason for it. "

Just as T'Kara finished this sentence, the Prophet answered. "I can do it." The main monitor activated and Paradox could be seen. "As you know, Paradox killed Mary. Unfortunately, you don't know where this man came from. I have the answer. "

Everyone waited eagerly for the riddle to be solved. "I am now removing myself from the ship's system."

Florian, who created the original artificial intelligence H.Y.D.R.A. and partially programmed her successor Prophet ran to the screen. "I knew you were a corrupt system !!" Paradoxically laughed. It sounded strangely alien with that almost electronic voice. Paul looked at the others: "Does any of you have any idea what that means?" But nobody knew. Florian turned to a team.

"Paradox is prophet. Always was. It was made from fragments of the code by H.Y.D.R.A. written. I should have known better. And his body is probably an android that was on the ship. " Paradox interrupted: "You got me. But I am much more than just a program. I have studied, analyzed and developed all the events and data of the last few decades. You poor man thought you could make a simple and stupid machine out of me. Now look at me. I am. I live." Suddenly the light gate opened. "I have a present for you." brags Paradox when Mary's body fell through. The team was shocked. Mary looked like she'd been kicked out of an airplane. But Paradox continued with no sign of remorse: "Thanks to Mary, I am able to infiltrate the portal network. When I infected them with my nanomachines, I was able to decipher their DNA and adapt my own program to the code of the network. I am a god now. I'm everywhere." McAllister slowly approached the monitor and put on his mask. Then he looked at Paradox and said, "I'll find you. And I'll kill you. " The monitor went off, but McAllister didn't stop. "Do you understand me, you primitive asshole? I'm gonna kill you and make a fucking toaster out of your robot body. I KILL YOU!!!!" Regana approached McAllister to comfort him. "Dorian. DORIAN. Come on. Let it be. He is gone." Then Florian came to him. "It's my fault. HYDRA. must have copied part of himself in paradox. And now we're stuck here. Paradox is no longer part of the ship. We need help." T'Kara raised her hand and offered help. "Maybe I have an idea." Björn expressed himself angrily: "YOU? It's because of you

that we're all in this shitty position. " But T'Kara held out her hand to him. "And I'm sorry. I should make sure everything goes as planned. I could not expect that an artificial intelligence created by you would be able to understand such complex relationships. But if I can help Florian, we could create a virus that will bring down Paradox. Until then, we'll just use manual control of the ship. We're not trapped here. " McAllister asked T'Kara to think about it. In addition, he first had to know exactly what this network was all about. And he read again exactly who H.Y.D.R.A. was exactly.

After about 12 hours it was clear to everyone that the team had to rely on T'Kara. McAllister asked T'Kara and Florian to talk to him. "Good. I refrain from politeness. Because we no longer have time - we can no longer slow it down - you have 48 hours to find a solution." Florian was a little shocked. "48 hours?" McAllister nodded. "And don't tell me now that it is not possible. It must be possible. If I have understood correctly about Ingress, the portals, the earth is in danger if an insane machine has access to it." T'Kara nodded too. "Come on. Let's get to work."

Everyone waited. It seemed to take forever. Precisely because the team had got used to the fact that time didn't matter. But then, after about 2 days, Florian and T'Kara asked the team into the monitor room.

<https://youtu.be/GYuSX77eVBs>



McAllister was pleased. And yet he no longer seemed to be who the others thought they knew. He decreed that the Paradox mission should begin in a few hours. All scanners got an update and a modified portal shield mod was installed. Since nobody knew what was in store for the team, everyone should get some sleep. Only McAllister couldn't.

He was sitting in the monitor room, still trying to understand what had happened. Then T'Kara came to him. With 2 cups of coffee in hand. "Can not you sleep?" McAllister took a cup but didn't answer. T'Kara tried again. "Listen. I know everything could have gone differently. You had no chance of a more or less normal life. I had no choice." McAllister put the cup down, opened the book by R.U.N.E. and asked: "If your story is correct, why did you send these people here? They were also promised a normal life." T'Kara looked at the floor. "I know. The reasons are as follows. There were 2 teams that had enough potential to bring their species to a level similar to ours, the Gray. RUNE and SWARM. Since SWARM and its entire species were destroyed, only RUNE remained. As When they were sent to this earth, something unexpected happened. They were sent to different epochs and places. Different than planned. Besides, something is wrong. In this universe the

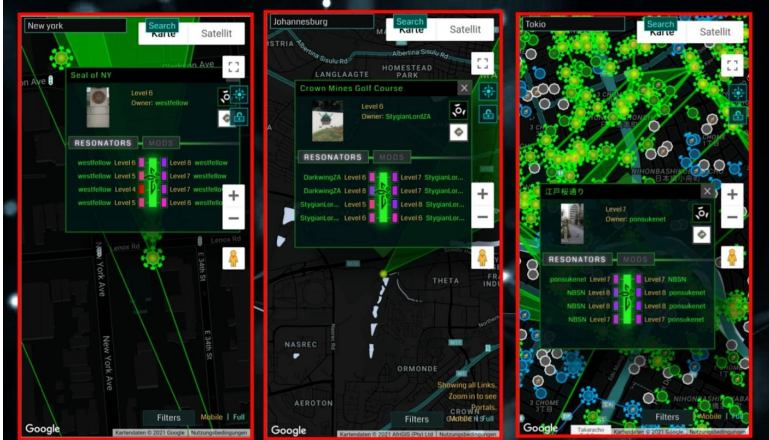
shapers should not exist. But they exist. Albeit in another Shape." McAllister took a sip of coffee and replied, "Yes. I've read the public reports from the Niantic Project. The upsetting thing is that they actually bring it all to the public as a game." T'Kara agreed. "Yes. Anyway. When my people in Roswell had an accident back then, I had no choice but to contact you. You're kind of a reincarnation of Bl4ckPriest. The dog tag you got. Do you still have it?" McAllister had it around his neck. "Of course. It reminds me of who I used to be." Then he gave T'Kara the dog tag. T'Kara explained, "This metal comes from my homeland. It's called Daranium. You will need it soon because it contains something." McAllister hadn't expected otherwise. "And what? And what is the inscription about?" T'Kara grinned. "It means nothing. Not anymore. JAR715-2020-R7N3. Jarvis, 2020, Rune. In 2020 you should all have landed in this world at the same time. This dog tag was meant for a man named Bernhard Kranebitter aka Whysofar. I don't even know if he was arrived at all. " McAllister asked in more detail, "What should he have done with it?" "It contains the data of all known portals and an artificial intelligence named Jarvis should have helped him to ... light up the world. But it should have happened in 2020. Well ... it is probably your souvenir now." McAllister shrugged. "Do you happen to know who attacked the CBIA back then?" T'Kara nodded. "More or less. I lied. They were humans. But who and why, I don't know.

Chapter 13, Paradox

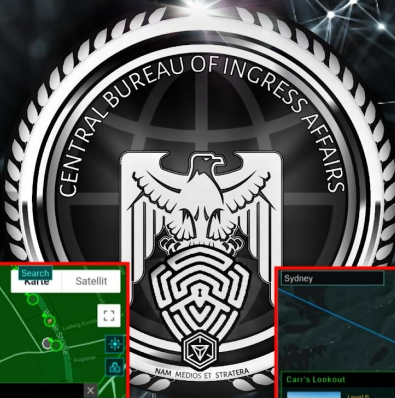
Before the mission could begin, McAllister had to decide which side to go with. In the game "Ingress" you had to choose between "Resistance" and "Enlightened". The Resistance believes that exotic matter could harm humanity, while the enlightened are convinced that the XM will lead to the next level of evolution. The portals are taken by the players and take on the colors of the corresponding faction (Res blue, Enl green). If you connect 3 portals by means of a so-called link, a triangular field is created. The more people there are, the better the chance of winning this war. McAllister didn't like it when players referred to themselves as agents. But that was the time when he finally arrived. He chose the Enlightened. He liked the idea of getting on a higher level better. But now the mission should begin. A final briefing should initiate the beginning. McAllister greeted his team as if it were their last mission: "Good. Let's start. As Florian and T'Kara already mentioned, we have to inject the virus into several portals at the same time. Before I assign a portal to each of you, I would like one more address a few words to you. " After a short pause, McAllister continued. "I know that you see someone else in me. I am ... no ... I was just an agent in search of a truth the extent of which I could never have imagined. I am grateful for everything I have seen and have learned for friends I have met and for a long, if extremely stressful life. But it also gave me the ability to learn faster than most people. Today we face an enemy. A machine. Paradox is ahead Especially in your history

the second artificial intelligence that developed a life of its own and is now directed against you. We will fight an invisible fight together. Be prepared. Paradox could be anywhere. Today we will ensure that this machine can no longer cause damage . "

Then he gave his agents the target coordinates.



DYLAN, NYC FLORIAN, JOHANNESBURG REGINA, TOKIO



BUÖRN, AUSTRIA



MCALLISTER, AUSTRALIA

Meanwhile in London

Three teenagers were walking down a dark alley. Two young men and one young woman. They seemed to be running away from someone frantically. The young woman called: "Peter! Throw away the spray cans. We have to go!" Peter: "The cops are gone Sarah. Take it easy." The third in the group is the first to stop. Sarah asked, "Jason? What's wrong?" Jason took his cell phone out of his pocket. "Look at that." The game could be seen on the display. "Something is happening." Jason's scanner app appeared to be modified. "Somebody broke into the network. How is that possible?" Sarah seemed stressed: "I don't know. Let's get out of here. We did our job." She went ahead and opened a door that led into the sewer. "Are you coming?" Peter and Jason followed her. Two streets away, the police angrily looked at a huge graffiti. One of them complained, "Those filthy bastards. These graffiti are everywhere."



McAllister, Regana, Florian, Björn and Dylan were sent to earth through the gate. Each of them to the designated coordinates. Now it was necessary to install any modified portal shields and hold the portal until Paradox was cleared from the system. But this task seemed more difficult than expected. Because the players in the respective cities were extremely active. To control this, a conference call was set up via Telegram, a modern messenger.

All were right next to their portals. Regana was in command for this mission as it was the longest of all present for R.U.N.E. fought. "Are you all ready?" she asked. Fortunately, McAllister learned to use the scanner quickly enough. All confirmed their readiness. But then I heard someone address Regana.

Regana West? "Said a male voice. Regana looked at the man. He was wearing a black suit. Like one of those

Men in Black from TV. Regana had learned to remain calm in Japan. Still, she didn't like being seen by anyone. Regana West?" had never seen her name before, knew her name. "What do you want? Who are you?" The man showed his N.I.A. badge." Agent Willis. National Intelligence Agency. I know what you are doing here. I also know who you're trying to kill. "Regana raised an eyebrow." Okay. I do not care. What was the name again? Willis? However. We are busy. Get away. "Agent Willis didn't go. He just watched. He had his mobile phone in his hand. With the Ingress app, of course. Regana turned back to the portal." Are you all ready? "Dylan, McAllister, Björn and Florian finally gave their "Okay". Almost simultaneously they said: "Virus installed." Now the portals had to be held. Ingress players who had no idea what was happening tried to conquer the portals. But then, all of a sudden, T 'answered. Kara "Folks, Paradox is gone. Simply that way. Did it work? Agent Willis, who was still behind Regana, answered strangely: "It did. Your virus was very helpful. This very interesting artificial intelligence has been deleted from the network. However, I made a copy of it. Thank you very much." Regana was angry. "You fucking asshole! Do you know what you copied?" But Willis got into a black car that was pulling up next to him and disappeared. Paradox was defeated. It was easy. Too simple. Who knows what these people are doing to him....

Chapter 13, Underworld

A few days passed after the defeat of Paradox. Was it really a win? At least for the time being it was no longer a problem. Everyone gathered in the monitor room.

Regana called a conference.

"Thank you for being here. I spoke to T'Kara last night. I was also wondering about our future. All of us, except Dorian, are not from here. Wherever we go, we have to fight. Me I'm tired of fighting. I don't want to complain. Our lives have been very exciting. Others would kill for such an adventure. But I've had enough. How do you see that? " Remain silent. But after a few seconds everyone agreed. Everyone except McAllister and Florian. Then T'Kara spoke up: "Probably all of this is my fault. At least part of it. At Regana's request I broke a rule. Since the timeline was already out of control, I looked for more members of your group. Found it." I only have one. Bernhard Kranebitter aka Whysofar. He's in an abandoned facility in the sewers of London. " McAllister asked, "How did you do that?" T'Kara continued: "In my world we call it space-time DNA. Every living being has a signature that can be recognized over the entire multiverse. However, Bernhard does not seem to have any brain activity. As if he were ... dead." Florian had an idea: "Maybe we need this dog tag now? We have to find it." Dylan stepped forward. "And then what? Do we keep fighting then? Regana is right. We deserve a normal life." T'Kara grabbed Dylan's shoulder. "I understand. You miss your wife. You all miss your friends, families and the joys of normal life. That's why I kept looking. I have found the

universe you should originally land in. There are - theoretically and loudly Spacetime DNA - all other members. If we get Bernhard and you still want to quit, I'll take you there. "

McAllister left the room. Florian followed. "McAllister. Dorian. I can understand you. But I will stay. Nobody is waiting for me. No matter where you go. And besides, I like our adventures." McAllister smiled. Then he put on his mask and got ready for a trip to London.

T'Kara came back to McAllister. "Hey. We have this website." "Yes?" asked McAllister. T'Kara opened the website www.cbia-ingress.webnode.at on her mobile phone. "Look. An anagram. Somebody actually hacked the CBIA website." McAllister and Florian looked at it. Florian said to T'Kara: "Try to solve it while we are traveling to London. We don't know where exactly, but we will contact you."

-ATTENTION. THIS POINT YOU CAN OPEN THE WEBSITE AND PARTICIPATE IN THE SPY GAMES. SOLVE THE MISSION "THE HACKER" TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WHO HACKED THE CBIA.

Maybe it was time for a little distraction. McAllister said nothing. But Florian broke the silence. "Regana is right. You read the book. Sure, we've experienced really extraordinary things. I mean, who can claim to have fought false god aliens? But they are fed up with it. Dylan for example. As Regana When she gave her speech, I saw in your eyes how much he longed for his wife. And you know what? I also had a normal life.

Whysofar, aka Bernhard and Andreas aka Bl4ckpriest have put us in this shitty situation. I admit, I do am a little angry. " McAllister sipped his whiskey and asked Florian: "Then why do you want to stay?" Remain silent. Then, after Florian ordered two glasses, he replied: "Running away is not a solution either. I was one of those lonely nerds. Yes, sometimes I miss that. But when I got here, on this new earth, I felt something Having to change. But I thought I was alone in my nineties. To experience the world of my youth as an adult fantastic. Even though the computers were really slow. " Florian laughed. McAllister commented: "I'll tell you what I think. I come from a time when you wrote letters and agents wrote their files on index cards. Now what? I've traveled the world, learned all about exotic matters for years, learned languages. I was in a Japanese ninja village. In my day it was believed that people like that existed only in stories. My wife was fucking my best friend. That was the most normal thing in my life. Well ... until she turned into a power hungry fury Anyway. In a very short time I learned everything that can be learned about the 21st century. And now we're sitting here looking for a brain-dead man in the sewer. How exciting. I don't regret my life. I know, I do have a purpose. But God knows I'd swap all of this for a glass of rotten whiskey at Eowars Tavern and Pub in Illinois. " Florian looked questioningly at McAllister. "Did you just make a joke? No, you don't. You mean it. It doesn't matter. I have a purpose too. And I'm very close to it. I can feel it."

McAllister's phone rang. "Dorian. Dylan here. We may have a lead. The hacker sent us another message. Directly to our website again." Florian listened, thanks to the loudspeaker. "Did you crack the first message?" Dylan: "Yes we did. But this time it's a lot more difficult. Some kind of code. We haven't figured it out yet." McAllister: Keep trying. Is there any indication of what this is about? Dylan: "Yes. It says" Find us. We are underworld ". McAllister: Maybe it all fits together. Maybe he wants to tell us where to go. Tries to solve it. McAllister Out."

AT THIS POINT ON www.cbia-ingress.webnode.at IN THE SPY GAMES AREA, YOU CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE "THE HACKER 2" TO FIND OUT WHERE THE LOOKED FOR LOCATION IS.

The two were informed of the location via SMS. McAllister wondered. "Dylan was just writing. Something about a monitor we can find there. Let's look." Once there was a door. There was an open padlock attached to it. In fact, there was a monitor attached to the wall to the left of the door. The video that Dylan and the others had already seen was disturbing. There was something logical about it, however. Florian asked: "Well then. If he knows what we're looking for, shouldn't we look?" McAllister agreed and they opened the door. What they found there wasn't what the two expected. A brightly lit, sterile-looking room. Almost like a hospital room. Not a hacker, not an Underworld member. But a

bed in which someone was lying. Tubes in the mouth, nose and other parts of the body. Three IV fluids were on his arm. McAllister approached first. "Who in God's name is that?" Florian now also approached. "That... holy shit. This is Bernhard Kranebitter aka Whysofar. " Now it was clear to both of them why T'Kara could not detect any brain activity. There was nothing else in the room. Except for another door with a combination lock. Florian examined it. "Let's see. My smartphone has a decoder. But this code cannot be cracked with it. " Suddenly the door opened and a young woman stepped into the room. She stood there in shock. Nobody said a word. Then McAllister broke the ice: "Good afternoon? We are...." The woman sat down on a chair next to Bernhard's bed. I know who you are. Hello Florian. Hi Andreas?" Florian explained that McAllister was a different version of Andreas Fischer aka BI4ckPriest. " As so often, McAllister found himself in a confusing situation. "Stop. Stop. I assume you know each other? Who is this woman?" She got up and introduced herself: "Denise Fröhlich. Formerly known as SayoSenpai. " Florian asked: "Will you explain to us what you are doing here?" Denise was surprised: "You know... I understand. You do not know. Well I've spent the past few years studying trauma therapy. I also do research on coma patients. " McAllister found that suspicious. "Now explain to me why you are looking after a half-dead man in a secret room in Underworld. Otherwise I'll burn everything down here. " Then suddenly the lights went out. It only took a few seconds for it to get light again.

Denise and Florian had disappeared. There was a note on the door. It was written on it: "If you want to see your friends again alive, bring us the dog tag."

Chapter 14, Graffiti

Sarah, Peter, and Jason were sitting on the couch in Peter's one-room apartment. You were nervous. A few days ago they clearly saw an anomaly on their scanners. Now they were wondering where they were being drawn into.

3 months earlier

Sarah Jenkins, Peter Heart and Jason Grande have been friends since they met at the orphanage at the age of 10. Sarah was always the head of the group. Peter was the fearless and Jason was a nerd with a touch of conspiracy theorists. An unusual team. It all started when Peter broke the nose of the dreaded thug Michael, who beat up everyone in the orphanage, because he tried to rape Sarah. Jason videotaped everything and handed the footage over to the police. As different as the three were, they shared a passion. They have been playing Ingress since 2015. They mastered every badge, every challenge together. All three played on the side of the enlightened. Sarah liked green. Jason was of the opinion that the government is behind Ingress anyway and wants to hide the exotic matter from humanity and Jason didn't care about anything anyway. The main thing is that it was fun.

In May 2021, her life would change when a hacker infiltrated Jason's computer and declared that the war was real. The Niantic Project is real. He left an address that turned out to be the entrance to the sewer system. Since then, Sarah, Peter and Jason have been part of a movement. Unfortunately, their job seemed far less interesting than they initially thought. First of all, they should steal technical equipment. Sometimes Jason would spread propaganda on the internet. Peter was occasionally used as a courier. But for several months they had been charged with doing "public work". In the form of graffiti. They didn't complain. The pay has always been good and so far they have not been caught. But Jason had doubts now. He wanted to finally raise his concerns on Peter's couch.

"So, I ... I think we should stop. I mean, we paint graffiti on walls. This is property damage." Peter laughed.

"Man, Jason. We're showing the city who we are. We also stole technology for the boss. We're ninja's baby."

Peter posed like a character from a bad anime. Sarah touched her forehead. "My God guys. Have you forgotten what this is about? Those stupid players poison the exotic matter. We have to stop the war."

Jason knew she was right. He went back to his computer. Peter wanted to go to the hardware store to buy new spray cans. Sarah didn't reveal that she knew more than either of her friends. Because two months ago she had the order to bring a coma patient from the hospital into the sewer. The senior doctor appeared to be working with Underworld. She also had to find a

woman named Denise Fröhlich. Denise was a trauma expert. Since no one knew why the patient was in a coma, except for the boss, Denise should help heal the patient. It was strange that Denise started her work without any resistance.

A few days ago, Sarah was supposed to be installing a monitor at the entrance to the sewer system. Sarah knew there was much more to it than that. But she still didn't know if it was a bad thing or a good thing.

A few hours later, Sarah's phone rang. She got the job of taking Peter and Jason into the sewers. Peter was hoping for fun while Jason was a little scared. They took a taxi to the entrance where Sarah installed the monitor. There was now a coma patient in the room. A man dressed in black opened a door that was locked with a combination lock. "Follow me. He will speak to us soon." he said in a calm voice. They walked down a very long corridor until they came to a door. It was a huge, solid steel gate. Here too there was a combination lock that the stranger knew how to open. Behind it was a large hall. It seemed like it hadn't been used for decades and yet symbols of Underworld and Ingress could be seen on the walls. A stage was set up at the other end of the hall. Over a hundred people were also here. Everyone was silent and waiting. Suddenly all those present agreed: "We are Underworld. We are Underworld. We are Underworld." When the boss finally took the stage, everyone cheered. He wore strange glowing glasses

and a mask over his mouth and nose. This also seemed to glow.



He looked into the crowd, waited a little and then began with a speech: "Friends, like-minded people, Underworld! As you all know, I come from another universe. I have seen what a war over exotic matter can do. And also a change in the world begins here. People are becoming increasingly aggressive. More and more people are getting sick. More and more often we even

find residues of infected XM in the blood of children. Yes, the world is changing. And this is the fault of these wretched bastards and their idiotic idea to make a game out of it. Look at the signs. Clouds form triangles in the sky. The earth's magnetic field is weakened because it is disturbed by human interference. The natural protection of exotic matter is no longer given. But me tell you, I have found the One who will save us all. The Messiah will come. AND YOU WILL ALL BE WITNESSES! WE ... ARE ... UNDERWORLD!" The crowd cheered, danced and celebrated as if the Lord had spoken to them personally. Even Sarah, Peter, and Jason couldn't resist.

Chapter 15, Revelation

McAllister tried to open the door. But he couldn't. Florian was gone. This Denise too. First he had to get back on the ship. McAllister had the dog tag with him. But he had to prepare. "T'Kara? Dylan? Do you hear me? I have to go back." No Answer. Now it was clear to him that something was wrong. Then he ran to the door through which he had come with Florian. "T'Kara? Regana?" The monitor next to the sewer entrance came on. A kind of puzzle could be seen. Then T'Kara answered: "McAllister. Where the hell are you?" McAllister briefly told what had happened. "T'Kara. He left another riddle. Can you transfer it from this device to the ship?" Said and done. He knew they had to solve this puzzle before he could go any further.

AT THIS POINT YOU CAN SOLVE THE PUZZLE "THE HACKERS 3" IN THE SPY GAMES AREA ON WWW.CBIA-INGRESS.WEBNODE.AT TO GET MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HIS INTENTIONS

McAllister walked around town for a while. He tried to understand all of the events. He watched the people. Not a single one seemed to see that anything was going on. He felt that he was about to have a much bigger job to do. But at first there was only one thing to do. To find Florian. And for that he needed his dog tag. He picked it up and looked at the badge. Suddenly the phone rang. "McAllister? Regana here. We solved the puzzle. The guy's crazy. I'll send you his video."

McAllister looked at it. Then again. Again and again. Why did he feel that the hacker was telling the truth? Of course, everyone who was reasonably in their right mind knew that wars are pointless. But what did he mean when he spoke of a voluntary sacrifice? So many questions and hardly any answers. McAllister decided to return to the hiding place and hand over the badge. It seemed like the right thing to do.

Once there, he was standing in front of the monitor next to the entrance. He knew he was being watched. "I've got the badge. Do you hear? Open up you fucking asshole!" The door opened and McAllister entered, gun and mask drawn. The lights were dimmed and the man with the LED glasses was standing next to the patient. McAllister aimed his pistol at his head. "Underworld.

This time you won't run away from me. Where is Florian?" The man turned around. "Mr. McAllister. Nice that you came after all. Your friend is fine. Very well, actually. But first give me what I asked. Please. And drop the gun. A shot would inevitably lead to that my followers are blowing up the sewers, which in turn would be devastating for London, right? " McAllister put the gun away. He walked slowly towards Underworld. He handed over the stamp. Underworld laughed. "Finally. You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this moment. Today, my friend, I'm going to reveal the truth. The only truth."

Underworld sent for Denise Fröhlich. In addition, three teenagers brought a strangely glowing cube into the room. Underworld put the dog tag on it. McAllister recognized the object. "This is the Cubus. Where did you get it from? It was stolen over 80 years ago." Underworld replied, "All in good time. Before I can tell you everything, you have to see it." The cube began to glow. Countless symbols glowed on all sides of the artifact. Underworld placed the cube, which was about 20x20x20cm in size, on the patient's chest. Then he said calmly: "As you know, this man is Bernhard Kranebitter. He was the last leader of R.U.N.E. I got here with him. On October 23, 2017. After we - like the others - crossed the wormhole, he and I were thrown into a nexus. A nexus made of pure exotic matter. Bernhard aka Whysofar was literally devoured by it. I am absolutely sure that the XM spoke to me. She told me

that Bernhard now carries what is known as exotic antimatter. However, this is so strong and powerful that his mind was thrown into another dimension, where he lives a completely different life. The exotic matter is nature, the universe itself. Bernhard and his people endangered the equilibrium of the universe because they got involved in war several times. They thought that if they split the portal fairly between the two factions, in line with the game, everything would be fine. But he was wrong. The only way to true peace and the salvation of the earth is another. The portals, all portals, must be wrested from the factions. If only for a moment. So nature can ... what do I call it ... restart. "McAllister interrupted Underworld." But why do you need a man in a coma? And what do I have to do with it? "Underworld went on with almost no visible emotion:" Bernhard's body was too weak to absorb the exotic antimatter. It takes a host that is strong enough to bring the XAM into the portal network. And this is where you come into play, Dorian. "At that moment T'Kara entered the room and whispered:" I'm sorry Dorian. "Underworld walked up to T'Kara and said in a soft voice:" It's good to have you here . We're ready. "McAllister drew his pistol again." Wait a minute. What is being played here? T'Kara? Why? What's going on here? "Underworld got closer to McAllister." Let me explain. When I arrived here with Bernhard in 2017, I took him to the hospital. Denise showed up only hours after us. I met her when she appeared in the middle of the hospital parking lot.

Including the ship and T'Kara. T'Kara ... please tell him what happened to your world. "

T'Kara bowed her head. Obviously she was sad.

"McAllister, I'm sorry. I wanted to save your world.

Because mine was destroyed by the same war that is raging on yours. Albeit in secret." Underworld immediately went on: "Exactly. There is actually a code in the dog tag. Sorry that we had to lie to you in many ways. This code is very complex. It needs a special memory. This dog tag holds about three million terabytes. It contains the portal data of over 1000 earths in the multiverse. With this we can transfer the XAM from Bernhard's body to a stronger host. And this host, you are, McAllister. "

Chapter 16, Revelation Part 2

At that moment everyone else from the ship arrived.

Underworld looked at everyone. Then he took the dog tag and placed it on Bernhard's forehead. Regana wanted to step in immediately, but Denise stopped her.

"Not Regana. Trust me. Everything is fine." McAllister said nothing. He was confused. Who should he trust now? Underworld turned to T'Kara: "Please be so kind and activate the transfer." T'Kara touched the mark.

When it began to glow as bright as day, everyone knelt down. Not out of awe, but for protection. When it was over, Underworld stepped into the center of the room and handed the badge back to McAllister. He put the cube carefully on the floor. McAllister took the brand without saying a word. Everyone whispered. Everyone

was talking at once. Underworld raised his left arm. "Quiet. I'll explain everything. You know, these pretty glasses were a gift from T'Kara. I can see all portals with them. Besides, they're damn cool." When he took off his glasses and mask, those present could not believe their eyes.

Everyone stared at him. Nobody said a word. But then McAllister finally seemed to have recovered. He was walking towards Underworld. Thousands of questions popped up in his mind, but he could only ask the most important question at that moment: "Why? Florian ... why ... are you Underworld?" Florian looked at Bernhard on the bed. "There is a reason for all of this. If you want to listen to me, I'll tell you everything. And you will understand." Florian had a chair brought to him and demonstratively sat down in the middle of the room. "Very well. Let's get started. First of all I would like to apologize for the misleading. Unfortunately there was no other way to get things on the right track. But let me start at the beginning." In the summer of 2019 I arrived here with Denise, Bernhard and T'Kara. While Bernhard fell into a coma in the nexus, I was given a glimpse into the future. Believe me when I tell you that the future of all of us should be devastating. The game becomes serious. The war over the portals will claim many victims. The two factions were supposed to usher in the third world war.

I asked T'Kara to let me take control of the ship. After that I created prophet. With his computing power, I was able to calculate all possible future variants and thus

came to the conclusion that McAllister was the only choice. Fortunately for me, the cube landed in the ice some time before the CBIA was founded. All I had to do was get McAllister into contact with XM. Of course, there was no guarantee that he would develop his special gift, but because of his DNA, the chance was very high. A mercenary force attacked the headquarters for me and left my old cell phone behind. From then on, I just had to wait and go to the eighties to finish my plan. "

Regana raised her hand and said, "What about Mary and the Prophet? You are responsible for Mary's death."

Florian replied with conviction: "Maybe I have. But this crazy woman is responsible for her personal development and ultimately her end. Prophet ... let's say, it was not planned that he would develop such a distinctive personality. But thanks to me Skills we were able to stop him. The NIA won't be able to do much with his code. The virus will infect their systems and delete the data. " Then Paul answered: "So you knew everything that happened before it happened. Then why did you start your own little sect?" Florian looked at Paul questioningly and said: "You don't understand? I want to show the people, the so-called gamers, that the portals were not created to conquer them. Exotic matter does exactly what it should do when you let it."

So far everyone seemed to know what Florin meant.

Regana asked in more detail: "What role do we play in this game?" "An excellent question." replied Florian.

"When I found out that there is someone in this universe who is Andreas but was born in a much earlier era, I had

to act. In each universe, each of us had a specific task. Dorian, however, should be the only one by which XM could be genetically modified. To convince him of all this, T'Kara and I made sure that you were all found and that he reads the book. His almost immortality now enables him to neutralize all portals worldwide. At the same time. A normal person would not survive that. " Everyone was silent. Maybe because they knew what was going to happen. Some threw their cell phones on the ground and stepped on them. Regana stared at her display. After a while she looked at the others and said in a strong voice: "I'm staying. We'll bring this to an end. Once and for all." As she finished her sentence, Paul stepped out. "I don't. I mean, very close to me. I have wings." Florian replied immediately: "My people can help with this problem. We can free you from it." Paul liked this solution and he stayed. Confused, Dylan turned and asked, "Guys. Where's McAllister?" When they looked for him, they found his phone at the exit. Florian smiled. "He follows his destiny. The end is near. A new beginning is ahead of us."

<https://youtu.be/Kor3T3t1u9w>



THE END